THE LITERARY DIGEST

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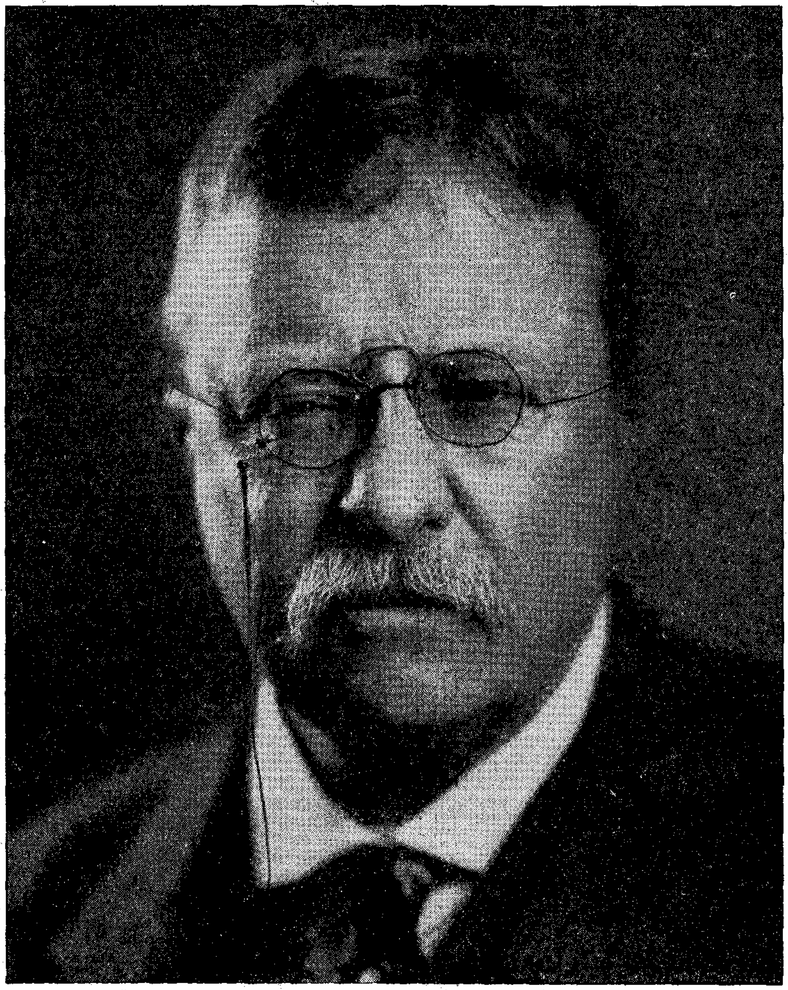
TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

THEODORE ROOSEVELT—AMERICAN

ONE WORD is repeated a thousand times in the editorials from sea to sea summarizing the career and character of the ex-President whose life ended last week. It is the simple but eloquent word "American." Colonel Roosevelt himself recognized and was proud of the way in which so many American racial stocks had grown "into the tree of his sturdy individuality," the Troy *Times* notes; and the Chicago *Daily News* puts it very aptly when it attributes to him "the culture of the East, the breeziness and independence of the great West, and the chivalry and warmth of the South." The tributes brought by his death from political friend and foe, from old neighbors of Oyster Bay, and the rulers of every civilized land, showed that if public opinion were to write his epitaph it would be "Theodore Roosevelt, American." His intense Americanism, the Utica *Observer* declares, "was the great guiding, moving, pulsating, overwhelming principle of his life." The Kansas City *Star*, whose Contributing Editor he was at the time of his death, called him "the embodiment" of our nation. At the height of his career, says the Boston *Globe*, "he personified America." He was "more typically American than any other man who ever lived in America," according to the Indianapolis *Times*. In every corner of the earth, declared the New York *Evening World*, the name of Roosevelt was "known and admired as standing for all that is most forceful, compelling, and at the same time fascinating in the American character." That he was "the greatest American of his day" was asserted by scores of editors and public men as soon as the news of his death was learned, and not only the greatest, but "the most typical," "the most representative" American. The New Haven *Journal-Courier* calls him "the great composite American of his day and generation." Then in his mental qualities he was essentially American, it seems to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*; "his restless energy, his keen zest of living, his courage, his audacity, his democratic habits, his ready sympathy for every class, the mixture in him of the practical and the ideal—all these things were characteristic of the soil from which he sprang." England and France looked upon Colonel Roosevelt as summing up in his own personality the best characteristics of the American people. It seems to the Manchester *Guardian* that in Theodore Roosevelt was "exprest what the Americans regard as the Western spirit and the epoch in which the West came into its own. . . . He brought into the world of politics something of the air of the great prairies."



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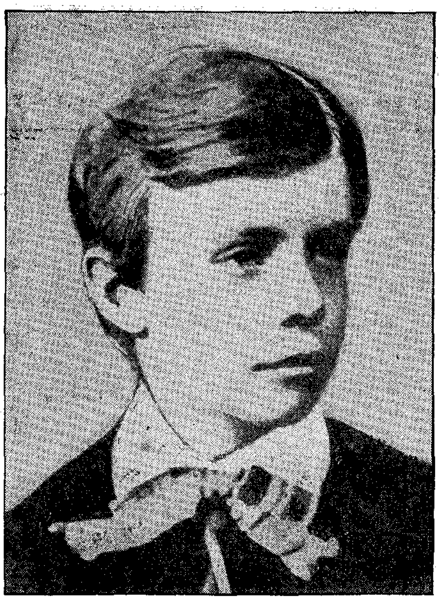
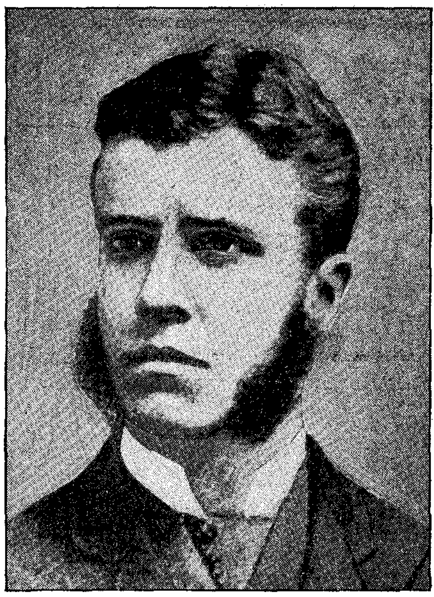
It seems significant to the New York *Times*, in view of the emphasis upon Colonel Roosevelt's Americanism, that his last public message to his fellow countrymen should have reiterated his doctrine of "absolute undivided Americanism." A statement which was read at a meeting held by the American Defense Society, the night before the Colonel died, declared against efforts to segregate immigrants and keep them separated from the rest of America, and hence prevent them from doing their full part as Americans. The Colonel said in part:

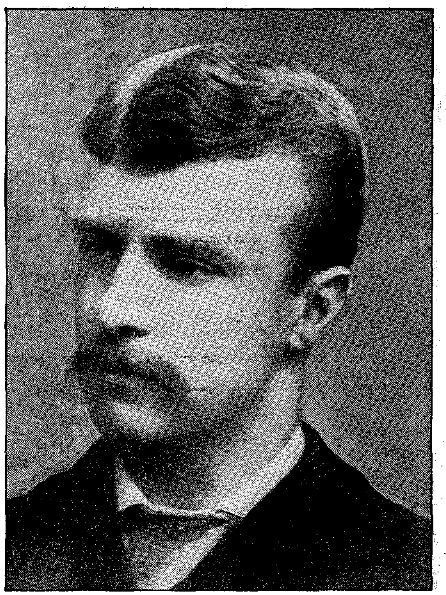
> "There can be no divided allegiance here. Any man who says he is an American, but something else also, isn't an American at all. We have room for but one flag, the American flag, and this excludes the red flag, which symbolizes all wars against



THE BOY.



THE HARVARD MAN.



THE ASSEMBLYMAN.

liberty and civilization, just as much as it excludes any foreign flag of a nation to which we are hostile. We have room for but one language here, and that is the English language, for we intend to see that the crucible turns our people out as Americans, of American nationality, and not as dwellers in a polyglot boarding-house; and we have room for but one soul-loyalty, and that is loyalty to the American people."

It was by holding up the torch of Americanism in such messages as this during the last three years that Colonel Roosevelt did his greatest service to his country, in the opinion of the New York *Evening Sun*, Syracuse *Post-Standard*, Washington *Herald*, and the Providence *Journal*. The Providence daily holds that "he was never more cherished by the people of the United States than in these closing days, never more confidently looked to for wise counsel." The Washington *Herald* avers that our war-machine only began to function effectively after the Colonel had proclaimed its weaknesses. The Philadelphia *North American*, which has been a thoroughgoing Roosevelt paper from the early days of his career, declares that America's service and triumph in the Great War "were the product of the will, the passionate conviction, and the devoted services of Theodore Roosevelt, private citizen, more than of any other force." *The North American* recalls these circumstances in proof of its apparently extravagant statement:

"For many months his was the only potent voice raised in this country in behalf of violated law and humanity. Against the current of a misdirected public opnion, in the face of traducing criticism and an official enmity that was little short of malignant, he championed the imperiled cause of democracy and preached a flaming crusade of America's duty. Despite adverse teachings backed by authority during two years and a half, the truths that he proclaimed found steadily growing response. It was his stimulating leadership that awoke the conscience and rallied the spirit of the American people, until they literally forced the abandonment of a vacillating, self-seeking policy, and turned the mighty energies of the nation into the channel of honor and obligation."

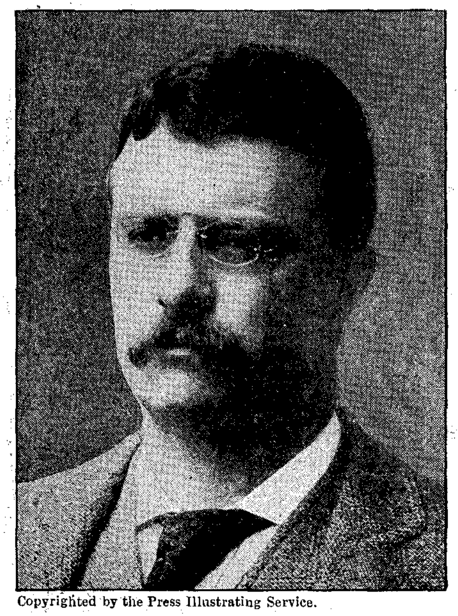
It was this belief in the greatness of Mr. Roosevelt's task as a private citizen in awakening the public to the new duties taught by the new developments in the world that led men like Mr. Hughes and Mr. Taft and General Wood to lament his most untimely taking off. In Republican political circles, Washington correspondents say, Colonel Roosevelt was almost unanimously accepted as either candidate or leader of the reunited party for the 1920 campaign.

Yet to others it seems that Mr. Roosevelt's active career had been well rounded out. He was but sixty when he died, yet tho his span of life was brief, the New York *Herald* points out that "he was prominent in the public affairs of city, State, and nation during a longer period than any other man of his day, probably longer than any other American since the early days of the Republic." As we look back upon his thirty-five years of public life, we find it difficult to select the most significant facts of his career. Simply to catalog the various things Theodore Roosevelt was at various times, in his personal or official aspect, is to make what the Chicago *Tribune* calls almost a "moral inventory" of the man—

"A young New York Assemblyman selected by the bosses and giving them political colic before he was through; a ranchman derided by the Westerners until they learned that 'Four Eyes' also had two fists and a commanding honesty; Civil Service Commissioner in New York; Police Commissioner with an idea that the police served the public; Assistant Secretary of the Navy; Lieutenant-Colonel of the Rough Riders in the Spanish War; Governor of New York, unbossed by Platt; Vice-President of the United States; President of the United States; leader of a necessary revolt against the Bourbons of the Republican party; shot while heading that revolt; editorial writer and moral philosopher; hunter of big game and a most charming naturalist, interested in the habits of the house-wren and the chewink; bear-shooter in Louisiana cane-brakes and in the Rockies; elephant-hunter and the discoverer of the man-eating fish; advocate of universal service and member of the Audubon Society—it is almost inexplicable.

"He was the only man ripe old John Morley found in America who represented a real American culture; he was the only man a plainsman could find in the East who knew what riding herd meant; he could talk to an Assyriologist or an ornithologist; he read everything, retained everything, and nothing human or animal, organic or inorganic, was beyond the interest his mind had for things."

In his proclamation ordering public mourning for ex-President Roosevelt, President Wilson noted how his predecessor "had endeared himself to the people by his strenuous devotion to their interests and to the public interests of his country," and how he had distinguished himself by his "singular initiative and energy" in the war with Spain. But Mr. Wilson is apparently of the opinion that the chief significance of Mr. Roosevelt's career lay in the fact that "as President he awoke the nation to the dangers of private control which lurked in our financial and industrial systems. It was by thus arresting the attention and stimulating the purposes of the country that he opened the way for subsequent necessary and beneficent reforms." Mr. Roosevelt's great public service, the New York *World* is convinced, was rendered when, as President, "he set out to demonstrate that the Government of the United States was more powerful than any aggregation of capital or than all



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THE GOVERNOR.

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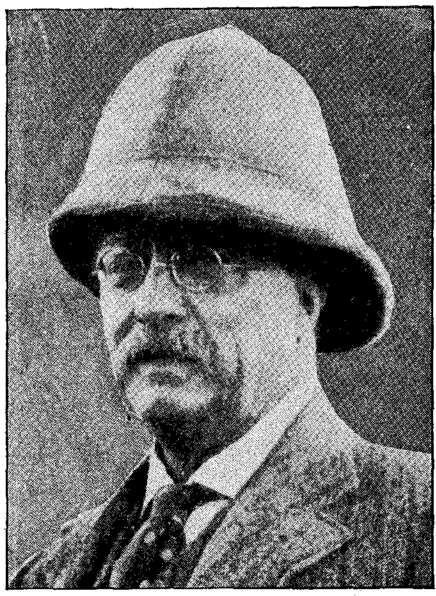
THE PRESIDENT.



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THE EXPLORER.

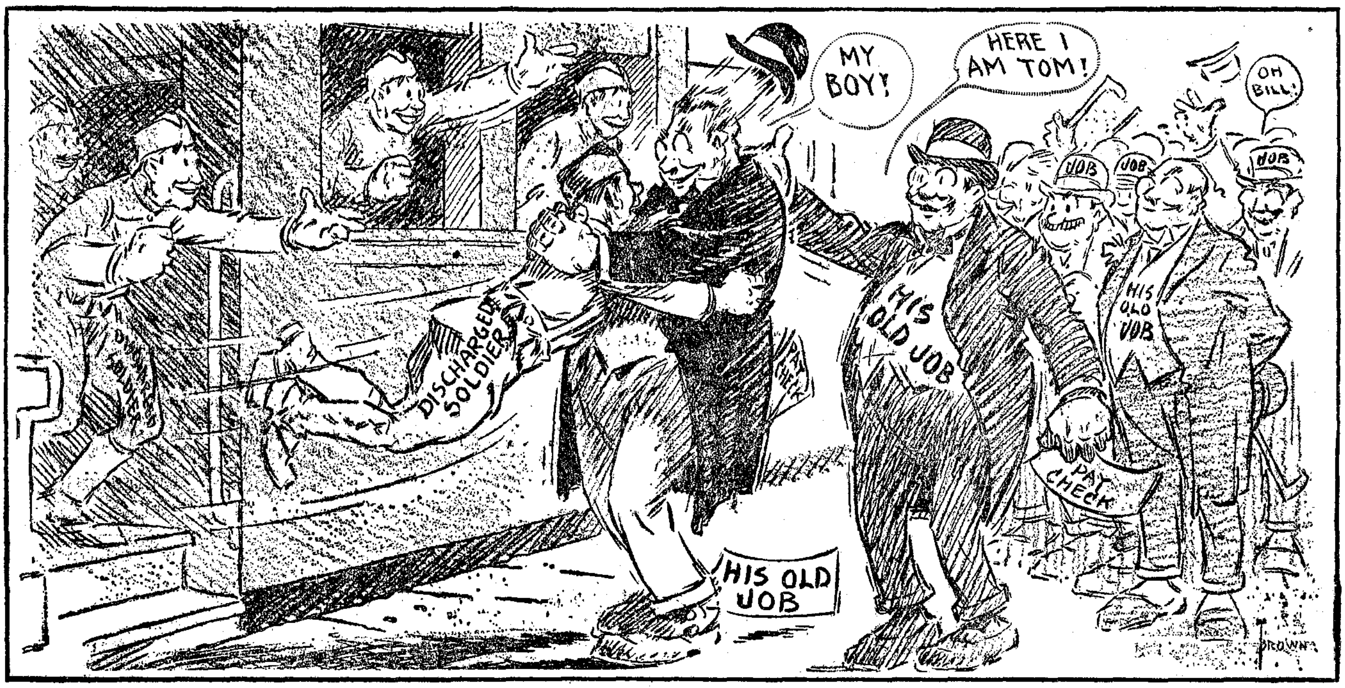
the aggregations of capital that were united by a common interest to exploit the country." *The World*, probably the most consistent and bitter political foe Mr. Roosevelt had among American newspapers, continues:

> "The United States was probably never nearer to a social revolution than it was when Mr. Roosevelt came to the Presidency. While it is true that he never succeeded in solving the trust problem in either his first or his second term, by his procedure in the Northern Securities case he succeeded in demonstrating that the country had laws under which the multiplication of trusts could be curbed, that the highest court of the nation would sustain these laws, and that the Government of the United States was not at the mercy of Wall Street and organized capital. This having been demonstrated, the trust question came to answer itself under the steady pressure of public opinion."

It was during the Roosevelt Administration, declares another Democratic paper, the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, that "there was laid the solid foundation for the structure of social and economic progress whose towering height is now a beacon to all other nations." As President, declares the Boston *Christian Science Monitor*, "Mr. Roosevelt literally tore out by the roots the tradition that money-getting was the chief end of the American citizen and that the way in which money was obtained was a condition secondary to the possession of it." Whatever shocks Roosevelt gave capital more than a decade ago, there can now, says such a representative of financial interests as the Boston *News Bureau*, "be a frank acknowledgment that the very intensity of those blasts—whatever the concrete wisdom of policy attempted in correction—served to aid the sooner coming of a higher corporate code than once prevailed." The New York *Times*, which is far from being a radical newspaper, admits that when Mr. Roosevelt came into power many possessors of great wealth used their power without regard for the interests of the people, and "were too much given to the practise of influencing legislation for the furtherance of their own plans." President Roosevelt's great achievement "was that he changed the mental attitude of the people and brought 'big business' itself to repentance and to the ways of righteousness." President Roosevelt led the country "into the consideration of human right and interests," is the way the Philadelphia *Press* puts it. Colonel Roosevelt, declares the New York *Tribune*, laid the foundation "of the new order of larger Democracy"; the common virtues which he preached so strenuously of fairness, honesty, sincerity "were the ones which were most sadly lacking in our political practise." His finest achievement, says the New York *Sun*, was that "he did change the attitude of government toward property" and "gave the Republic a new ideal of the duties and responsibilities of citizenship."

It is doubtless with the 1912 campaign in mind that the New York *Evening Post* observes that Mr. Roosevelt was "something like a superman in the political sphere"; "the gift of inspiring enthusiasm and personal devotion was his in amazing measure." In all American history, says the New York *World*, "there is no other such sheer *tour de force* of political leadership as Mr. Roosevelt's conduct in deliberately wrecking the Republican party in 1912, because of his quarrel with Mr. Taft, and in reuniting it in 1916, when Mr. Hughes, altho beaten, received nearly 1,000,000 more votes than any other Republican candidate for President had ever polled." The Socialist New York *Call* picks out this as the most remarkable achievement in the career of the man whom it calls the "conservative leader of the most conservative group in the United States."

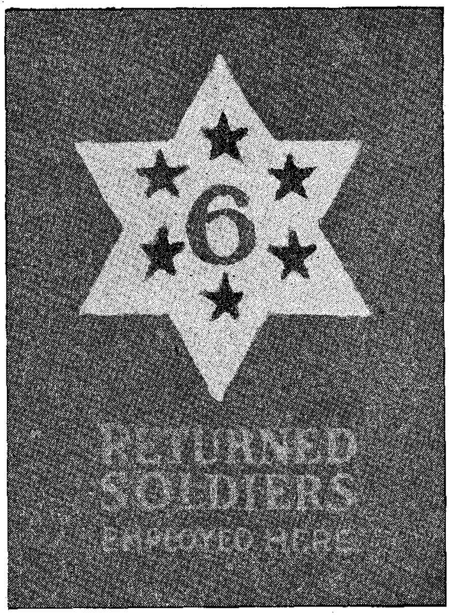
But no event in Mr. Roosevelt's career explains the secret of his hold on his fellow men. What was the secret of this? asks the Boston *Herald*, and it answers: "He was a man's man, a hero's hero, and an American's American." The most important part of his equipment, says the Rochester *Post-Express*, was his "moral force and dauntlessness." Seldom in the history of the world, says the New York *Evening World*, has been seen a "more marvelous individual embodiment of mental, moral, and physical force," which was so inspiring that "few when under the spell asked more than to feel the stimulating dynamic effects of it." Of Roosevelt as President, that philosopher and historian and recluse, the late Henry Adams, said: "His restless, combative energy was more than normal. Roosevelt more than any other man living within the range of notoriety showed the singular primitive quality that belongs to ultimate matter. He was pure act." Several editors recall John Morley's statement after his visit to the United States: "I have seen Niagara and I have seen President Roosevelt." Dr. Frank Crane, who probably interprets the feelings of the man on the street better than such philosophers as Adams and Morley could, declares in one of his syndicated newspaper articles that "no man has ever been more a part of every man in the United States than Theodore Roosevelt." "His chief characteristic was courage," according to Dr. Crane, and since that quality is "a little spark of God" we respect it. Because Roosevelt had it he was "very near to the American heart." Finally, says this writer, "he was a friend conceived of as a friend in a passionate and personal way as no other statesman of American history except Lincoln."



THE IDEAL RECEPTION COMMITTEE. —Brown in the Chicago *Daily News*.

JUSTICE FOR RETURNING SOLDIERS

AS THE DIN OF WAR DIES AWAY, lesser sounds become audible, and our papers are beginning to give ear to various creakings and joltings of our military machine, with special attention to their effect upon the individual soldier. Our War Department, say some of its critics, is proving itself as unprepared for peace as it was, according to these same critics, for war. But in any case, all seem to agree that there are certain urgent problems connected with demobilization which may be helped toward a solution by frank discussion. Thus we hear many complaints that discharged soldiers are stranded far from home without money or a job, while the even more disturbing charge is made that we have not provided adequate hospital accommodation for our returning wounded. At the same time, now that publicity can no longer give comfort to the enemy, the press and Congress are receiving complaints of other alleged failures in the functioning of the War Department—failures which have apparently inflicted unnecessary mental anguish and physical hardship upon soldiers and soldiers' families. Chief among these are the delay of soldiers' pay and of the allotments of pay made by soldiers to their families; delay and inaccuracy in our casualty lists, and excessive delays and failures in handling the soldiers' mail.



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THE NEW SERVICE FLAG.

The Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* suggests that we "make it as much a matter of pride to give a soldier a job as it was to display the fact that an employee had gone to war." Everybody, it says, "is free to make and sell this flag."

The newest of these problems relate to the discharged soldiers, who are returning by thousands daily from the cantonments and from Europe. These problems, remarks the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* (Ind. Rep.), must be met promptly and with decision if we would avoid the charge of "blundering into peace with the same awkwardness as we stumbled into war." In an official organ, *The United States Employment Service Bulletin*, we find the following warning from the pen of Nathan A. Smyth, Assistant Director-General of this Federal employment service:

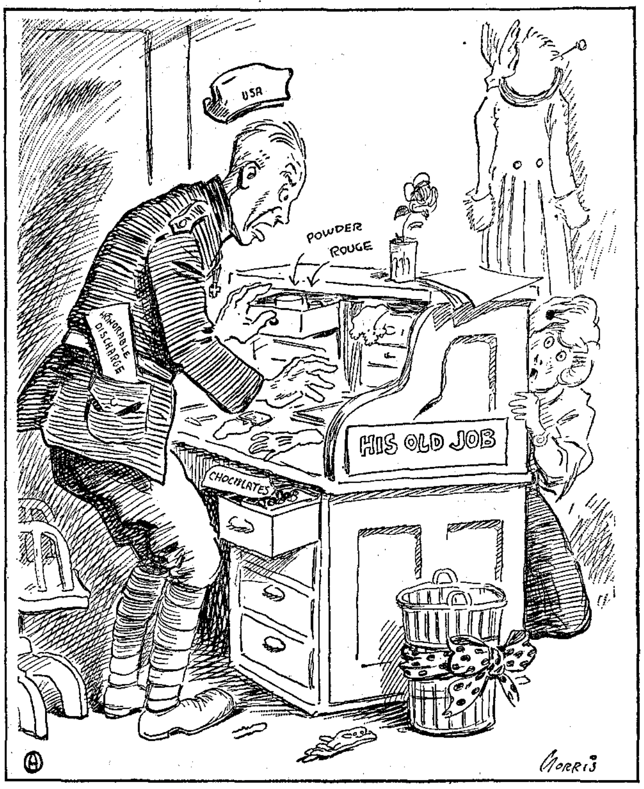
"The soldiers let go are being mustered out on a few days' notice, with no advance of pay, given in money the cost of transportation to their homes, free to buy tickets wherever they please. Already they are turning up in the cities, improvident, 'broke,' away from home, without work, applicants for civilian relief. Many of them don't want work yet. Many others are unwilling to undertake the 'day-labor' jobs, which alone they can find. There is every prospect that unless remedial measures are promptly taken the sight of stranded, workless, moneyless soldiers will be common throughout the land."

A similar warning and plea are sounded in a letter received by THE LITERARY DIGEST from an American army officer:

"Many of the enlisted men returning to the place of their enlistment are without a nickel in their pockets. Reports of their plight are already floating back to disturb the equanimity of their former comrades. How to obtain the ordinary comforts of life between the date of discharge and the next pay-day is a problem so far left for the soldier himself and a few charitably disposed individuals to solve. Surely it does not require argument to support the contention that the country is under a moral obligation to give its discharged soldiers an opportunity to return to civil life in a manner that will not cause them to sacrifice their self-respect by becoming objects of charity, however willingly donated, for even the briefest time. Without a doubt, such is the latent desire of all American people.

"The Bureau of Labor is performing a splendid service in endeavoring to secure employment for former enlisted men. However, it can not care for them during the period of transition from military to civil life. The soldier is absolutely dependent upon his last pay to tide him over this interim, and in the majority of cases his pay is altogether too inadequate. What is left of thirty dollars after allotments, government insurance, laundry, post-exchange, and company collections are deducted is not large enough to buy a single square meal at prevailing high prices. I assume that it is unnecessary to add that thirty dollars is a full month's pay, and that this sum is prorated if the soldier is discharged during the month.

"The attention of the American people should be called to their obligation. Legislation to relieve the situation should be urged and supported. A law should be passed (immediately) by Congress granting to each and every soldier and sailor at the time of his discharge a small bonus—say, a half or a whole month's extra pay—so that they may be able to sustain themselves until they are reestablished in civil life. All hesitation, vacillation, and argument in respect to this matter should be discountenanced. Publicity only can secure the necessary immediate and desired results."



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PRIVATE BROWN—"Who's been here while I've been away?"

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

Senator George E. Chamberlain, of Oregon, a Democrat and chairman of the Military Affairs Committee, recently charged on the floor of the Senate that returning wounded soldiers do not get proper care immediately after they reach the United States, that the pay of returning soldiers is months in arrears, and that we have not sufficient hospital facilities for the permanently disabled. Senator Hitchcock, of Nebraska, also a Democrat, states that "soldiers in the service have gone one, two, three, four, five, six, and in some cases, seven months without their pay." When Secretary of War Baker was questioned about these charges he replied, according to a Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune* (Rep.):

"I have been giving the matter of treatment of soldiers in hospitals, including the prompt payment of all wages due them, my personal attention, and corrective measures have been ordered immediately made."

"The tangle of red tape in which the pay department has become enmeshed is nothing short of scandalous," declares the Portland *Oregonian* (Ind. Rep.), and the New York *World* (Dem.) agrees that "the pay of the soldiers appears to have been held up by red tape and without good excuse." "Why must the Government be a 'tightwad' even to the heroes who went abroad and carried the flag to victory?" asks the New York *Tribune*. But even more acute seems to be the question of allotments. In the Chicago *Tribune* (Rep.) we read:

"When the Government inducted both volunteers and drafted men into the military service it gave them a promise equivalent to a guaranty that certain specified allotments would be paid to their dependents. Many men relied on that promise to keep their families from destitution; they undertook their military service secure in the thought that the United States Government would not fail their wives and children in this emergency.

"The Government or the War Department or the clerical departments at Washington have not kept the promise, and thousands of soldiers' and sailors' families have suffered in consequence. No one knows exactly how many cases there are where the allotments have failed to arrive, but it is safe to say there have been few instances in which there has not been considerable delay. Many could be cited where the dependents have not yet received the money due them from the Government, tho the soldier himself has returned to America and to his normal pursuits. There was, it should be said, no lack of good intention on the part of the Government; it was simply a lack of preparation, organization, and system. Secretary Baker, in admitting that this condition exists, no doubt regrets it as keenly as any one."

The number of complaints reaching Secretary Baker concerning conditions at our great embarkation camp near Brest caused him to order an investigation. These complaints, according to the New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.), tell of poor sanitary conditions, leaky roofs, tents inches deep in mud, no heat, wretched food, and scarcity of hospital equipment—all in a camp through which thousands of our returning wounded pass, and where many of them are held for weeks. In a cabled message to Secretary Baker from Major-General Harbord, commanding officer of our camp at Brest, we read:

"Climatic conditions at Brest, due to daily rains, are the worst of any port at our disposal in France, but the lack of deep water at other ports forces certain ships to come to Brest, the one port they can enter. The policy of beginning evacuation of our troops immediately after the armistice and the order to fill all available shipping forced the evacuation of troops through Brest before any construction work suitable to an embarkation camp could be completed.

"Work on this embarkation camp and on the necessary port facilities to convert the small port into a live embarkation port has been going on steadily for some time night and day."

Much anxiety and suffering have been caused by failure to deliver the soldiers' mail, and complaints on this score have long been pouring in to Congress and to the press. This failure was recently condemned in the following uncompromising phrases by Senator Hitchcock:

"The failure to deliver mail to soldiers and to their relatives is due, first, last, and all the time, to the rankest sort of mismanagement and incompetency in the Post-office Department and the War Department. It is one of the things that is causing this country the most wide-spread dissatisfaction and indignation, and no explanation for it has been made and none can be made except miserable incompetency."

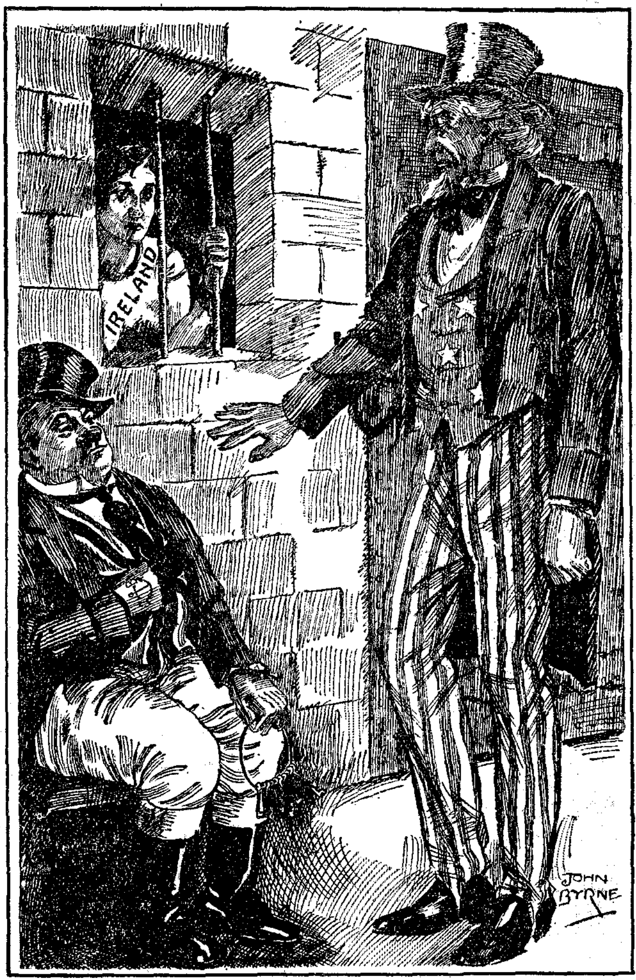
"From the time the American Army went into action on the Western Front up to the present time there have been serious and emphatic complaints at the delay and inaccuracy in reporting casualties," says the Washington *Post* (Ind.), and Senator Weeks (Rep.), of Massachusetts, informs the Senate that in the case of an American soldier who died on the field of battle it took on an average twenty-two days to get his name on the cable and on the way to the United States. Moreover, as the Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.) remarks—

"There is no reason under heaven why a score of men daily should be reported dead when they are alive, and this many weeks after the supposed casualty. Soldiers are constantly arriving in this country to learn that they were killed, wounded, or captured long ago, and also to discover that their dependents have received no payments, or only spasmodically."

The casualty-report problem, however, at last seems to be well in hand, as a Washington dispatch dated January 8 informs us that "complete lists of casualties among the American Expeditionary Forces have been sent to Washington, and one thousand additional clerks have been put to work in the Adjutant-General's office to get them out as speedily as possible."

WHAT NEXT IN IRELAND?

"THE COMING SIX MONTHS will decide whether the Irish question will be settled peacefully or bloodily," is the startling statement of Mr. Edward Shortt, Chief Secretary for Ireland, according to cable dispatches of December 31. As this semiofficial prediction followed the sweeping victory of the Sinn-Feiners in the elections of December 14, the outlook on future relations of England and Ireland becomes the more ominous to some of our editors. But a strong supporter of the Sinn-Fein movement in this country, the New York *Gaelic American*, says Mr. Shortt is talking "nonsense." Yet, after quoting a further observation from the same interview with the Chief Secretary as follows: "I do not consider that the large Sinn-Fein vote in the recent parliamentary elections shows a demand for separation from England. I believe that from sixty to seventy per cent. of the Sinn-Feiners can be persuaded to accept Home Rule," *The Gaelic American* promises that Mr. Shortt "will have a big job on his hands persuading them." It is noticed with alarm in some quarters that the Sinn-Feiners were elected without the slightest intention of ever taking their seats in the British Parliament and with the express purpose of establishing a self-determined and independent Ireland. They carried seventy-three seats out of a total of one hundred and five, according to press dispatches, and reduced the number of the Nationalist party in that body to seven. Incidentally the Sinn-Fein victory practically "annihilated" the Nationalist party, we are told, and its leader, since the death of the late John Redmond, Mr. John Dillon, is quoted in the New York *American* as saying of the Sinn-Feiners:



AN ANTI-BRITISH CARTOON.

UNCLE SAM—"It won't do to gild those prison-bars, John; you must release that prisoner."

—Byrne in the New York *Gaelic American*.

"I say the men who are running this party know that there is only one inevitable logical conclusion to such a policy, and that is another rebellion. They have got either to be down or by force of arms establish what can not be got by this Council in Dublin. They want a rebellion."

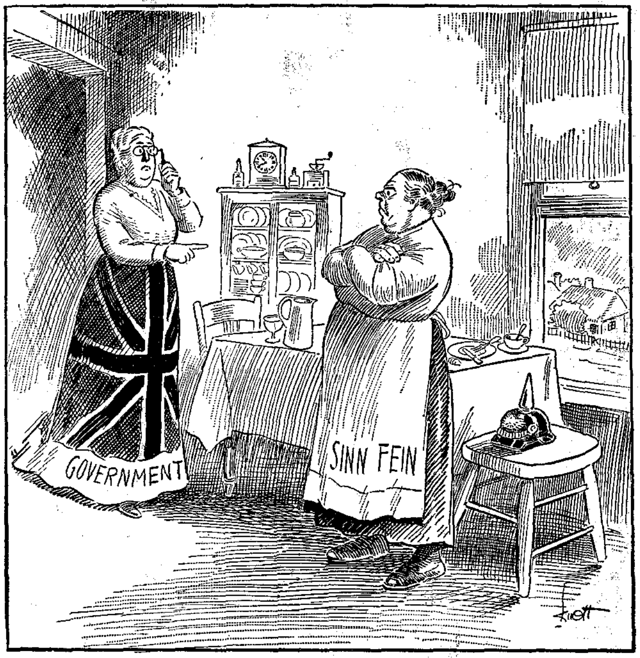
In the same New York daily Sir Edward Carson, leader of the Unionist party, is quoted at some length on Ulster's objection in general matters to being dragged at the heel of the South and West of Ireland. As to "self-determination" for Ireland, we have his authoritative expression in a nutshell. "Self-determination by whom and what?" he asks. "Self-determination by the South and West of Ireland of the destinies of Ulster?" His answer is a thunderous "Never!" Cable dispatches say that England will never leave her west coast exposed strategically by granting Irish independence, and the Boston *Transcript* believes that if the Irish people seek complete separation and entire independence of Great Britain, they have taken the worst possible time to get it, for—

"They can never get that without force, and the force of Great Britain at this moment is at its maximum; they can never get it without powerful help from the enemies of Britain, and Britain's enemies to-day are utterly humbled.

"To expect Great Britain to consent to the complete separation of Ireland would be to expect England, in the hour of her greatest triumph, suddenly to leave herself defenseless to the world, and there is no gospel of self-determination that will ever make her do that. Self-rule for Ireland she may indeed consent to, and ought to consent to; but an Irish republic 'wholly independent of Great Britain,' is a thing that the world will never see until the might of an island of 4,500,000 people becomes greater than that of an island of 40,000,000. It is this hard fact which makes of Sinn Fein either a foolish dream or a perverse conspiracy."

The program of the Sinn-Feiners is sketched as follows by the Philadelphia *Inquirer:*

"They are intending, according to report, at once to adopt an aggressive course by raising the standard of rebellion. The seventy-three men who have just been elected will not take their seats in the House of Commons. They will not go to London at all. They will meet in Dublin, constitute themselves a National Assembly, appoint a President, and proclaim the Irish Republic. They will undertake to levy taxes and they will resist any further payment of what they call tribute to the Imperial Government. They will do all this and more for the express purpose of compelling a resort to force for the vindication of the law and the maintenance of order, and then they will invite the Peace Conference to witness the spectacle of their



AN ANTI-SINN-FEIN CARTOON.

"No, mum, there hasn't been a soul here, mum."

—Knott in the Dallas *News*.

martyrdom and to rescue them from the oppression to which they are being subjected.

"They will doubtless be able in this way to precipitate a crisis of considerable gravity, with which it will tax all Lloyd George's dexterity to deal, but that astute and veteran politician may be trusted to find some way of meeting the complication by which he will be confronted and of reconciling his rejection of demands which can not possibly be granted with the principles embodied in the 'fourteen points.'"

Turning now to publications devoted to Irish interests and published in this country, we read in the New York *Gaelic American* that Sinn Fein's victory is "a revolution" by which Ireland has "placed its case before the Peace Conference with unerring precision." The "glorious news," the New York *Irish World* tells us, will "set the blood tingling in the veins of every Irish-American." It is the belief of this journal that "under God's providence" the Irish National Council "will be the beginning of the end of English misrule in Ireland." The Council itself is called "an impeachment of the English hypocrisy that champions self-determination for all oppressed small nations except for the one that has endured hideous wrongs from its English rulers." To those in America who took any interest in the cause of Ireland, remarks the Indianapolis *Indiana Catholic and Record*, the result of the elections is no surprize, and it adds:

"Those in America who have echoed the voice of her heart and stood for her rights along the true path have not been mistaken. Ireland has done her part well. It is now for us, who said the world was to be made free with the blood of Americans and that 'all small nations were to have self-determination'—it is for us to do our part and make good our word before God and man and see to it that there is no evasion. If there is, those who permit it will carry a terrible responsibility. Our nearest European neighbor must not remain in chains. If she does there can be no peace."

The Kentucky Irish-American (Louisville) tells us in explanation of the downfall of the Nationalists that the Nationalist party "founded its hopes on cooperation with the English Liberals." The combination worked splendidly as far as the Liberals were concerned, for—

"Through the aid of the Irish members in Parliament they curbed the power of the House of Lords and secured many reforms for England. But when it came time for the Liberals to reciprocate and to fulfil their promise of Home Rule for Ireland, they preferred the Carson Tories to the Nationalists who had helped them. The Nationalists are now paying the penalty for their trustfulness. They were goldbricked."

Similarly the Milwaukee *Catholic Citizen* suggests that the party of Redmond and Dillon "should perhaps have sounded its policies closer to the native soil and kept in the saddle by adapting itself to the rising tide of Irish radicalism," and observes:

"We should have preferred to see the old Home Rule party returned intact and undiminished; but Irish-Americans are so sincerely attached to the principle of self-determination that they will recognize the voice of Ireland in the present regularly chosen representation, and their sympathies, their moral and material support must go with it, whatever the sequel, whether for weal or for wo."

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IRELAND'S "JOAN OF ARC."

Countess Markiewicz, now elected to the British Parliament on the Sinn-Fein ticket, was sentenced to life-imprisonment for the part she took in the Sinn-Fein rebellion, but was released. She is Irish-born and married a Polish nobleman. This photograph shows the Countess cooking soup for the Irish poor. She is the only woman elected to Parliament.

THE NEW RAILROAD ERA

WHEN MR. McADOO "got down to brass tacks" by suggesting an experimental five-year period of government control of railroads in peace times, he apparently opened the way at least to a practical solution of the railroad problem. The McAdoo plan itself has fallen flat, so the Minneapolis *Tribune* thinks. "Business men do not want it, the owners of the railroads do not want it, the employees do not seem to care for it as much as they were expected to, and Congress will not listen to it." Yet the Director-General's suggestion "emphasized the demand that Congress act without unnecessary delay in restoring the railroads to the hands of their owners under such conditions as will be fair and enable them to serve the public satisfactorily." When the McAdoo plan was embodied in a Congressional bill and when Mr. McAdoo had appeared before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce to explain his policy in detail, those who had plans of their own for solving the railroad problem in less than five years were obliged to come into the open. Leading railroad men, Senatorial specialists on transportation, and the Interstate Commerce Commission itself at once went on record with schemes for ushering in a new era in American railroading. Permanent government ownership has its advocates, of course, but Washington correspondents expect Congress to adopt one of the many suggestions for private ownership under a new form of Federal regulation.

The twenty-one-month interval provided for by the present law seems to the Interstate Commerce Commission—with the single exception of Commissioner Woolley—to be quite sufficient for the purpose of reestablishing the railroads on a permanent basis. These gentlemen naturally enough believe that the Commission is the proper regulative body, and they have formulated certain plans for legislation necessary to carry out a policy of private ownership and control under government regulation. They would eliminate waste by a sane revision of the present laws which prevent railroads from engaging in transportation by water. In order that the transportation business may no longer be a "football of speculation," they would extend the Clayton Act so as to do away with evils of interlocking directorates and at the same time regulate all issues of securities. One of the most vexing problems which has confronted railroad executives in recent years has been the overlapping of Federal and State regulating authorities. The Commission advises the establishment of a legal relationship between these authorities in order that the railroad managers may always know just who is boss. This, of course, would straighten out much of the difficulty regarding rates within States and between points in different States. Laws should be changed to allow railroads to pool their equipment and terminal facilities. The consolidation of railroad-lines should be encouraged and any laws forbidding such consolidation should be amended.

The necessity for more drastic but uniform regulation is felt by no one more strongly than the very railroad executives who were protesting against any regulation whatever only a few years ago. A typical view is that of President Schaff, of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, who says:

> "Federal incorporation and Federal supervision of capital issues should be provided for and carriers should be relieved from conflicting control by State and Federal authority. Full control over transportation-rates should be lodged in a Federal agency and this agency should be required by Congress to maintain them at levels which will permit the carrier to provide the facilities and service the commercial needs of the country require, and living wages to employees. The Government should exercise the same supervision over wage disputes."

The editor of *The Railway Age*, who also considers increased Federal regulation necessary, welcomes it in part because it will be accompanied by financial assistance from the Government. He suggests Federal incorporation of railroads. This authority, however, does not consider it necessary for Congress to formulate a permanent railroad program at once. It seems to him that a more logical course might be to turn the roads back as quickly as possible to the owners, relieving them at the same time of "some of the most serious restrictions to which they were subjected before they were taken over by the Government." Other matters could be taken up later and "conditions corrected by stages."

While some editors do not seem to be very sympathetic to Mr. McAdoo's five-year plan, they acknowledge that his recent arguments for it deserve attention. Washington correspondents note that the central idea of the McAdoo policy is to keep the roads out of politics until the present system of unified control can be thoroughly tested and to permit the coordination of land and sea transportation until our foreign trade is established. Mr. McAdoo told the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce that his own tendencies were all against government ownership and in favor of some method of unified control. He would favor the eventual wiping out of the smaller railroad companies and the substitution of comparatively few companies under close governmental supervision. Mr. McAdoo does not see how railroad operation under peace conditions can be properly tested in twenty-one months, since every employee will be looking forward to work under new private management. The Director-General also holds that the twenty-one-month period is too short to accomplish needed improvements. Many companies will go without equipment for this period which would not do so for the longer five-year period. Mr. McAdoo points out, too, that within five years the work of railroad valuation will be completed and its results laid before Congress. Whatever form of control may eventually be decided on, certain reforms have been inaugurated under the present régime which Mr. McAdoo thinks should be retained, and among these are:

> "Maintenance of the permit system so as to control the traffic at its source, maintenance of heavy loads for cars, pooling of repair-shops, elimination of circuitous routes, unification of terminals, maintenance of the sailing-day plan, consolidation of ticket offices, utilization of universal mileage tickets, standardization of equipment, maintenance of the uniform freight classification introduced by the Railroad Administration, maintenance of common time-tables between important points, maintenance of high demurrage rates and uniform rules, establishment of through-way-bill freight from point of origin to destination, elimination of the old practise of paying in mileage or *per diem* rental for the use of freight- or passenger-cars of one carrier by another, simplification of the old practise of apportioning interline passenger revenue, and utilization of water routes for the relief of crowded rail-lines."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

BLOOD is thicker than propaganda.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

WHAT Herb Hoover said to von den Lancken goes for that whole bunch.—*Omaha Bee.*

JUST now the world seems to be made up of two kinds of people—heroes and zeroes.—*Craig Leader.*

GERMANY'S "white book" will contain a black record if the facts are put in it.—*Albany Journal.*

THESE are dark days for Germany because she put out the light of truth.—*Long Island City Star.*

AFTER the Sinn-Feiners organize their Irish Republic what do they expect to do with it?—*New York World.*

BUY your thermometers now—indications are that they will be much higher next summer.—*Florida Times-Union.*

THE ex-Kaiser says he still has friends in America. Their address is probably Fort Leavenworth.—*Detroit Free Press.*

PROF. IRV FISHER urges that the purchasing power of the dollar be stabilized. And energized, Irv!—*Washington Post.*

JUDGING from Mr. Hoover's program for feeding Europe, America's share in the victory is going to be the plowshare.—*Manila Bulletin.*

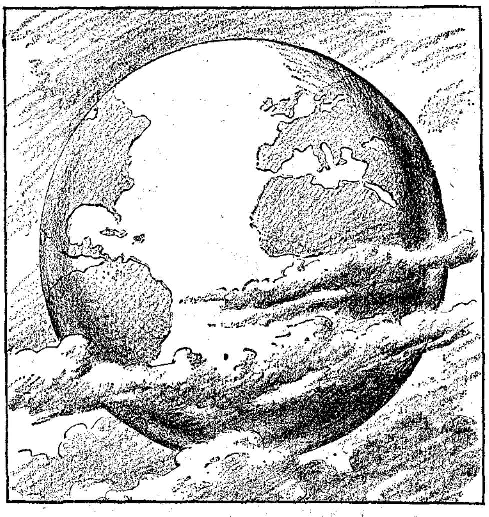
GERMANS shout that unless they are fed at once they will become Bosheviki. Well, anything is an improvement.—*Washington Post.*

THE new German Government doesn't seem very dependable, which shows that it may not be much of a government, but it's very much German.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THERE is no likelihood of any differences between Great Britain and the United States, declares Lloyd George. That will disappoint a great many people.—*Chicago Tribune.*

WE'VE often heard that Germany's ideas of militarism were bred in the bone. As we get better acquainted with the heads of her armies it certainly looks plausible.—*Manila Bulletin.*

A NEW YORK Bolshevik urged a reign of terror in which all debts should be canceled, and, tho we stand forth as a champeen of law and order, darned if there ain't something about the first of the month that makes us look on the Bolshevik program with a lenient eye.—*Dallas Times-Herald.*



WHERE THE EX-KAISER IS NOT WANTED.

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle.*

BEFORE Germany can settle up she must settle down.—*Detroit Journal.*

KING GEORGE didn't seem a bit nervous in the presence of Mr. Wilson.—*Toledo Blade.*

AFTER all, why should not Paderewski be the man to bring harmony to Poland?—*New York World.*

IF the Kaiser really wants a place in the sun, why not send him to the Sahara Desert?—*Dallas News.*

AFTER "freedom of the seas" is defined, we may discover that we have had it.—*New York Evening Sun.*

THE great problem just now seems to be how to make Germany safe for the Germans.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

IF the terms of the armistice were agreeable to Germany they would not be the right kind of terms.—*Albany Journal.*

DID you know there is trouble in Paramakkapol and in the suburb of Kadi Keui? Well, there is.—*New York Telegraph.*

WONDER if the senators who objected to the President going to Europe will object to his coming back.—*Florida Times-Union.*

A WORLD that can survive the pneumonic and Teutonic plagues can stand anything.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

A GERMAN economist says "Germany strove for a new order." Well, she got it, and it was "move on!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

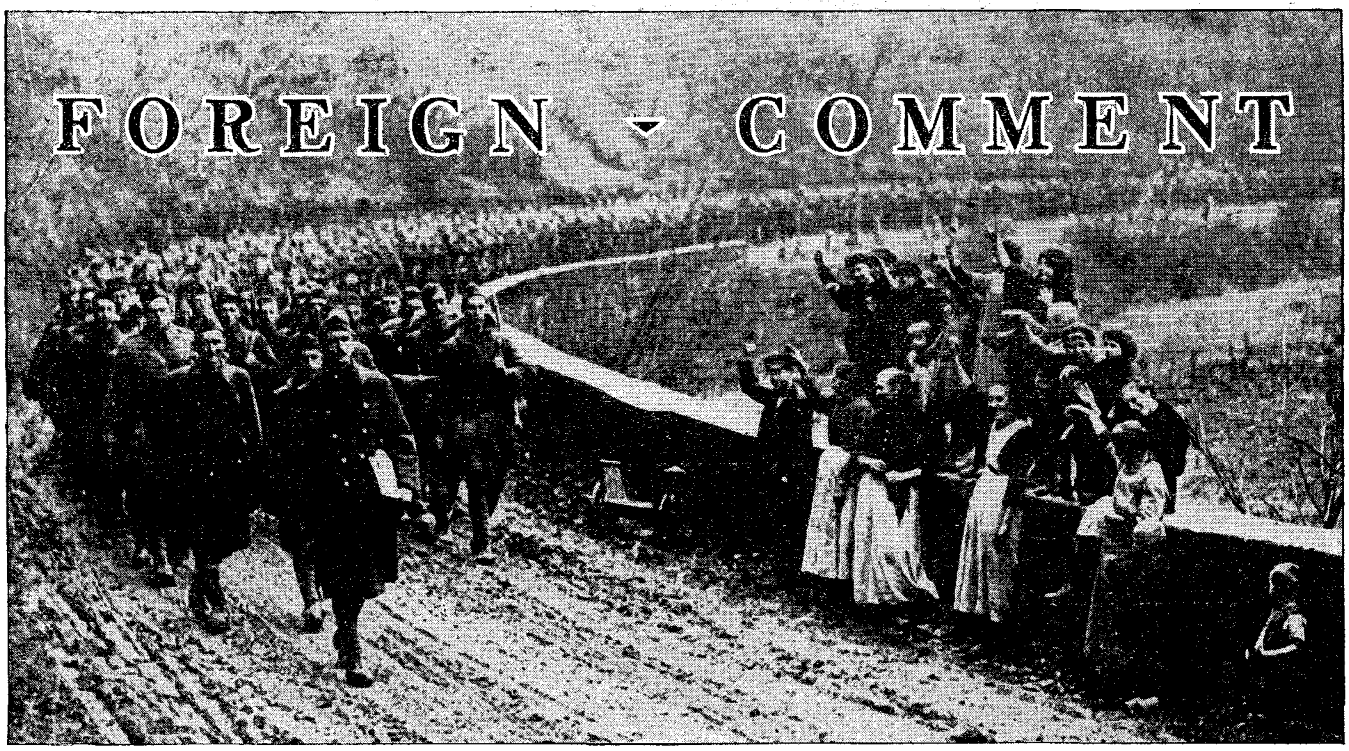
HERB HOOVER told two German food-robbers in Belgium to go to h—— with his compliments, and they promptly returned to Germany.—*Washington Post.*

MR. PADEREWSKI, who is an adept at pounding the ivory, should be able to direct the heads of the Bolsheviki in Russia to some better purpose.—*Newton Kansan.*

NOT having Senator Chamberlain's sources of information, Germany failed to detect all that American military incompetence which the Senator is still talking about.—*New York World.*

IN his talk at the banquet in honor of President Wilson, King George said that the American people "speak the tongue of Shakespeare and Milton." In the main we do, but we have added a few words and phrases that would make Shakespeare and Milton scratch their heads and look around with a nobody-home expression on their faces.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

FOREIGN COMMENT



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ENTHUSIASM NOT RECIPROCATED: GERMANS WELCOMING AMERICAN TROOPS ENTERING GERMANY.

CHAOTIC CONDITIONS IN GERMANY

UTTER CONFUSION seems to reign throughout Germany, particularly in Berlin, which is tottering on the verge of mob rule and red terrorism. The Allied governments have their own sources of information, of course, and do not have to rely on newspaper reports, which may be insincere, such as the statements in the German newspapers reaching us that food seems to be disappearing with uncanny swiftness and that no more coal is coming from the mines, which have either been occupied by the Entente or deserted by the revolutionary miners. Theodore Wolff, the editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, which prints these reports, says that Germany would be only too overjoyed if America undertook to feed her as Belgium has been fed during the war—which nobody would doubt. Dr. Wolff is much concerned, too, over the political situation, and fears the break-up of German unity. Indeed, he seems to recognize that Prussian rule in Germany has gone. He writes:

"Throughout the whole Empire Berlin is regarded with outspoken dislike. In South Germany, especially in Bavaria, there lives a genuinely democratic spirit which will have as little to do with a proletarian hegemony as with that of any other class. In the Rhineland and elsewhere people would rather not have anything to do with Berlin, whence all disorder seems to come. If a thorough change is not quickly forthcoming, we shall be left alone with our empty storehouses, with the Spartacus group, and other equally pleasant things. It is wrong for outsiders to put all the blame on the Government. The Government has the best intentions, and the majority of its members are clever and perceptive men. Its orders are wise, and it is really making honest and serious efforts."

Turning to the question of practical policy, the editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt* remarks:

"The chief thing to do to-day is to secure the ground, prevent the disintegration of the Empire, bring some order into things, and bar the way to those who from east and west are invading the most precious portions of the Empire. This can only be done by means of preliminary peace and the creation of an organized force loyal to justice and to the republic.

"Once more Ebert has declared in excellent words that the Government is in favor of a convocation of the National Assembly and that a dictatorship has been rejected by innumerable Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils. But we must also agree with him when he says that things must not be hurried too much, that first all troops must come home and labor conditions be a little more settled."

How correctly Dr. Wolff has diagnosed the distrust of Berlin we can see from the attitude taken by the old Center party, that organization of Catholics recruited mainly from the south and from the Rhineland. It is they who are supporting Kurt Eisner in his demand for a federation of German republics under the lead of Bavaria, and in one of their organs, the *Kölnische Volkszeitung*—perhaps the chief organ of the Center party in Germany—they come out with a bald pronouncement in favor of a Rhenish republic. The *Volkszeitung* says:

"From the whole people arises a stormy appeal to the political and intellectual leaders on the Rhine: 'What must be done, do it now!' The hand of the clock is pointing to Rhenish right in the Rhenish land. Let us use the recognized right of the peoples to self-determination. Let us not delay another day to take the road which is shown us by history and by the urgent demands of a hard present. A Rhenish Republic is now justified by internal conditions, and externally it is an effective protection of our existence and a guaranty of a happy future. It is the expression of the people's will, and therefore it demands proclamation by our authoritative leaders. Thrown on our own resources, we must settle our own fate. Unalterable facts in the political reshaping of Europe make us welcome as an ally every one who understands the justice of our demand—there is only one way out of the present trouble, a speedy proclamation of a Rhenish Republic, which shall be the foundation-stone of a new and free Germany."

It is well, perhaps, that the non-Prussian Germans "welcome as an ally any one who understands the justice" of their demands, for it seems likely that they are to acquire three rather powerful supporters. According to a Prague dispatch, President Masáryk, the head of the Czecho-Slovak Republic, announces that President Wilson, Premier Lloyd George, and Premier Clemenceau "have agreed on the creation of a new German Confederation under Bavaria's direction." President Masáryk is said to have stated that this new Confederation means "the destruction of Prussian supremacy and the separation from Prussia of the provinces of Posen, Silesia, and the Rhine."

Meanwhile even the Southern Germans are getting a little tired of the unrest, and a body of opinion is forming there which —full of bitterness toward the Entente—is ready to swing back to the bad old days of Imperialism. For example, the *Münchner Nachrichten* voices the sentiment of this group when it writes:

"It is a heart-breaking spectacle to see the vindictive enemy invading our now defenseless German soil. In a short time we may see the English and American troops in Hamburg and Berlin and the French and Italians in central Germany. There are some among us who take cheap comfort in the thought that the troops of the Entente will deliver us from the terrors of Bolshevism.

"Poor deluded fools! When once the enemy is entrenched in our land, the bitter truth will dawn upon the German people that this deliverance is far more disastrous than the danger against which they imagine they will be protected.

"There remains a grain of hope that the enemy may be induced to withdraw his fangs, but that will only be possible if we sink all our differences and stand together as one man to back the Imperial Government—imperial in the widest and best sense, even tho the titular head is absent."

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FIRST AMERICAN HORSE TO DRINK FROM THE RHINE.

In Berlin itself conditions are such that many are looking regretfully to the old days when many of their present blessings were *verboten*. How blessed the Berliner is to-day we can glean from a remark in the *Tägliche Rundschau*, which runs:

"Germany to-day presents a distressing spectacle to the world. Criminals are being set free on all sides, and not a day passes without some disgraceful depredation. As tho this were not enough, we have also to reckon with the arbitrary actions of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils, who are squandering the public funds in a frightful manner. Is Germany about to be swallowed in an abyss of self-annihilation?"

Of course, all Germany's troubles are laid to those "vile and heartless wretches" who constitute the leaders of the Entente. It is slowly dawning upon the German mind that perhaps, after all, some one in Germany has some slight share of the responsibility for the mess and muddle in which Germany now finds herself. It has even penetrated through the stolid Junker skull of our old friend Count Ernst zu Reventlow, for he writes in the Berlin *Deutsche Tageszeitung:*

"It is time Germany realized the shameless treatment we are receiving from our enemies because of our present rulers. Under the old system, Germany would never have been compelled to submit to treatment of this kind. Her enemies would not even have made the attempt to impose such conditions.

"It would be difficult, however, to mention any institution or organization in Germany for which our enemies could be expected to cherish any respect. What they see fills them with neither respect nor confidence, and can only strengthen their idea that Germans do not constitute a nation at all and that they are simply a horde of lackeys and snobs who become more pliable the worse they are treated.

"The old system, however badly it was administered, would not have accepted armistice terms that plunged Germany into an abyss. The stupid German simply stands and looks on without troubling himself about the German Empire of the future. He looks on with gaping jaws and without comprehending anything, while Jews of various categories are fighting each other for sovereignty over Germans.

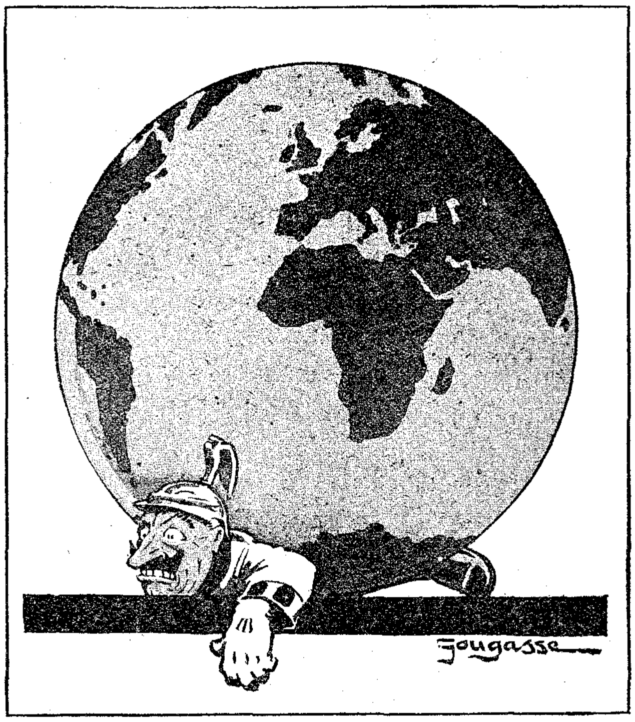
"Is it conceivable that the old system with its glorious old chieftain could possibly have brought us as low as this?"

A correspondent of the Paris *Journal*, who has been visiting Berlin to watch the course of political developments there, believes that the Junker party, which Count zu Reventlow represents, is needlessly alarmed, and that what the good Reventlow calls so gracefully "Jews of various categories" are really at heart just as good Junkers as he; in fact, he is convinced that all the so-called "revolutionaries," except the Spartacus group, are in reality nothing but disguised royalists anxious to restore the dynasty. In *Le Journal* this correspondent says:

"The German Government is a collection of false republicans already regretting the glorious era of William II. Ebert and Scheidemann are traitors. Their apparent alliance with Lenine and Trotzky is calculated to deceive the people and facilitate a counter-revolution which will be extremely sanguinary.

"The people are calm, but implore the assistance of the Allies, praying them to extend their occupation as far as Berlin itself. Poverty and unemployment are threatening to bring about the most terrible catastrophes and, frightened by the separatist tendencies of the Rhineland, Westphalia, and Bavaria, the Berlin Government has instituted a régime of wholesale arrests and summary executions.

"It is for these reasons that the Crown Prince's party is in favor of Liebknecht and that Hindenburg has refused to disband the 1896–1899 classes as stipulated in the armistice terms."

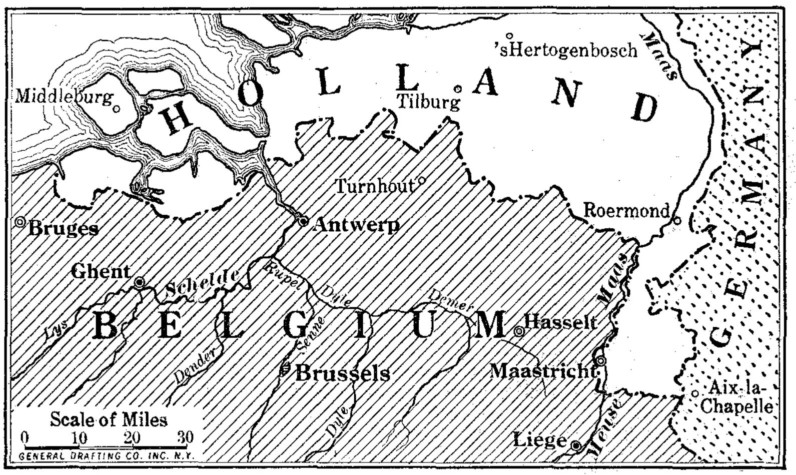


HE BROUGHT IT ON HIMSELF.

—*London Opinion*.

BELGIUM ASKS A SLICE OF HOLLAND

A MAGNIFCENT OPPORTUNITY is now afforded Belgium to rectify one of the most annoying territorial restrictions that has ever befallen a country. The Brussels *Métropole*, now returned to its native city after being published in London during the war, says that the freeing of the Scheldt is vital to Belgium's future. It will be recalled that Antwerp, the chief port of the little Kingdom, is situated upon this river, whose mouth lies completely in Dutch territory, and the *Métropole*, in common with almost all Belgian papers, urges that the Allies procure from Holland the cession of the Dutch territory on the left bank of the Scheldt. The whole question of Belgium's claims is taken up in this paper by Mr. Paul Hymans, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who made this statement regarding Belgium's claims at the Peace Conference:



MAP ILLUSTRATING BELGIAN CLAIMS.

"Obviously our first demand from Germany will be the restitution of all those millions of which she has robbed us in industrial factories and in hundreds of other ways. But as far as territorial readjustments are concerned, my lips must remain closed for the moment."

Thereupon, Mr. Hymans proceeds to open them quite wide for the benefit of *La Métropole* by proceeding:

"However, if you carefully read between the lines of the passages of the recent speech from the throne which refer to old treaties, they will tell you as much as I can tell you. The passages deal especially with the international treaty of 1839, which fixt the status of Belgium. This treaty deprived the Kingdom of Belgium of the principal portions of her provinces of Limburg and Luxemburg, and enriched the German Confederation by the Belgian towns of the province of Liége such as Saint Vith, Eupen, Malmedy, and Montjoie. It likewise made the Kingdom of the Netherlands master of the lower Scheldt.

"The consequence has been that since the beginning of the war Antwerp has been bottled up and deprived of all possible naval assistance against the invader.

"In declaring the treaty which wronged Belgium in this way and reduced her in size from 1839 to 1918 was now a dead letter, the King gave an idea of what Belgium's claims would be, and that, for example, the Netherlands ought to renounce its monopoly of the international river, the Scheldt, a monopoly which has proved so fatal to Belgium without protecting Holland in any way, inasmuch as not one of the Allies had at any time whatsoever threatened the Dutch Navy or Dutch territory."

This utterance has, naturally enough, not altogether pleased some of the publicists in the realm of Queen Wilhelmina, and one of the great Dutch authorities on international law, Prof. J. A. Van Hamal, lets himself go in the Rotterdam *Nieuws van den Dag*. He says:

"We are entirely opposed to the cession of any Dutch territory, because it would merely lead to permanent friction between Belgium and Holland, and it is to the interest of Europe that the two component parts of the Low Countries should live together in harmony.

"We are, of course, not indifferent to Belgian grievances regarding the navigation of the Scheldt, which is entirely free in peace times, but we believe that the difficulties of war-time can be solved without resorting to annexation. It might, for example, be possible to provide for the entry of a war-fleet to defend the independence of Belgium, tho in removing the embargo on the passage of war-ships Holland would thereby run a serious risk of being converted into a theater of operations.

"It is out of the question that Belgium can lay any just claim to any or all of the province of Limburg, where the population is absolutely Dutch in feeling, and where, moreover, Holland has her only coal-mines. We do not believe that Great Britain or France is likely to support any such claims, for they have every interest in avoiding steps which would embitter the Dutch people and tend to turn their eyes toward a future German republic."

So far as England is concerned, the Professor seems somewhat in error, for these desires of Belgium are received in the British press with considerable sympathy. For example, the London *Guardian* writes:

"In ordinary times there would be the making of serious trouble in the questions which have arisen between Belgium and Holland. The times, however, are not ordinary, and these difficulties will have to be settled by the Peace Conference. The war has shown that it is vital to Belgium either to possess control of the Scheldt or to share equally with Holland in that control. The ideal solution for Belgium would be the cession to her of the left bank of the river—as it is, both banks are Dutch up to a point almost within sight of the spire of Antwerp Cathedral. The suggested Belgian absorption of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg would be good for both countries. The Duchy standing alone is a helpless little enclave which has long been a point of danger; Belgium already possesses a portion of Luxemburg; and there appears to be a considerable desire among the Grand Duchess's subjects to adhere to the Belgian Crown. That a portion of Limburg should be in the possession of Holland is a geographical mistake which has long called out for rectification."

GERMANY'S POLITICAL PARTIES—The downfall of the German monarchy and the change to republicanism have destroyed all the old parties in the Reichstag. Some, however, remain unchanged except in name, as, for instance, the old Center party. The London *Times* thus digests for us much conflicting political information regarding the new party alinements:

"Eight parties are putting up candidates for the German National Assembly, namely:

"(1) The Majority Socialists (Ebert-Scheidemann).

"(2) The Independent Socialists (Haase-Ledebour-Barth).

"(3) The Spartacus Group (Liebknecht-Rosa Luxemburg).

"(4) The German Democratic party (*Bourgeois*, Moderate).

"(5) The German People's party (Stresemann), mainly National Liberals.

"(6) The German National People's party (von Kardoff), largely Conservative.

"(7) The National Democrats (*Bourgeois* Republicans).

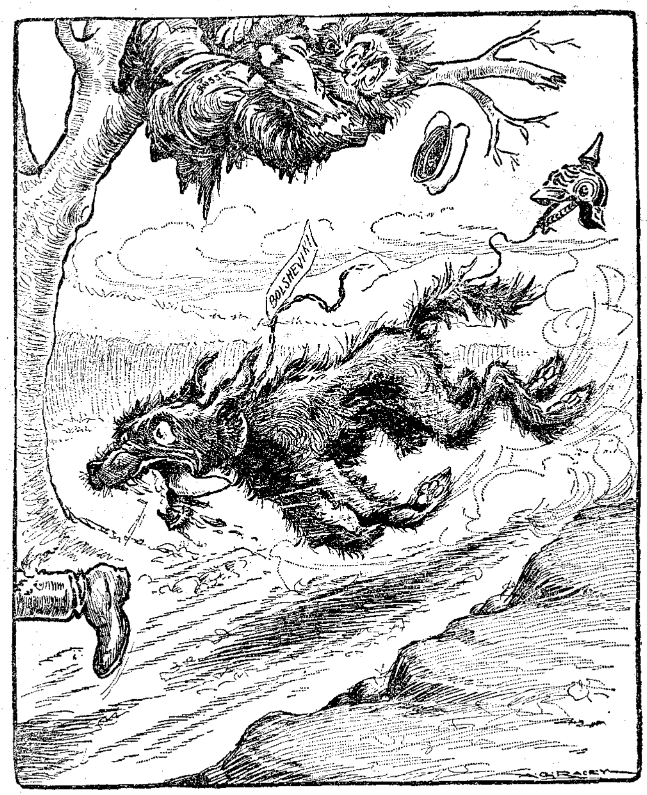
"(8) The Free German People's party (the old Center party).

"Of these parties the Spartacus group is numerically small, but will endeavor to influence the elections by terrorism, and perhaps here and there may make orderly elections impossible. The Independent Socialists expect, it is said, a relatively small success.

"Two groups are distinguishable in the *bourgeois* parties—the so-called National parties and the German Democratic party. The last-named party is represented by the *Berliner Tageblatt* and the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, and demands of its supporters that they not only accept the republic but defend it. The backbone of the German People's party consists of members of the old National Liberal party, but it has received accessions from the Right. The German National People's party unites Conservatives, Young Conservatives, Free Conservatives, Christian Socialists, and those known as '*Deutschvölkische*.' The National Democrat is a new party of *bourgeois* Republicans which does not wish to be burdened with the mistakes of the old parties. The programs of the various *bourgeois* parties (with the exception of the Center party) exhibit no such great distinction as to prevent their cooperation at the elections."

WHY WE ARE INVADING RUSSIA

THE FIRST COUNTRY TO MAKE PEACE, as one keen newspaper writer remarks, is the only one that has not found it, and the only fighting now being done by the Allied troops is in a land with which they are not officially at war. This contradictory situation is causing inquiry not only by the Michigan parents whose sons are fighting the Bolsheviki, but also among other Allied peoples across the Atlantic. The steady pressure of the Bolsheviki westward and their military activities in the Baltic provinces have created a demand by the British press for a clear statement of their Government's policy regarding Russia. According to the Berlin *Deutsche Tageszeitung* the British have presented an ultimatum to the German Supreme Command that German troops must not only prevent a further advance by the Bolsheviki, but must retake the two Baltic towns of Valk and Venden, which have been captured. If this order is not carried out, says the Berlin paper, the Entente will march into Germany. While there is no official confirmation of the *Tageszeitung's* story from official sources, the British Government, through Lord Milner, the Secretary for War, has explained its position as regards Russia. Lord Milner has sent to the London *Times* a letter written in reply to an inquiry as to what right the British have to "interfere in the internal affairs of Russia." Lord Milner says:



MAD DOG! —*Star* (Montreal).

"The reason why Allied, not merely British forces—indeed, the British are only a small proportion of the total Allied troops—were sent to Russia, is that the Bolsheviki, whatever their ultimate object, were, in fact, assisting our enemies in every possible way. It was owing to their action that hundreds of thousands of German troops were let loose to hurl themselves against our men on the Western Front. It was owing to their betrayal that Roumania, with all its rich resources in grain and oil, fell into the hands of the Germans. It was they who handed over the Black Sea Fleet to the Germans, and who treacherously attacked the Czecho-Slovaks when the latter only desired to get out of Russia in order to fight for the freedom of their own country in Europe.

"The Allies, every one of them, were most anxious to avoid interference in Russia. But it was an obligation of honor to save the Czecho-Slovaks, and it was a military necessity of the most urgent kind to prevent those vast portions of Russia which were struggling to escape the tyranny of the Bolsheviki from being overrun by them, and so thrown open as a source of supply to the enemy. I say nothing of the enormous quantities of military stores, the property of the Allies, which were still lying at Archangel and Vladivostok, and which were in course of being appropriated by the Bolsheviki and transferred to the Germans till the Allied occupation put an end to the process."

Lord Milner emphasizes the fact that the Russian policy of the Allies has been a success:

"And this intervention was successful. The rot was stopt. The Czecho-Slovaks were saved from destruction. The resources of Siberia and southeastern Russia were denied to the enemy. The northern ports of European Russia were prevented from becoming bases for German submarines from which our North Sea barrage could have been turned. These were important achievements and contributed materially to the defeat of Germany. I say nothing of the fact that a vast portion of the earth's surface and millions of people friendly to the Allies have been spared the unspeakable horrors of Bolshevik rule."

The difficulty seems to be that the Allies, once in Russia, haven't the vaguest idea how they are going to get out again:

"But in the course of this Allied intervention thousands of Russians have taken up arms and fought on the side of the Allies. How can we, simply because our own immediate purposes have been served, come away and leave them to the tender mercies of their and our enemies, before they have had time to arm, train, and organize so as to be strong enough to defend themselves? It would be an abominable betrayal, contrary to every British instinct of honor and humanity.

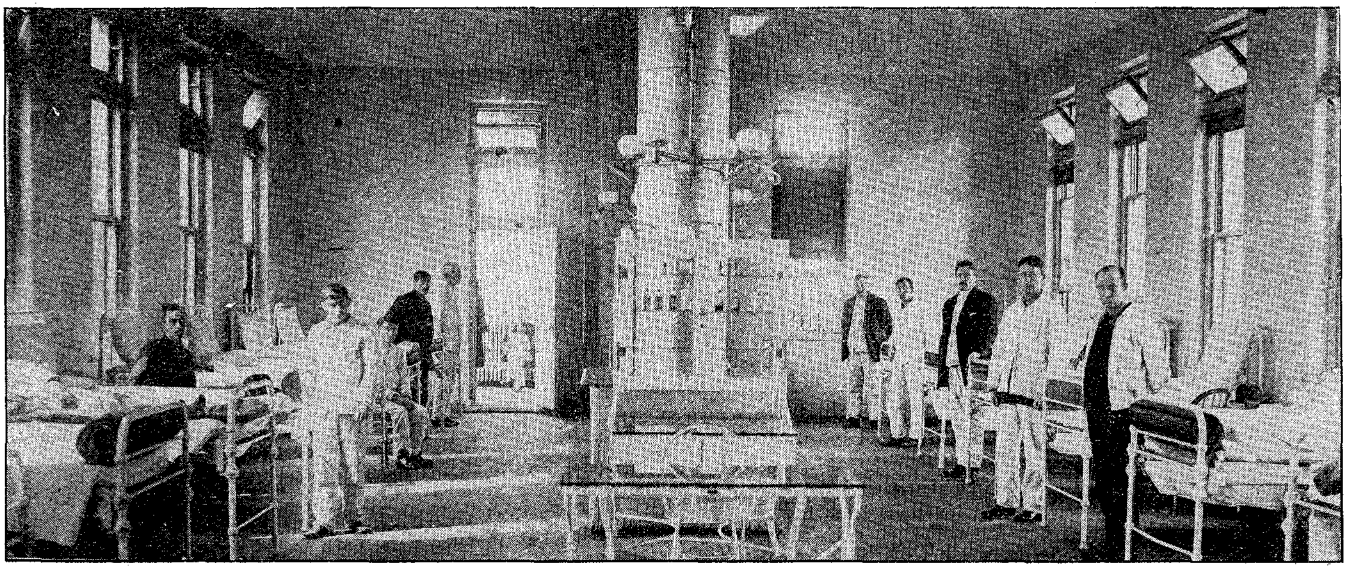
"You may be quite sure that the last thing the Government desires is to leave any British soldiers in Russia a day longer than is necessary to discharge the moral obligations we have incurred. And that, I believe, is the guiding principle of all the Allies. Nor do I myself think that the time when we can withdraw without disastrous consequences is necessarily distant. But this is a case in which the more haste may be the less speed. If the Allies were all to scramble out of Russia at once, the result would almost certainly be that the barbarism, which at present reigns in a part only of that country, would spread over the whole of it, including the vast regions of northern and central Asia, which were included in the dominions of the Czars. The ultimate consequences of such a disaster can not be foreseen. But they would assuredly involve a far greater strain on the resources of the British Empire than our present commitments."

Commenting on Lord Milner's letter, *The Westminster Gazette* calls for some clearly defined policy. It says:

"It is no use to bury our heads in the sand and talk smooth words. If this is our policy, as Lord Milner's letter seems to indicate, it must be faced, and at once. But at least as a preliminary a plain word might be spoken to the Bolshevik Government as a Government, and the pretense dropt that it is unworthy or undignified for the Allies to hold parley with these outcasts. There are two principles that we need to affirm—first, as Lord Milner says, that we can not hand over our friends to the vengeance of the Bolsheviki; secondly, that as trustees of European order we can not permit any Government revolutionary or otherwise, to undertake aggressive movements outside its boundaries, such as the alleged intention of marching through Poland into Germany. If we can get a plain answer on those two points, we shall for the first time be on the way to a Russian policy. If not, we may presently find ourselves in a situation which will be fatal to all our hopes of a European settlement."

On the other hand, the Manchester *Guardian* is vehemently opposed to Russian intervention and is particularly dissatisfied with Siberian conditions:

"Up till now the Allies would seem to have taken the line that they do not care what Russian rules in Siberia provided that he is sufficiently reactionary and sufficiently vehement against the Bolsheviki. . . . They must by now have learned that the kind of gentry whom they are feeding with their money and with English blood are not the stuff of which the conquerors of the Bolsheviki are made. The Koltchaks and Semenoffs are fighting not for Russia, still less for the Allies; they are fighting for their own hands, and they will go on fighting so long as they can get Allied money and Allied blood to help them. Even now drafts of British troops . . . are being ordered out to Siberia to fight the battles of the Koltchaks and the Semenoffs. If the British Government does not stop this disgraceful adventure of its own accord it will find it will soon be stopt for it."



WHY SHOULD THE HOSPITAL BE A CHEERLESS PLACE?

The hospital of the near future, it is predicted, will have tinted walls, with interesting stencils on the ceilings, here and there living plants, pictures, and "plain washable chintz hangings of quaint design" to "break the plainness which the weary eye everlastingly roams over."

WHY NOT HOMELIKE HOSPITALS?

ARE "SANITARY" AND "CHEERLESS" necessarily convertible terms? Are beauty and taste injurious to the health? The heretical suggestion that hospital walls should be decorated, that pictures should garnish the walls and curtains bedeck the windows, is made in *Hospital Management* (Chicago, December) by William Ludlow, a New York architect. Mr. Ludlow would even abolish the public ward. In short, he would make the patient think of the hospital as a home for the sick, and he would spare no pains to make it really more homelike and less "institutional." By neglecting to do so, physicians and architects are "failing lamentably in hospital design," he asserts. It is a "curious phenomenon," Mr. Ludlow thinks, that in striving to promote healing by proper environment, nearly all our effort has been toward negative conditions—no noise, no smells, no ugliness. How much have we done, he asks, in the way of pleasant sounds, agreeable odors, pleasure-giving appearance? The latter, he says, are often more effective than the doctor's medicine. He goes on:

"I speak from experience; the far-away sound of music in the early morning and evening, and some dear old familiar picture on the wall, did more for me once, I am quite sure, than what I took from a spoon. And did I get these in a hospital? No, indeed; absence of all sounds and blank whitened sterility must reign there.

"I like to think of the word hospital in its derivative sense. I wish that it would not bring to mind a huge caravansary of austere aspect without and glaring white sterility within, a pile without cheer and without welcome. Gloom of aspect of walls inevitably breeds gloom of mind; unbroken whitened sterility of walls and ceiling produces sterility of thought in the sick mind, which longs to be led out of itself by pleasurable impression from without. Why not think, then, in terms of 'home for the sick'?

"I am entirely convinced that we shall commonly see the hospital of the near future with tinted walls, with interesting but simple stencil on ceilings and at angles, with living plants here and there, pictures, not necessarily framed in the conventional and dust-accumulating fashion, but set flush with the walls and glassed over, arranged perhaps so that they may be changed occasionally, and even—shocking to the thought of tradition—plain washable chintz hangings of quaint design and appropriate color to break the plainness which the weary eye everlastingly roams over."

Privacy being another natural desire of the sick, we lay them out in rows in huge public wards, where the distress of each affects the nerves of all and makes recovery harder. As we read:

"Another illustration of our tendency to forget the individual and think in terms of the group has to do with the ward. I believe that the public-ward idea, where the soul longing for a modicum of privacy—and what soul who has lived in a home does not?—the public ward, where such souls now lie exposed to the gaze of twenty others under the most trying circumstances, shall give way, whenever extreme stint is not imposed, to a degree of privacy.

"The beast and the savage know not and care not for privacy; modesty has to them no meaning; forced publicity to humans by exposure to others at times when privacy is most desired not only tends to break the fine web of refined feeling, but brings about a more or less acute mental anguish inimical to bodily health.

"I believe that the small private room will in the future displace largely the public ward, or, in many instances, a low separating partition will be erected between beds. In the design of the new Cumberland Street city hospital now being erected in Brooklyn, we took a step in this direction with considerable gain in floor space by placing low partitions dividing the ward into groups of four beds, the beds arranged like a little ward of four or an axis normal to the main axis of the room.

"In another instance we carried this still further, isolating, in this way, each bed. These low partitions are solid to such a height that the patients in the different groups can not see each other, but through the glazed upper portion the nurse can survey the room. This arrangement has also the advantage that no patient faces the window light.

"The objection to the private room is cost, but cost must be considered as relative to service rendered; otherwise we would be housing our sick permanently as the Government is housing its sick temporarily. Viewed in this light, the actual cost may be less. One of our foremost hospital managers, now a major in the United States Army, has arrived at the conclusion drawn from experience that the shorter period of confinement of each patient in a private room makes the scheme one of actual economy."

A SCALE MODEL OF THE UNIVERSE

IF THE SUN WERE IN ONE CORNER of a schoolroom in Massachusetts, and the earth were in the opposite corner, where would the nearest fixt star be? Most of our readers will be surprized probably to hear that one would have to travel out to Denver, Col., to find it, while to reach the great cluster in the constellation Hercules would require a journey out into space 12,000,000 miles. The construction of a model of the universe, built accurately to scale, is thus out of the question, but Mr. Edwin Tenney Brewster, of Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., comes as near as he can to it by an amplification of such methods as those hinted at above. He very justly remarks, in an article contributed to *The General Science Quarterly* (Salem, Mass., November), that a printed statement of distances, or even the usual school chart, fails to give any such idea of the heavenly spaces and their occupants as this device of his. Writes Mr. Brewster:

"I have found the most convenient scale for my universal map to be one millimeter to 10,000 miles. The textbooks give dimensions in miles. Everybody, as a matter of course, owns a thirty-centimeter rule. Computation, therefore, becomes simple pointing off.

"I am accustomed to start in one corner of my class-room with the sun. Its 866,000 miles of diameter points off immediately to 6.7 centimeters. This, luckily, is just about the size of a baseball. So I hang up the baseball at one end of the blackboard, or draw there a circle of the proper size.

"And since

The sun, yon glorious orb of day,
Is ninety million miles away,

the resulting 9.3 meters carries our earth well across the blackboard to the other side of the room. The globe itself, a mere 8,000 miles in diameter, models as a dot $^{8}/_{10}$ millimeter in dimension. This is about the size of the shaft of an ordinary pin or of the periods in a typewritten text. The wandering moon appears as a still smaller dot; for size, a pin-point or the periods in fine print. Handily enough, the moon works out to just about the thickness of the black marks on the centimeter rule; the earth to just about the width of the spaces between them, while the distance apart of the two is about as near to an inch as one commonly measures. I find it rather impressive to make a short chalk-line on the blackboard at the proper distance from the sun, and to dot in it the earth and moon with a pencil.

"Mercury and Venus come in as dots of intermediate size, spaced out somewhere between the earth and the sun, or imagined in some of the near-by rooms. Mars, a dot the size of the periods in the text-book, chances most conveniently to space out just at the end of the room diagonal.

"For the major planets, the class has to look out the window and imagine dots of the proper size marked in the proper place on various near-by objects. Practically, I take a map of the region and strike circles. Jupiter is, of course, about the size of a blackboard crayon and 160 feet away. Neptune, not much more in diameter than half the thickness of the centimeter rule, is nearly a fifth of a mile off. . . . . . .

"When the class reach comets, I remind them of the model already developed. Then we draw in a few specimens, from a little chap only a yard long with a head the size of the earth up to such a visitant as fills the whole side of the class-room.

"By and by, we strike double stars. Algol, as the type of the spectroscopic binary, works out as two bodies, one the size of the modeled sun, the other a little larger, which are 30 centimeters apart, and revolve round one another in three days. The telescopic binaries, on the other hand, have orbits of the same general order as Uranus and Neptune. They are, then, easily imagined on the grounds of some other school. . . . . . .

"Scaled off on our model, the nearest fixt star is fairly represented, let us say, by the usual globe of an arc light, set 1,600 miles away. In other words, we imagine Alpha Centauri as one of the street-lights of Denver."

With this terrestrial ball but 8,000 miles in diameter, only nineteen known stars, Mr. Brewster finds, can go on the earth at all. He continues, therefore, by placing two or three objects—say, a marble, a watermelon, and a circus balloon—in Petrograd, Valparaiso, and Hongkong, distributing other similar objects over a somewhat larger space in various directions. He concludes:

"Now, I am sure, it becomes clear why I choose just this particular scale—10,000 miles to the millimeter. On a scale much smaller than this, it is not possible to represent the moon. On a scale much larger, Alpha Centauri will not go on the earth.

"Yet even on this little model, where the earth is only a sand-grain, more than half the visible stars have to be set out beyond the actual moon. To include the great star cluster in Hercules means that we put 50,000 toy suns in a space three times the volume of the earth and set them twelve million miles away!"

Courtesy of "Popular Mechanics," Chicago.

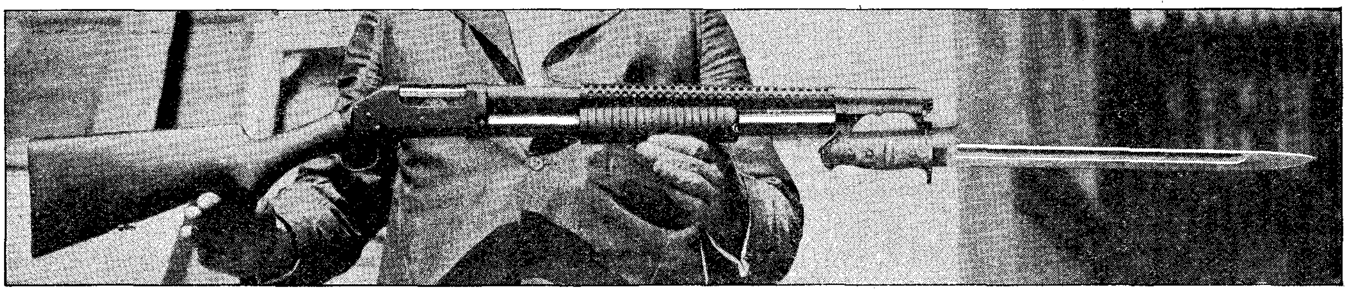
A BOON FOR AVIATORS.

The blow of the monkey-wrench meets a shield with a tensile strength of 8,000 to 12,000 pounds per square inch, which protects the eye of the airman.

SAFETY - GOGGLES FOR AIRMEN—The invention of a new type of safety-goggle for aviators is noted in *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago, January). Says this magazine:

"One of the outstanding features is that each of the two lenses is formed of one optically plane piece of glass which has no distorting or prismatic effect. Furthermore, the position of the lenses and their shape give a visual angle of 170 degrees. These two points are of inestimable value to a flier, especially when landing and in scouting.

"Each lens is backed by a transparent shield made of a secret material that has great strength and resilience. The former is only .081 inch thick and the latter .021 inch. Between the two is an air space. Here lies the spectacular phase of the invention. While the goggle is being worn, either of the lenses may be struck a heavy blow with a wrench or cold chisel. The lens may be shattered, but the inner shield not only prevents the particles of glass from reaching the eye, but in rebounding hurls them outward and also stops the progress of the instrument. In this connection it is interesting to note that the shield has a tensile strength of from 8,000 to 12,000 pounds to the square inch. The air space between the lens and the shield prevents the clouding of the glass at high altitudes. The lenses are mounted in angular positions in holders and made fast by spring locks similar in principle to those used on motor-car wheels. This arrangement makes the goggle streamline, so that air resistance is reduced and rain-drops are prevented from accumulating on the outer surface. Ventilation is obtained through adjustable openings provided at the top and bottom of each eye compartment. The air enters in such a manner that no direct current can strike either of the eyes. Furthermore, the edges of the goggle are beveled, shaped to fit the face, and trimmed with fur so that air can not enter except through the ports. Shocks and jolts received in landing frequently throw a pilot against the cowl of his machine, and on many occasions have resulted thereby in broken goggles."



Courtesy of the National Sports Syndicate.

ONE AMERICAN FACTOR IN WINNING THE WAR.

When the trench shotgun is in full play the only safe place is inside an armored tank.

FACTS ABOUT THE TRENCH SHOTGUN

THAT the American short-barrel shotgun was by no means a negligible factor in winning the war is the opinion of Peter P. Carney, editor of *The National Sports Syndicate*, in a recent press bulletin. Three-score years ago, says Mr. Carney, the "sawed-off" gun was the handy piece of the Western and Southwestern sheriffs who hunted outlaws, as well as that of prison guards, express messengers, and stage-coach guards; and it did yeoman service. When America took a hand in the war a Georgia engineer named Eagor suggested to the War Department the utilization of the short-barrel shotgun, and the suggestion met with favor. He goes on:

"The improved Winchester riot gun, 1897 model, six-shot, hand-operated, single-barrel pump shotgun was examined and found worthy.

"But there was one problem to be met. That was the placing of the bayonet. The barrel of the gun was quite thin and did not offer much support for a bayonet. This is where Yankee ingenuity asserted itself and made the gun the deadliest short-range weapon ever conceived or used by man.

"The weakness of the barrel was overcome by providing an outer steel coat, or jacket, which is perforated and held a short distance away from the barrel proper and forms an air-chamber that acts as a cooling jacket. To this reenforced jacket is the bayonet attached.

"This jacket prevents the scorching of the shooter's hands and permits rapid fire. The magazine holds five shells and there is one shell in the chamber, making it capable of firing six shots as rapidly as one can pull the trigger and work the pump-handle. This we might assert is mighty fast when in the hands of a trap-shooter.

"These shells contain 3½ drams of smokeless powder, 00 buckshot load, 9 pellets to each cartridge, each pellet about the size of a .32-caliber bullet. It is possible for one man shooting, and others loading for him, to fire 50 cartridges a minute, which means 450 slugs, a veritable shower of lead, would be sprayed over a 100-yard sector. With hundreds of these guns in use one can imagine the result.

"No column of troops could stand at close range before a line of men armed with trench shotguns. In the past these guns have cowed mobs and upset mass formations. It is unwise to stand in front of them—especially when they are in the hands of one who might pull the trigger.

"The gun weighs 7½ pounds and the bayonet 1½ pounds. It is the 12-gage pattern, with barrels 20 inches long made from rolled steel, cylinder bored. The bayonet can be removed and used for 'close-up' fighting. A sling is attached to the gun, the same as to the rifle, so that it may be thrown over the shoulder.

"An idea of the effectiveness of the gun is shown in these tests on a two-inch pine board: At 50 yards the pellets wormed their way into the wood 1¾ inches. At 75 yards the shot went in ¾ inch and at 100 yards the shot went in ¼ inch.

"When General Pershing requested the shotguns we are of the opinion that the idea was to try and keep Fritz at home in the evenings. Thousands were supplied, and these in the hands of men who could use them not only kept Fritz at home nights, but kept him sleepless more than one night.

"The shotguns are more effective than rifles for sentries. The guns will not replace the rifle in warfare, nor will they perform the functions of a machine gun. It is purely an emergency weapon which has done all that it was intended to do—and some more.

"Firing from the hip, holding back the trigger, and pumping the forehand, the shooter can lay down a perfect barrage in front of him that will be effective for more than 100 yards. This gives an idea of the value of the gun in the hands of sentries. It carries more terrors into the hearts of the enemy than any other instrument of destruction that has been used.

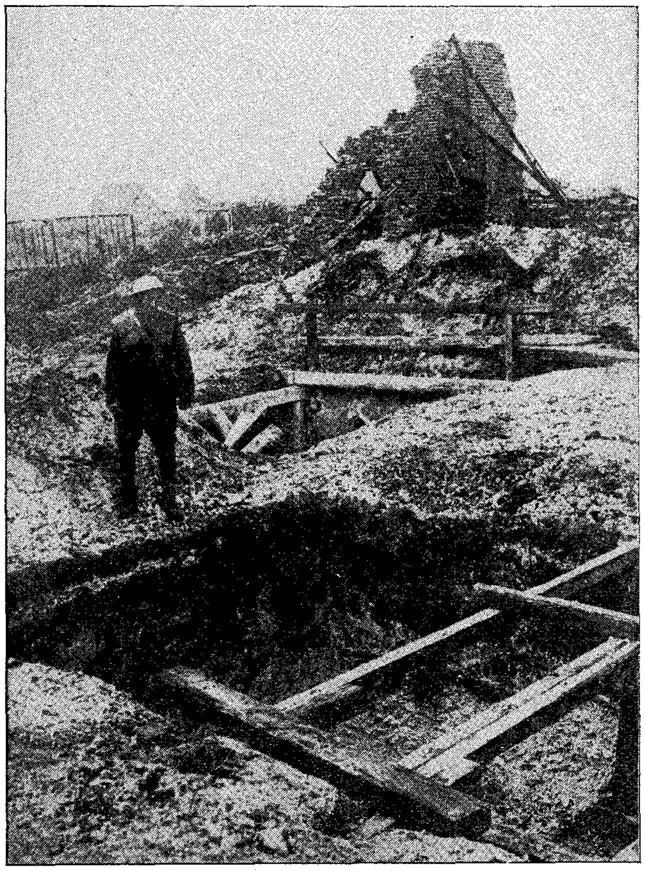
"The only umbrella that will assist any one when the trench shotgun is showering pellets over the universe is an armored tank."

AN EFFICIENT SCRAP OF PAPER—Those who talk of foreign red tape and of how we Americans cut it are invited by June Richardson Lucas to consider the British hospital telegram, which serves also as passport, railroad and steamer ticket, and hospital permit. She writes in *The Modern Hospital* (Chicago, December):

"Englishmen can hurry with a skill and an efficiency that take even an American's breath away. When it comes to their fighting men they break all speed records. Thousands of men have died in the mud of Flanders—thousands have been wounded and sent home—but thousands have had to lie in those 'Halls of Glory,' the base hospitals behind the lines, and suffer—beyond the conception of any man—before the tide turns back toward life, or slips out in the gray dawn of Flanders, never to flow back. And the British fight to save those suffering men just as stubbornly as they fight to beat the enemy beyond the heavy cannonading a few kilometers away. . . . After the doctor's rounds, he sends a telegram asking her to come to such-and-such a base hospital to see Private ——. That very evening, perhaps in Devon, where the sun sinks low, a small boy comes running and puffing up the lane waving the precious paper; the door under the thatch stands open. She is there, waiting as the women are waiting the world over to-day and the message says 'Come.' That is all she needs—that telegram is passport, railroad-ticket, bus-fare, Channel crossing, entrance to the war-zone, space on troop-train, pass into that long, low building where her 'love lies bleeding.' Yes, it's a wonderful highway the British build from the aching ward in Flanders to the cottage in Devonshire. Just a telegram—no bewildering officials, no hours of waiting outside important doors—just a telegram; and the next evening, at sunset, she is sitting by her man in Flanders as he sleeps for the first time because the tide has turned. Just a thin bit of blue paper—just a telegram."

GREECE MAKES HER OWN "GAS"—Shut off from commercial intercourse with the outside world for seven months following the blockade of her ports by the Allied fleets in 1916, Greece found it necessary to develop several new industries to meet the emergency. Many of them were kept in operation after the blockade was raised because of the scarcity of shipping and the submarine menace. Among the most important is the manufacture of "motorine," a gasoline substitute made and sold throughout Greece by several companies and under various names. Vice-Consul George P. Waller, Jr., writing from Athens to the United States Department of Commerce, says of the new "gas":

"This substitute was made absolutely necessary by the impossibility of obtaining gasoline from the United States and by the cutting off of Roumanian petroleum products. Roughly, the product is composed of eighty to ninety per cent. of very pure high-proof turpentine, distilled to a high degree of volatility, mixed with ten to twenty per cent. of ether. The turpentine used is distilled from resin from the pine forests of Greece, and the ether is also produced from native sources. Properly blended and used in an automobile or any internal combustion engine, this mixture gives very satisfactory results. A comparatively large amount of carbon deposit collects in the cylinders, but this is easily removed. Owing to the fact that automobile-owners in Greece are drawn from the wealthy classes, no attempt has been made to lower the cost of production of this fuel."


British official photograph. Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

PITS DUG TO ENGULF TANKS.

TRYING TO STOP THE TANKS—During the last days of the war the Germans tried in numerous ways to hamper the tank fleets of the Allied forces. There is no mistaking the fact, says a writer in *The Scientific American* (New York, December 14), that they finally came to appreciate the effectiveness of the tank; and their ridiculing of the tank idea for so long only served to make it impossible for them to catch up with the Allies in this branch of modern warfare. He goes on:

"Among the numerous devices of the Germans to halt the advance of tank fleets were nests of pits in front of their positions, of the kind shown in the accompanying illustration. These pits, of several feet in depth, were covered over with a light wooden framework and camouflaged canvas so as to lead a tank pilot to believe that solid ground was ahead of him. Again, the Germans dug deep and wide trenches in front of their lines so as to prevent tanks from passing. Still another device was the use of heavy cement pillars, spaced so as to permit passage to the German infantrymen, but barring the way to even the smallest tanks. A similar arrangement called for a large number of railroad rails embedded in cement. Despite all such devices and concentrated antitank artillery and rifles, the Germans could not stay the advance of the tanks, which always found a way of getting around obstructions of all sorts. For one thing, the Allies varied their form of attack, switching from the heavy artillery bombardment and infantry attack to the short crash bombardment and surprize infantry and tank attacks, so that the Germans often made their antitank preparations uselessly."

FIVE TALKS OVER ONE WIRE

"GET OFF THE WIRE" is a request that will be heard less frequently in future. The telephone-wire is hereafter to be roomy enough for all—or, at least, for five conversations, which would seem to be enough, within reason. The problem of multiplex telephony, in short, appears solved. It has always been possible, of course, to mix up a dozen voices on one wire, but the trouble has been that they stayed mixed at the point of arrival. Now we may "unscramble" them, so that each goes to its proper receiving instrument. This radical achievement was announced to the public recently by Postmaster-General Burleson, who gave out a letter from President Vail, of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, setting forth the general features of the invention. How it is possible to carry on five conversations over one wire is thus explained by Chief Engineer Bancroft Gherardi, of the company, in an interview which we quote from *The Electrical Review* (Chicago, December 21). Said Mr. Gherardi:

"By the new multiplex, five-voice currents are sent over the circuit simultaneously from five ordinary telephones and delivered at their destination to five other ordinary telephones, just as if five independent wire circuits had been used. While traveling over the long-distance circuit these five currents intermingle and are sorted out at the other end so that each is delivered to its proper telephone with all the characteristics of the original speech.

"This result is achieved by means of an apparatus which combines with these voice-waves carrier-currents of different characteristics, and it is the particular characteristic of each carrier-current that enables the separation and allocation to be made.

"If two telephones were to deliver ordinary speaking currents or voice-waves to one end of the circuit they would be jumbled together and be unintelligible—even more so if five ordinary speaking currents were forced upon the circuit.

"The problem is to form an emulsion of oil and water, as it were, which can be taken apart after being transmitted. Each ordinary speaking current which varies with the variations of the voice is combined with a carrier-current of higher frequency.

"The frequency or wave-lengths of the carrier-currents are different and adjusted to the distributing device at the further end of the circuit. They are modified in form by the voice-waves which they carry, but this does not prevent them being switched each to its proper channel and through a device which separates again the speaking current from the carrier-current, so that the voice-waves are delivered to the telephone-receiver with all their original characteristics and quite as clearly as if transmitted in the ordinary way.

"The underlying principle may be illustrated by imagining a composite photograph in which each of the five individual subjects is photographed in a different color—one red, one blue, one green, one pink, and one brown. In the composite the colors as well as the features are blended, but looking at it through colored glasses, each picture may be distinguished from the others. Through a red glass the red photograph is shown, through the blue glass the blue photograph, and so on. As the tint of each overlying photograph serves as a means of differentiation, so the frequency characteristics of the carrier-current serve to differentiate the five conversations carried by the new telephone multiplex.

"The system is adapted for long-distance transmission and will be extensively used where additional transmission facilities are required. In the case of short lines, of less than one hundred miles, it will probably be more advantageous and economical to string additional wires rather than install the equipment needed for multiplex telephony."

In his letter to the Postmaster-General, Mr. Vail states that an installation of the system between Baltimore and Pittsburg has been in service for more than a month. A party of government and telephone and telegraph officials made an inspection and test of the service recently, and all, Mr. Vail says, were delighted with its successful working and with the evident skill which had been shown in developing it. He goes on:

"Heretofore the best telephone methods known to the art provided only one telephone conversation at a time over a single pair of wires. A number of years ago we developed the fantom circuit arrangement, by which three telephone circuits were obtained from two pairs of wires, an important improvement, of which we have made extensive use. Now, by our multiplex method we are enabled to obtain five telephone circuits over one pair of wires, that is, ten simultaneous telephone conversations from the two pairs of wires which formerly could be used for only three simultaneous telephone conversations. This represents an increase of more than threefold in the telephone capacity of the wires, as compared with the best previous state of the art, and a fivefold increase under conditions where the fantom circuit is not employed.

"In telegraphy, as well as in telephony, sensational results have been attained by the new system. By combining two telegraph-wires into a metallic circuit of the type used for telephone working, and by applying our new apparatus and methods to this metallic circuit, we have enormously increased the capacity of the wires for telegraph messages. As applied to high-speed printer systems we can do eight times as much as is now done, and as compared with the ordinary duplex telegraph circuit in general use we can do ten times as much. These increased results are attained without in any way impairing the quality of telegraph-working.

"The nature of these developments is such that, if desired, wires may be used partly for telephone and partly for telegraph. A pair of wires is available either for five simultaneous telephone conversations or for forty simultaneous telegraph messages, or partly for one and partly for the other.

"These developments have been the result of the work of the technical staff of the Bell system acting as an organization and are the outgrowth of their combined inventive and engineering skill. Hundreds of the men of our staff have cooperated in the work. . . . . . .

"From the earliest days of both the telephone and the telegraph there have been almost numberless attempts by inventors, scientists, and engineers to develop methods for the multiplex transmission of messages. It was while working on the problem of multiplex telegraphy that Dr. Bell had his first conception of the structure of the original telephone. Now, the organization which is continuously working to perfect the telephone and to extend its usefulness has accomplished not only multiplex telephony, but also multiplex telegraphy, and has solved the telegraph problem upon which Dr. Bell was working over forty years ago."

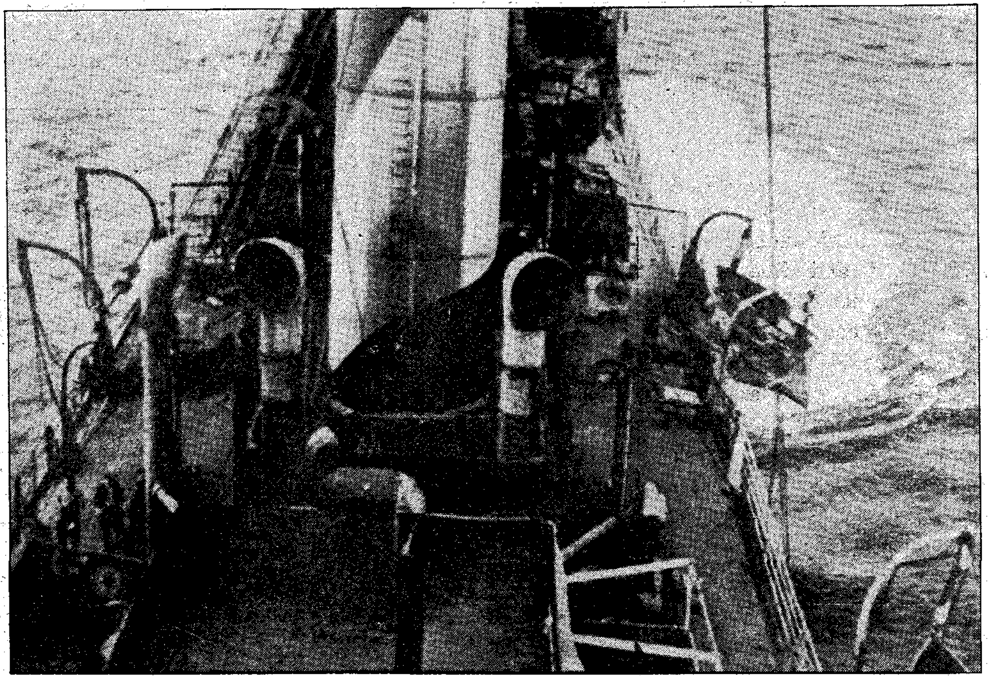
In editorial comment on the new invention, *The Review* states its belief that developments of this type are made possible only by team-work backed by an efficient organization. It says:

"The present development is but another instance of the benefit of sustained, concerted, and cooperative effort of a large, rich corporation with limitless capital and large talented personnel. It is hoped, indeed, that the lessons of cooperation, recognized as necessary for winning the war and getting results, will not be ignored or forgotten now that peace lies ahead.

"The electrical transmission of messages and sound-waves has made vast strides since the world-war. The achievements have, in fact, been marvelous, epochal. But, of course, these things have not become possible on the spur of the moment, but, instead, have come about only through long years of brave, untiring effort of men imbued with love and talent for their work and backed by ideal conditions for prosecution of their research. The war has acted to spur the effort and hasten the day when past research should bear its just fruition. This is true of the multiplex telephony as of Weagant's success in the wireless field announced a few weeks ago."

THE SINKING OF AN "UNSINKABLE"

THE "UNSINKABLE" SHIP is in the same class with the "fire-proof" building. "Slow-sinking" is a better term to use, and will doubtless win its way in this case, as "slow-burning" has in the other. The experience of the *Lucia* is a case in point. This vessel was torpedoed on October 17, one of the last boats to suffer such a fate. She had been fitted with a system of buoyancy-boxes and had been dubbed "unsinkable" by the optimists who seem to control the bestowal of such adjectives. The buoyancy device kept her afloat for nearly a day, which was certainly as effective a performance as could have been expected by any but the most incurable of optimists. Devices of this kind evidently deserve wide adoption, for altho it is to be hoped that the torpedo will be conspicuous hereafter chiefly as a museum-exhibit, the danger of sinking at sea will continue. We quote an article from the Newark *Evening News* based on a report, made public by the Navy Department, of Chief Boatswain's Mate W. F. O'Brian, commander of the armed guard on the *Lucia*. Says this paper:



THE "UNSINKABLE" SHIP SINKING.

Photographed by one of the crew. Her buoyancy device kept her afloat nearly a day, however, which is enough for anybody but "incurable optimists." Note the shattered life-boat at the right.

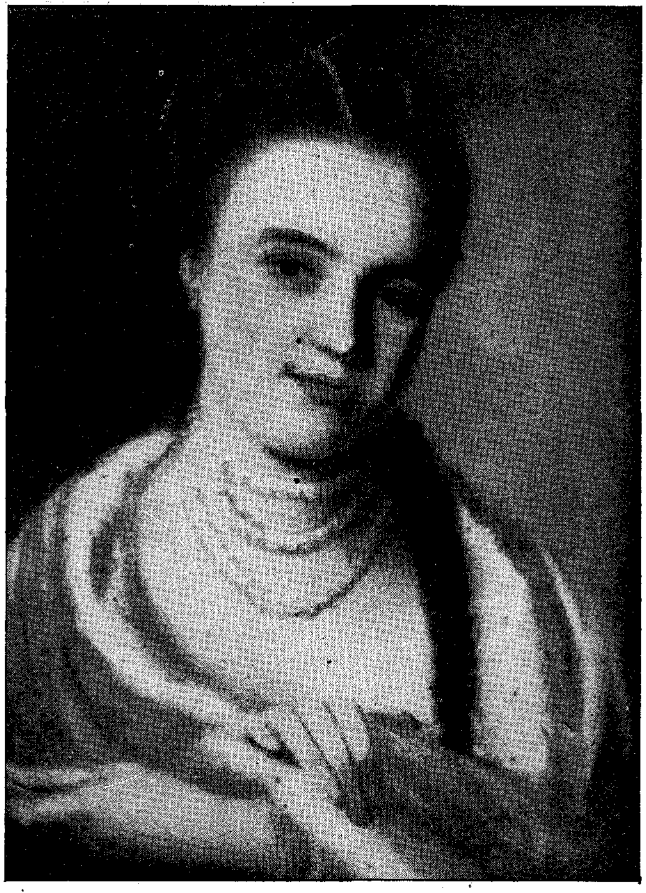
"The missile struck the boat amidships at 5:30 P.M. It was not until 3:20 P.M. the next day that she took her final plunge. According to the report, it was the shifting of cargo that caused the vessel to sink. This shifting, it seems, may have had some connection with the destruction by the heavy swell of the buoyancy-tank construction aft. Just what this connection is does not yet appear. But when the *Lucia* went down she sank by the stern, not by the head; so far as information is available, the forward buoyancy-tanks did their work to the last.

"It is altogether too early to be dogmatic about the matter, but the possibility exists that the *Lucia* may mark a point of evolution in marine construction designed to minimize the effect of accident. At any rate, the system with which the vessel was equipped is worthy of careful study. Another matter of importance in this relation is the placing and also the material of the cargo with respect to ship construction. The suggestion has been heard in marine circles that the mystery of the disappearance of the United States collier *Cyclops* may be explained by unmanageableness of cargo in very severe weather. Thankfully it is to be recorded that the torpedo menace to ships has been removed. But, for some time to come, there will be danger from drifting mines, and the ordinary marine risks will not be set aside by any treaty of peace."

LETTERS - AND - ART

THE RESURGENCE OF THE AMERICAN "PRIMITIVES"

ONE EVIDENCE that America has grown up artistically is, perhaps, the fact that we are unashamed of our "primitives," altho, on the other hand, there may be a danger that the present growing interest in early American art will become a cult, and things well and honorably buried be dragged from merited oblivion. The republication in Boston of Dunlap's "History and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States," with corrections and additions by Frank W. Bayley and Charles E. Goodspeed, makes accessible again what contemporary information could be gathered of West, Sully, Copley and the Peales, with many others big and little. Many of the men treated in this vivacious volume left work that may still be found in some of our museums, and doubtless also in many garrets where they have reposed while we were busier catching up with the race of modern art. With the war having given a solar-plexus blow to modernism and set us summoning all there is of substantial guaranty for our intellectual history, art is not likely to be neglected. A recent sale of pictures by the American Art Association showed the first notable collection of primitives to come upon the market, and evidenced their collector, Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, as wise in the trend of the times. Fortunately, the pictures, as Mr. Royal Cortissoz points out in the New York *Tribune*, reward the interest their kind has aroused. This critic notes that "there is a new cult for the earlier American artists which would assign them to the status of great men." Mr. Cortissoz frankly acknowledges that "they were in general nothing of the sort," with "only one or two members of the school rising to anything like extraordinary eminence." But he grants them all to have been "sincere, and they were accomplished men who respected their art and left upon it the stamp of dignity that would alone be sufficient to commend our admiration." There is, then, no need for us to fall back upon the deprecating words of *Touchstone* and say, "an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own." They have, too, Mr. Cortissoz avers, "the virtue of reflecting with truth and something like elevation the spirit of their time." And—



NOT AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCHWOMAN,

Though Mr. Cortissoz declares this portrait of Elizabeth Byles Brown by Copley, an early American painter, might have come "straight out of eighteenth-century France."

"This latter point is one to be considered with some care. We know from the schools of France and England that the eighteenth century was favorable, in those countries at all events, to decorative and pictorial ideals of art. The gift of the painter, to be light and charming, to adorn life as well as to serve as its mirror, was not simply permitted to exercise itself in Paris and London—it was encouraged so to function. With us conditions were different. The American artist was expected to be not so much a maker of pictures as a painter of portraits; he was a social necessity rather than a source of luxury, of amusement. This fixing of his status, which ought only to have profitably intensified the discipline imposed upon him, clipt the wings of his inspiration. . . . . .

"The handicap of our pioneers, which sharply distinguishes most of them from those masters abroad at whom we have glanced, was a certain narrowing seriousness. They had plenty of conscience, and so painted good portraits. They lacked, technically, the impulse, the *joie de vivre*, which comes to the artist when he is painting simply to please himself. If at the foundation of our school there had been widespread in America the habit of painting pictures as well as the habit of painting portraits for exacting clients, it is not improbable that our development, artistically, would have been advanced by several generations. As it was, we have to watch out in the old historic years for the gust of personality, the pressure of the individual force, which sometimes breaks the bounds of habit."

In addition to "sedate merits," these men occasionally disclose talents of so high an order that one is "warmed to their austerity," says the *Tribune* writer. Struggling somewhere in the back of the artist's mind, he discerns "the wish to paint not only an image but an impression of his sitter." Further:

"Some sort of a pictorial intention dimmers up through the rather stilted composition. One thinks, momentarily, of some of Zurbaran's immobile but strangely vitalized clerics. What is it that keeps good master Earl from achieving the same 'magisterial' effect? A certain naiveté, we surmise, a certain want of technical adroitness—and tradition. See, on the other hand, what Copley immediately secures with both in his odd little full length of 'James Tilley,' which is almost a miniature, and in his pastel of 'Elizabeth Byles Brown,' a portrait that might have come straight out of eighteenth-century France. Copley, in other words, is the truly inspired artist, the artist who goes in not only for work but for fun, to whom technique is a separate fascination. He is sophisticated where Earl is naive. And, incidentally, he catches a gleam of that quality which we miss oftener than any other in the art of our pioneers, the quality of beauty. The portrait of Mrs. Brown is a dainty, beguiling thing, as full of grace and charm as a drawing by Boucher. The miniature aforesaid is, in the nature of things, a harder, less elastic performance; but this, too, has in it the spirit of painter's painting.

"That, of course, is the spirit of our noblest founder, Gilbert Stuart, who is represented here by two fine portraits. The more important of these, from the historical point of view, is naturally the 'George Washington,' and it is, besides, a notable specimen of Stuart's deliberate but flowing brushwork, his skill in modeling, the luminous nature of his florid flesh tints, and, in short, the qualities which lift him head and shoulders above all his countrymen in the eighteenth century. But for the essence of Stuart, we would turn rather to the 'Lawrence Reid Yates,' with its exquisitely drawn head and face, and, even more, its positively Whistlerian grays. Well placed, too, is the figure in this canvas, an instance of the painter's participation in that pictorial instinct to which we have alluded. From this, as from the Copley pastel, there exhales, faintly but authentically, the atmosphere of beauty. To the student we would especially point out that this atmosphere makes itself felt, wherever in the exhibition it is asserted, precisely in proportion to the ardor with which the artist gives himself up to the genius of technique. It is in the portraits that are, in a word, well and interestingly painted that we recognize the artists for whom portraiture alone was not enough, who had to produce something not only accurate but beautiful."

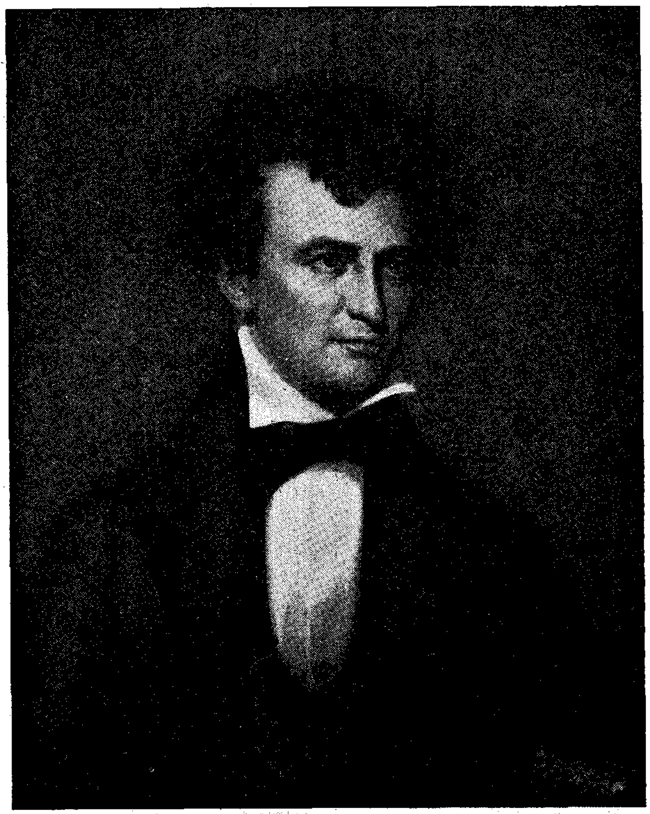
Readers of American art history remember the yarn of Benjamin West clipping the hair from the tail of the household cat to make his first paint-brush. This tendency to romance was likely freely indulged in early days, and Mr. Dunlap takes to task a writer preceding himself. But the controversy shows out of what unlikely surroundings came our early art:

"'It is noteworthy,' says Mr. Cunningham, 'that almost at the same hour America produced amid her deserts and her trading villages two distinguished painters, West and Copley, who, unknown to each other, were schooling themselves in the rudiments of the art, attempting portraits of their friends one day and historical compositions the other; studying nature from the naked Apollos of the wilderness, as some one called the native warriors; and making experiments on all manner of colors, primitive and compound; in short, groping through inspiration, the right way to eminence and fame.'

"We must strip this of its romance. That these two young men found the way to eminence and fame is true, but not in the desert or the wilderness. Colors were to be found at the color-shops, and inspiration—Heaven knows where! It was by exerting their talents perseveringly in pursuit of the art they loved, seeking and obtaining information from those who preceded them, and never deviating from the path which wisdom and virtue pointed out, that they succeeded and obtained their reward, 'eminence and fame.'

"We copy the following from Mr. Cunningham: 'I once heard an artist say that the fame of a fine painter found its way to England as early as the year 1760. No name was mentioned. And this, he said, was the more imprest upon his mind because of a painting of "a boy and a tame squirrel," which came without any letter or artist's name to one of the exhibitions of the Royal Academy; and when its natural action and deep vivid coloring made the academicians anxious to give it a good place, they were at a loss what to say about it in the catalog, but from the frame on which it was stretched, being American pine, they called the work American. The surmise was just; it was a portrait by Copley of his half-brother, Harry Pelham, and of such excellence as naturally raised high expectations.'"

The Royal Academy was not established until 1769, and so we are left to accept the mere mistake in date or doubt the whole passage. Dunlap was insecure in many of his statements of fact, and the new edition does the great service of setting him right.



THE AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME,"

Painted by Cephus G. Thompson when John Howard Payne was about forty. He had left his actor and playwright days behind him by then.

DECIDING ON BARNARD'S "LINCOLN" WITHOUT SEEING IT

BARNARD'S "LINCOLN" has had many defenders as well as enemies. Few of them have the gaiety of Henry McBride, who writes on art for the New York *Sun*. Perhaps the situation has only just offered excuse for mirth; at any rate, Mr. McBride is hilarious over "the committees, academicians, politicians, and diplomats of the United States" who "have finally persuaded the committees and diplomats of Great Britain and Ireland that the Augustus Saint Gandens statue of Lincoln is a better work of art than the George Grey Barnard statue of Lincoln." The "comedy" of the situation is so obviously Shavian to Mr. McBride that he makes a free gift of it to G. B. S. with a few giggles of his own in making the presentation. Shaw's talents being such, he needn't wait for the actual arrival of the two bronzes in England, says Mr. McBride; "both have been accepted, the diplomats only certifying that the gentlemanly Lincoln is the better for London and that the laboring man's Lincoln will do for Birmingham or some other sordid city that is just off the beat of American tourists." Mr. McBride has no more doubts of Shaw than the judges of the Barnard "Lincoln" had of the statue they had never seen:

"Mr. Shaw has shown clearly in times past such an unusual grasp of American political situations without having had to study them on the spot and has always had such an occult feeling for the workings of committees that it will be easy for him to get the requisite material for his article from the array of photographs that both committees have provided; Mr. Barnard having a committee, too. In former periods people used to feel a certain delicacy about judging works of art, particularly sculpture, from photogaphs, but ever since Mr. Bernard Berenson began to make such a good living by decisions founded upon comparisons of photographs the feeling has lessened, if it has not been dissipated.

"One suspects, indeed, that the great mass of the people now judge their sculptors in no other way. Certainly the bulk of the present disputants base their clamorous arguments solely upon the amusingly doctored up photographs. Mr. Shaw, of course, is far too experienced to misread photographs, but in his case, even if he does arrive, which is not unlikely, at finding all the arguments hollow, and both the Lincolns inadequate, it will at least have given him an opportunity, always welcome, of firing off some novel Lincoln talk, of generalizing upon the value of the likeness in portraits, and finally as to whether the children of great men are to be accepted as infallible judges of their parents. You see there is no lack of matter for the satirist.

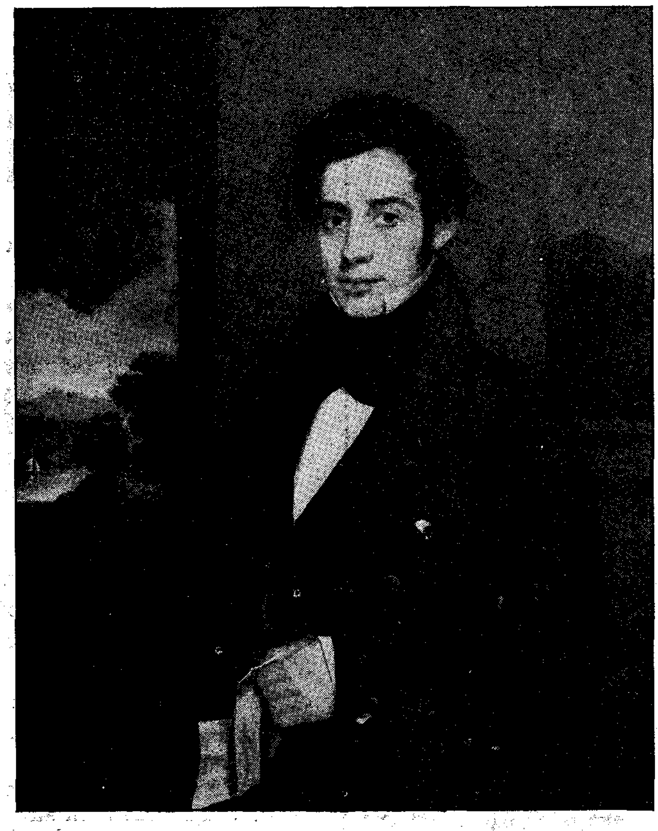
"When the Barnard Lincoln row was at its height *The Sun* printed a few pen-portraits of Lincoln by contemporaries, among the best of which, or at least most sympathetic of which, were those of Walt Whitman. But Walt's views were not considered by the academicians. What academy ever could consider Walt?"

So Mr. McBride turns to another authority that even academicians wouldn't dare sniff at. Since he had a Presidential ancestry to back him, the new authority, Mr. Henry Adams, sniffed to his heart's content:

"Now that the affair is settled, in the eyes of politicians, there will be no harm in quoting from another contemporary, the late Henry Adams, whose recent and posthumous autobiography is making others than academicians blink. Adams, if you please, was a friend of Saint Gaudens; his intimate. He wrote, the 'he' in the excerpt being Adams:

"'He saw Mr. Lincoln but once; at the melancholy function called an inaugural ball. Of course he looked anxiously for a sign of character. He saw a long, awkward figure; a plain, plowed face; a mind, absent in part, and in part evidently worried by white kid gloves; features that exprest neither self-satisfaction nor any other familiar Americanism, but rather the same painful sense of becoming educated and of needing education that tormented a private secretary; above all, a lack of apparent force. Any private secretary in the least fit for his business would have thought, as Adams did, that no man living needed so much education as the new President, but that all the education he could get would not be enough.'

"The above is not cruel, simply cool. Mr. Adams was not only a Bostonian, but a descendant of Presidents, and from childhood he judged them dispassionately. Since he is to be the Machiavelli, the Horace Walpole, and possibly even the Samuel Butler of our future, be assured that his glance at the white kid gloves will slide into foot-notes in all the American histories that will be written, altho his own history is so extraordinarily up to the minute that no histories now appear to be required for the next thirty years at least."



A PORTRAIT BY THE INVENTOR OF THE TELEGRAPH.

George W. King, here shown, was a friend of Samuel F. B. Morse, and aided the latter with financial assistance to perfecting the telegraph. Morse was a portrait-painter, and almost his last work in art was this portrait of his friend.

Adams discovered that there was more to be considered in Lincoln than kid gloves when he went to London as secretary to his father, then Minister to the Court of St. James's, and found English society so hostile to Lincoln, but, adds Mr. McBride, "there is no hint that either he or English society ever forgot the kid gloves":

"In truth, Abraham Lincoln was not a kid-glove President. So, doubtless, there will be considerable English trepidation when they shall be compelled to choose between the lanky, shuffling, mildly refined Lincoln of Saint Gaudens and the more forceful but evangelical Lincoln of Barnard. But I am forgetting—the committees have chosen for them."

By cable we learn that the Manchester *Guardian*, hearing that its home city has a prospect of getting the Barnard "Lincoln," does not turn away coldly:

"The Barnard statue is anything but conventional, and to those accustomed to the sentimentalism which marks most of the statues in our squares and buildings it comes as something of a shock. Rather than refine one feature of a man who was rough-hewn in every limb and lineament, the sculptor almost fiercely thrusts forward the clumsiness and disproportion of Lincoln's figure, as tho to say, 'Here is a man who needs no sentimental treatment.'

"If the statue comes, as we hope and believe it will, to Manchester, it will be one of the few in the city of first-rate interest to all who care for sincerity in art and will be an object for a pilgrimage by Americans for all time to come.

"Nothing could more fitly mark the historic connection of this city with America; nothing could better recall that great, self-sacrificing compliment to the Civil War which Americans will never forget, when the Lancashire operatives were content to go hungry that America might be united and free."

A DISILLUSIONED GERMAN PROFESSOR

NOVEMBER 11 WAS A SAD BIRTHDAY for Professor Hans Delbrück, of the University of Berlin. At seventy years of age he had to witness the signing of his country's surrender and to set about composing his own confession of defeat. To the London *Times*, which translates paragraphs from his article in the December number of the *Preussische Jahrbücher*, "he gives us an obviously sincere picture of the valley of depression into which such intellectuals as he have suddenly been plunged—all their belief in the continuity of Prussian history and their growing devotion to German Imperialism now lying shattered." "To judge Professor Delbrück's admissions," says *The Times*, editorially, "it must be remembered that he belongs to the fine flower of *Kultur*. If a professor in the University of Berlin could be so long and so effectively hoodwinked by the governing class as he declares himself to have been, what must have been the credulity of less enlightened Germans?" The Professor begins by admitting that he was entirely wrong about the prospects of the war:

"What mistakes I have made! Bad tho things were a month ago, I would not abandon the hope that our front, altho already yielding, would hold, and would wring from our enemies an armistice that would cover our frontiers, while in Germany the development toward democracy, long prepared as it was, would be accomplished without a violent breach with the past, and without the sacrifice of the traditional political forms. Our hope has deceived us; our pride is broken. I imagined that I saw clearer and further than others when, with all confidence in our military strength, I constantly advised political moderation. Could such moderation have saved us from such a catastrophe? This much is certain—that I greatly underestimated the internal dissolution of our strength and the shattering of our once so firm political structure. . . . Of a truth I never foresaw such a result, even in the dark hours and gloomy anticipations which often came over me."

Delbrück claims with what *The Times* allows as "some justice" that he has never been an extreme chauvinist, and confesses that he has often "written with more confidence than he felt in his heart." Also the censor took him in hand, he reveals, and allowed him only to mention British and American statistics of ship-construction on condition that he said they could not be true. The German Supreme Command forbade him to publish the figures of transports of American troops to France up to last June, on the ground that in their opinion "Mr. Baker's report was nothing but American bluff intended to deceive the Germans." The figures were read by the Professor in the London *Times*, and the incident furnishes a side-light on the reiterated German statement that London papers could be freely read in Germany. Delbrück seems like a wanderer in a maze:

"What shall one say about this? Was it really necessary to keep such facts from the German people in order to maintain its spirit? Or did the Supreme Command really not know at the end of July that it had to deal with an immense American army? The turn in our fortunes began with the collapse of our attack on Reims and the successful advance of the French north of the Marne. According to certain observations which had been communicated to me, Ludendorff had then already become very uncertain at heart. Nevertheless, he and Herr von Hintze [Foreign Secretary] during the next nine weeks did nothing to ease our position politically—until, on September 29, Ludendorff collapsed and completed our defeat by the offer of an armistice."

He finds some comfort in his belief that up to the time of the March offensive the Army was as good as ever. The 1918 campaign he regards as "a pure military gamble which broke the Army's spirit." "The enemy realized his military advantage; and now came the most terrible thing. Before the negotiations, intentionally prolonged by the enemy, had reached their conclusion, the Socialist party took it upon itself to overthrow the Government and to make Germany defenseless at this moment." *The Times* abbreviates him further:

"Delbrück blames the Socialists, but admits that they have a right to power because they are the only people who have proved right about the war. For the rest, he makes a number of interesting observations. He emphasizes the collapse of the spirit of the Army, instead of attributing everything to the collapse of the Navy, and says that the military system broke down at the point of union between the standing army and the new recruits; the 'people in arms' rebelled against the professional corps of officers.

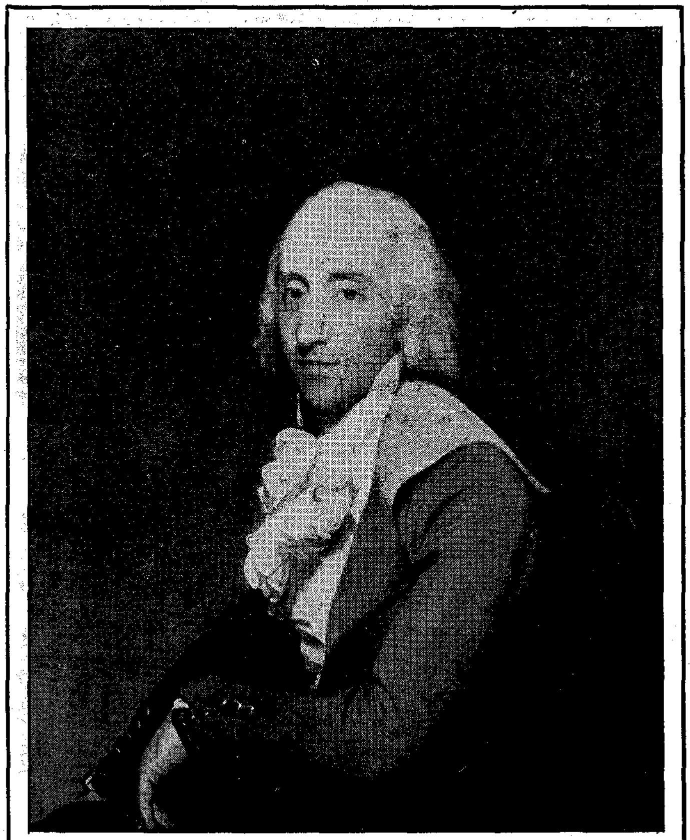
"Delbrück blames the Kaiser, not for being too autocratic, but for being too weak. His first great sin of weakness was his failure to uphold Bethmann-Hollweg; his second was his flight. Delbrück's own advice about the dynasty was that, 'as the Crown Prince enjoys no prestige and no sympathy,' and as the succession of the Crown Prince's young son, with one of the Crown Prince's brothers as Regent, would be quite impracticable, the Kaiser should appoint Prince Maximilian Regent and leave a National Assembly complete freedom to determine the future form of state. When the Kaiser simply fled, all was lost, because the troops would neither fight nor obey. Delbrück makes some interesting notes on the Berlin revolution. He shows that the published stories about Royalist officers in underground passages and firing from public buildings were sheer fiction; there are no underground passages, and nobody was ever discovered in buildings from which shots were said to have been fired."

The future is naturally filled with foreboding for the aged professor, who regards it with the utmost sadness. He thinks that there will be more parties than ever in the new Germany. He seems to believe that German-Austria will return to Germany, but he sees that one result of this will be a break-up of Prussia into her constituent provinces. He is inclined to believe that Germany will be forced into economic Socialism. He sees that there will be more women voters than men. He says that all Germans must hope against hope that this is for Germany the plowing-time and that the harvest will yet come. Then he concludes:

"Why, however, should we not admit that this faith is still overshadowed by dark forebodings? What if the age of high intellectual culture were now going to its end? What if we are closing an epoch, as antiquity ended, in the migration of the peoples? What if the striving for a new order ends in anarchy, and anarchy in barbarism? Rome of old was governed by a highly educated aristocracy, whose place was then taken by the new aristocracy of warriors in bearskins. Then reading and writing became an affair for parsons—nothing for emperors and kings, dukes, counts, and knights. What if we also are approaching times in which power will pass into the hands not of the illiterate, but, still worse, of the half-educated? Is Germany destined to disappear from the ranks of the Great Powers and to continue as an unpolitical *Kultur*-people? Has Bismarck's work really been destroyed forever? Has the league of nations a future, and is the conception of Great Power dying? Mere questions; but can one to-day close a political essay otherwise than with questions?"

Surveying all these confessions, *The Times* sees a "real pathos" in "a man eminent in all lands for his attainments compelled to recant the opinions of his working life at seventy years of age," but it rejoins:

"It was the overweening German arrogance which misled this highly trained intellect, both on the war and on the internal position. This is the more instructive because Professor Delbrück claims to be a 'Moderate,' and because on some points—as, for example, the retention of the Belgian coast—he was, in fact, opposed to the ultra-'militarist' policy. His moderation, however, was strictly limited, as may be gaged by his zeal for the creation of a 'German India' in Africa, which he insisted must include not only the Belgian and the French Kongo, but also 'the rich surrounding lands now in English possession'—unless, indeed, Germany should prefer to turn her thoughts 'to Farther India or Cochin China.' Dreams of that kind are passed and gone for the present, but we are far from certain that the spirit which inspired them in the minds of even 'moderate' German 'intellectuals' is finally laid. They are grievously deprest because their 'proud Army' has had to sign an armistice which, as the Professor remarks, 'comes near to a capitulation.' But we shall want proofs, very different from those afforded by magazine articles, before we are convinced that the German people have abandoned their hereditary arrogance, and have realized that they are not the born superiors of other races. The picture of the future which Herr Delbrück draws is somber in the extreme, and among the worst of his fears—second only to his alarm at the possible reign of the half-educated—is the dread lest 'Bismarck's work has really been destroyed forever.' Without large qualification it is not a godly fear; it savors of the old Adam, not of that conversion of heart which is the first condition for the confidence of other nations in Germany. The final and utter destruction of that large part of Bismarck's work which lay in the establishment of the military domination of Prussia is absolutely essential to the peace and safety of the world."



A PORTRAIT THAT IS "THE ESSENCE OF STUART."

The best art of the painter of George Washington and other American worthies is seen in this "exquisitely drawn" head of Lawrence Reid Yates, which has strong qualities now called "Whistlerian."

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RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

A PREACHER ADOPTED BY THE MARINES

WITH THREE NOTABLE MILITARY HONORS, not the most important of which he seems to count his *Croix de Guerre* with a star for "extraordinary heroism in action," Dr. John H. Clifford, of the Y. M. C. A., has returned to recover from his wounds, and incidentally to tell of at least one successful mixture of religion and Yankee fighting men. The crux of the matter may have been that Dr. Clifford was a first-rate fighting man himself. "Doc of the Fifth," as he was known in the hard-fighting, not overly religious regiment of marines to which he was attached, was given a chilly welcome by his future adopters; they weren't particularly interested in religion "in that neck of the woods"; and Dr. Clifford received what he considers his finest "honor" when they adopted him, "religion and all," in a way as unusual as it was effective. As a final honorable distinction, he brings back a shrapnel wound in the left shoulder, received while going "over the top" with his regiment.

The New York newspapers, on Dr. Clifford's arrival from Europe, promptly placed him on the list of "fighting parsons." The New York *Globe* introduces him with a brief account of his antecedents, and follows with an interview that sheds much light on the present vexed questions of religion, the Y. M. C. A., and the soldier:

> "Dr. Clifford was born in England fifty-one years ago, is a graduate of Oxford, and came to this country while a young man. He spent seven years in missionary work among the lepers of Java, and later among the natives of Jamaica and the West Indies. At the time he entered 'Y' work he was pastor of the First Baptist Church in Tucson, Ariz.
>
> "He was first stationed at Camp Travis, and when he arrived in Paris was attached to the Fifth Regiment of Marines. 'But you know what the marines are called, don't you?' said Dr. Clifford. '"Leathernecks." And they showed me decidedly that they didn't want any preachers around their part of the woods. In fact, they gave me the cold shoulder so absolutely that I felt terribly discouraged, but I finally decided I'd get next to them, so I went on all their hikes, did all the hard things possible that they were supposed to do, and never mentioned God, prayer, or religion. And I didn't pull a long face when they swore, either, which, you'll have to admit, the marines can do a little bit better than any other part of the United States fighting-machine.
>
> "'Well, at the end of the first three weeks, just when I was feeling bluer than ever, one of them came to me one day and asked for my coat. I gave it to him, but I couldn't help being puzzled. But think of it; when that coat was returned to me, they had sewed the marine buttons on and the emblem of the marines also. Believe me when I say that I was the proudest man in France, for that meant that they had actually adopted me—religion and all.
>
> "'We had men of all religions and no religion in our regiment, and I never mentioned church, prayer, or anything remotely suggesting such a thing. I let the men ask for services when they felt that they needed them, and they would ask, too. I recall one little East-Side Jew who came to me just before we went over the top one day and asked if we could have a prayer-meeting.
>
> "'I carried a supply of rosaries with me, for the Catholics would often lose their own in the advance and I felt that they would feel better to know that they could always get a new one.
>
> "'I want to speak of the utter unselfishness of these men. I am going to tell you, to prove it, a little incident that makes me ashamed of myself. It was during the heavy fighting around Verdun and we had just come out of the trenches and into rest billets in a little village called Étain. I had just received a consignment of twelve towels, altho the supply was limited. These towels were not for free distribution, so I sold them to the boys, paying for two for myself.
>
> "'Perhaps you can realize just how badly the towels were needed when I mention the fact that none of us had a chance to wash for seven days, and as for a bath, well, that was so far back we had forgotten what it was.
>
> "'In less time than it takes to tell it, the towels were all sold, and when the next batch of boys came in for towels I told them they were all gone. They took it good-naturedly and went on, altho I was beginning to feel rather conscience-stricken about those towels of mine.
>
> "'But I closed up the canteen and started out, and presently met a boy who yelled out: "Say, Doc, got any towels?" I said: "No, boy, I'm sorry, but I sold the last one." Just then another boy came up and said to him, "Say, you got any makin's?" The first chap drew out a tobacco-sack with barely enough to fill one cigaret and gave it to him gladly. He took it absent-mindedly, filled his paper, and started to smoke, when he suddenly noted the empty condition of the sack, and he flushed and apologized, trying to make the other take the cigaret.
>
> "'Well, I got such a lesson right then and there that I sneaked back to the canteen and brought out both of those towels and sold them to the first two boys who came in. And I want to say that if old St. Peter stood at the gate when the marines were falling so thick and fast there at Château-Thierry I am sure he threw the gate wide open and welcomed them in.'"

A PREACHER WHO WENT OVER THE TOP.

Rev. John H. Clifford, who helped rescue Col. Catlin, of the Marines, at Château-Thierry as an aside from his Y. M. C. A. duties.

One of the reporters assisting in the interview brought up the matter of the coveted little French War Cross, chief visible sign that "Doc of the Fifth" had been consorting with danger "over there," but the "Y" man put off all questions with the quiet assurance that "The men every day and every hour did brave things that they were never decorated for, and for the little commonplace thing that I did it makes me feel ashamed." As he could not be induced to tell the story of the exploit that brought him the highest honors of the war, the interviewers "had to depend on a person familiar with the facts." The New York *Evening Sun* relates the incident, which we give here supplementary to an earlier version printed in our issue of December 28:

> "It was at Château-Thierry, at the battle known as that of the Bois de Belleau, that he aided in rescuing Colonel Catlin. As he was leaving a dressing-station on the morning of June 8, last, word came that Colonel Catlin was lying seriously wounded in the front-line trenches.
>
> "Calling to a corporal to aid him, he seized a stretcher and, accompanied by Major Farwell, a surgeon in the Marine Corps, they finally reached Colonel Catlin. For two hours they lay in the front-line trenches, unable to make a start back on account of the intense shell-fire. Finally, they decided that to save the officer's life they must go back, and accomplished their return journey by only what seems to be a miracle.
>
> "The decoration of the *Croix de Guerre* was sent to Paris while Mr. Clifford was recovering from his wounds received the same night that he aided in the rescue of Colonel Catlin. He was sent to a base hospital in England, owing to the serious nature of his disability, and received his honor upon his return, July 17.
>
> "Besides the *Croix de Guerre*, Mr. Clifford was also presented with the Lorraine Cross by a French commanding officer, who witnessed him one day as he accompanied his 'boys' in an attack. The sight of a civilian going 'over the top' so stirred the enthusiasm of the French officer and his staff that he was presented with the decoration upon his return to his lines."

THE Y. M. C. A. VIEWED AT THE FRONT

RETURNING SOLDIERS have dropt enough criticism of the workings of the Y. M. C. A. to make a drastic investigation necessary. Dr. Mott has promised this, but before his report appears, a long letter from the front, written by Edwin L. James to the New York *Times*, sheds much light on the vexed question. His letter is dated from Coblenz and he reports Mr. George W. Perkins, the Finance Chairman of the organization, on the ground with money to spend, but also with an anxious heart over the dissatisfaction with earlier disbursements. He has been told, says Mr. James, "that there was no doubt that the Y. M. C. A. was chock-full of good intentions, but that its career with the American Expeditionary Force had been lavishly mismanaged." Mr. James divides this charge into three parts: "First, mismanagement of canteens; secondly, unfortunate selection of much of its personnel and, thirdly, overmuch care for the moral welfare of the American dough-boy." In an article published in THE LITERARY DIGEST on November 23, we gave long extracts from a pamphlet issued by the Y. M. C. A. setting forth some of the reasons why its policy was necessarily different from the "Everything free" plan of the Knights of Columbus. Mr. James presents the same fundamental facts with the added color of the soldiers' reactions:

> "It is idle to try to express in a few words what has been the matter with the Y. M. C. A. Its present unpopularity is an outgrowth of many factors. If I were asked to set forth the biggest factors in making the unpleasant reputation the Y. M. C. A. now has over here I would say, first, management of canteens; secondly, unfortunate selection of much of its personnel, and thirdly, overmuch care for the moral welfare of the American dough-boy.
>
> "Let us take the matter of canteens. Of course, it is true that the Army asked the Y. M. C. A. to take over the canteens. Disregarding opinions as to the wisdom of that procedure, the Y. M. C. A. found itself with the canteen job on its hands. In accepting that job the Y. M. C. A. made its big mistake. And this is why the dough-boy has never been able to understand why he should pay fancy prices at a Y. M. C. A. canteen when he has read of millions given to the Y. M. C. A. by his folk back home.
>
> "For the Y. M. C. A. it was and is unfortunate that the dough-boy is not endowed with a judicial temperament. Were he so endowed he would doubtless weigh carefully that the Y. M. C. A. had to pay big shipping freights, that the Y. M. C. A. had to pay rents, that the Y. M. C. A. had to pay many salaries, bigger than the dough-boy got for fighting Uncle Sam's battles. He would consider all these things—if he had the judicial temperament. But not having it, he has said:
>
> "'Why the deuce should we have to pay big prices for those things when the money was given the Y. M. C. A.?'
>
> "Now the Y. M. C. A. sets forth persistently that nowhere in its publicity campaign did it say that it was going to use money raised to give things to dough-boys. Yet the conclusion seems justified that it did not set forth plainly enough that things were to be sold to dough-boys, because in countless letters from home dough-boys were told of how parents and friends had given money to the Y. M. C. A. so that canteen supplies would go quickly and freely to fighting men.
>
> "Judging by this net result, the Y. M. C. A. drive publicity was not well managed in that it left a wrong impression in certain quarters.
>
> "The Y. M. C. A. was not alone in this mistake. The Red Cross also made it in its posters showing a beautiful Red-Cross nurse lifting a wounded soldier from the field of battle to her protecting breast. Now, the dough-boy knows perfectly well that no Red-Cross nurse lifts wounded soldiers from the field of battle, that a wounded man never sees a Red-Cross nurse until he gets back to some evacuation or base hospital. And that self-same poster in the hands of soldiers has hurt the Red Cross seriously. But that is beside discussing Y. M. C. A. canteens.
>
> "It is well known and admitted now by the Y. M. C. A. that it made a mistake at first by charging too high prices at canteens. It made the mistake of buying cigarets from an army commissary and taking them across the street to a canteen and charging twice what was paid at the commissary. When it cut its prices the Y. M. C. A. hoped that criticism of its canteens would cease, but it did not.
>
> "I think the Y. M. C. A. as an organization is entitled to a lot of sympathy over this canteen question. The Army expected that it would charge at canteen prices, and that was natural. But it was dealing with a condition and not with a theory."

Transportation difficulties naturally affected the Y. M. C. A., as its supplies would have to give precedence to food and ammunition for the troops, but the disappointed dough-boy was not apt to reason much about the matter, and "some soldiers branded the Y. M. C. A. as no good when the Y. M. C. A. could not help itself." The question of personnel links up with the canteen question because much of the dissatisfaction with canteens came from the unwise administration of them. Great changes have been made in the Y. M. C. A. personnel in the last few months, reports Mr. James, saying also that "Mr. Perkins points out that in the beginning a great many men had to be found quickly and it was difficult to get all good men." Going on:

> "I agree with Mr. Perkins that that statement is probably true, but its being true by no means changes the fact that the Y. M. C. A. had some men over here who should have stayed home and conducted pink teas, made Chautauqua speeches, or, in some instances, kept on driving trucks.
>
> "The greatest damage was done the Y. M. C. A. by those hundreds of secretaries who maintained a condescending attitude toward the soldiers and whose every act was done as a favor to the American fighting men. It is mighty hard to set down in a few words just what this situation was. In its net effect one must bear in mind that one silly Y. M. C. A. man would counteract the good work of a dozen capable Y. M. C. A. men.
>
> "But let us take an instance I witnessed of four dough-boys who walked five and a half kilometers in the rain to buy some cigarets from a Y. M. C. A. canteen and got there ten minutes after six o'clock, six being closing time for the Y. M. C. A. man. He refused to sell them cigarets because it was after hours and they had to walk back five and a half kilometers—eleven kilometers (seven miles) in all—in the rain and without their cigarets. Those lads were sore and their comrades to whom they reported were sore.
>
> "I have seen dozens of times a Y. M. C. A. man refuse to sell matches to soldiers because they did not have the right change and he did not have it. I once asked a Y. M. C. A. man why he did not just give some soldiers three cents' worth of matches. He replied that if he did he would have to make it up out of his salary, and he could not do that.
>
> "There was another instance of a battalion marching back from the front line, and because it was raining and dark the men did not reach their billeting area until eleven o'clock. Now the Y. M. C. A. man closed up at ten o'clock, and when soldiers, wet and tired and cold, asked for some hot coffee this Y. M. C. A. man refused to get up and serve it. With that battalion was a former college football star. He has one eye and was a big advertising man in New York before the war.
>
> "He found that Y. M. C. A. secretary and told him if he didn't

turn out and make that coffee quickly he would have his block knocked off. The tired battalion got its coffee and registered love for one Y. M. C. A. man and hate for another. But I ask you, which Y. M. C. A. man do you think they remembered? . . . . . .

"I have heard hundreds of times this answer when soldiers asked for something at a canteen: 'Well, maybe, I guess I can accommodate you.' That one reply by Y. M. C. A. men is full of meaning. It means that hundreds of them adopted the attitude that their serving soldiers was a privilege for the soldiers and not a privilege for the Y. M. C. A.

"I do not for one minute wish to convey the impression that all Y. M. C. A. men were such fools. There are in the Y. M. C. A. organization brave, efficient, and lovable men, who have shared dangers and hardships with dough-boys, and who are loved and respected for their good work. There are many of these, but their good work has been damned by a smaller number of fools the Y. M. C. A. sent to France."

According to the dough-boy's way of looking at the Y. M. C. A.'s work for the moral welfare of the soldiers, "the Army is no reformatory and war is no Sunday-school picnic," and he himself is competent to look after his own moral welfare in such time as he has at his own disposal aside from fighting Germans:

"Let me illustrate what I mean by saying that at Mr. Perkins's dinner fully one-half of the conversation of Y. M. C. A. leaders was taken up with a discussion of protecting men from evils which beset young men in leave areas. Now, the dough-boy believes he is a pretty good fellow, morally, spiritually, and physically, and the evidence all indicates he is right. Ours is the healthiest Army in the world, and the scarcity of disease is regarded as phenomenal. The American soldier is well behaved, can take care of himself, and does not look kindly upon being wet-nursed when he gets leave.

"There is something to be done to help the lads on leave, but too much done in this direction sometimes messes up the reformation program. To understand this, one has but to understand the average young American between twenty and thirty. When he goes to town on leave he appreciates moving pictures to go to, and will enjoy it—unless he is told he must go to a moving picture and must not go anywhere else. Then he probably goes somewhere else.

"In its endeavors the Y. M. C. A. was sincere in good intentions, yet did not add to its popularity with the masses of soldiers. There was an unfortunate factor in this work, and that was the behavior of some Y. M. C. A. men in cities in France.

"Let me explain what I mean by saying that one day in August I sat with an army captain in front of a café in Paris and of ten Y. M. C. A. secretaries who passed six were with women. There were others seated about drinking with women. This particular captain was in Paris for the first time, had been seven weeks in the lines, and had got permission to come to Paris after much effort. What he saw of Y. M. C. A. men while he was seated there with me in front of that café more than counteracted all the good work of faithful Y. M. C. A. workers with his company."

If these are mistakes that the Y. M. C. A. has seen and tried to rectify, Mr. James predicts that it is on the way to making another:

"I hear on all sides predictions of failure for the Y. M. C. A. educational campaign. What the dough-boy wants is a ticket home and not a college course on the banks of the Rhine. Despite what he ought to want, he does not want to spend spare hours in school, and that is all there is to it.

"Now, the entertainment feature of Y. M. C. A. work has been its best. What there has been of this has been good and has been appreciated by the soldiers.

"If the Y. M. C. A. had confined its effort to entertainments it would have been a huge success. Theatrical teams which have brought happiness and light to the soldiers' idle hours give the Y. M. C. A. its chief claim to their consideration. And in recognition of this the organization is now bending every effort to enlarge this work. It is one popular activity of the Y. M. C. A. in the American Expeditionary Force.

"Of course, the Y. M. C. A. has done a great deal of good in its huts, with real large rooms, which are generally well filled. There have been many cases of great expense to the organization, and I am inclined to believe that in summing up the work of the organization the soldier has not given enough credit to this branch of Y. M. C. A. work. He has rather looked upon it as something his folks paid for and to which, as a matter of course, he has had a perfect right. Perhaps it was the unfortunate canteen in one end of these huts that hurt their reputation."

On the day following the appearance of Mr. James's article, Dr. Mott, speaking also through *The Times*, shed much light on the financial status of the Y. M. C. A. He shows that the amount available for use is not nearly so large as supposed on account of subscriptions unpaid up to the present. Some of Mr. James's other points are met in this way:

"As for the criticism of the 'Y' canteens, in all of them we have brought down the prices of all articles. As a result we lost, up to October 31, about 1,800,000 francs, and we expect heavier losses for November and December when the reports for these months are at hand. Beginning on the first of this month we started to sell in the canteens at the same prices charged in the army canteens, and we have an agreement with General Pershing that, should there be any profit, all income above our outlay will be devoted to the good of the men in the service.

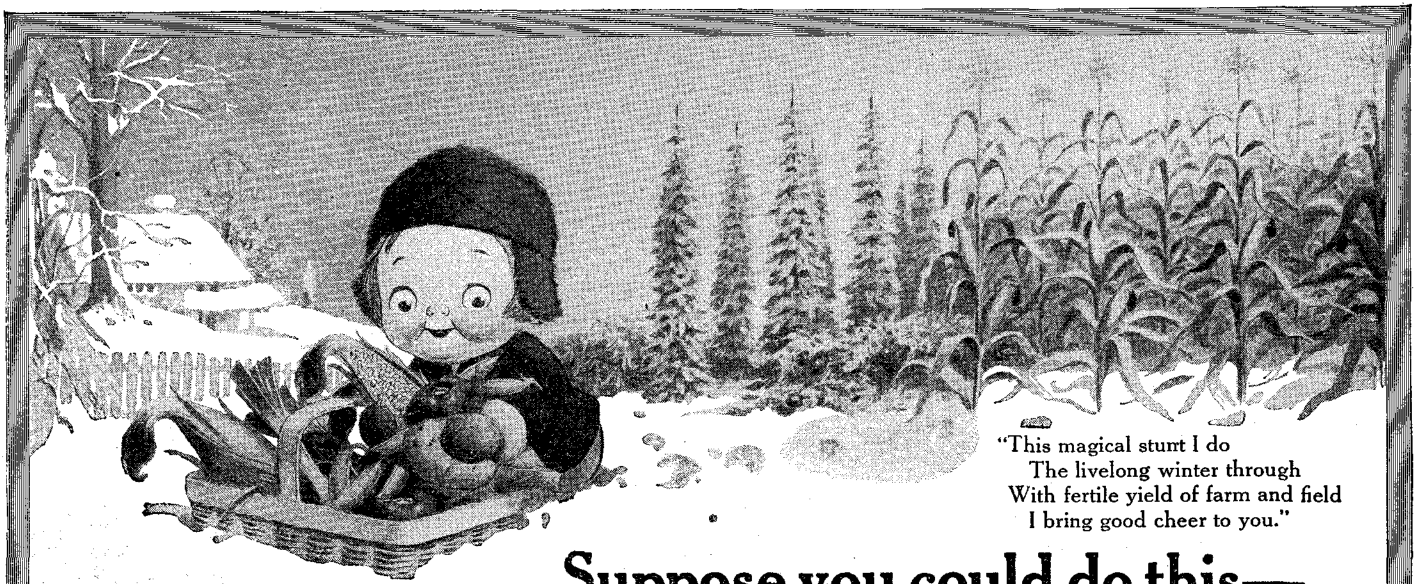
"Point number two relates to the personnel. I want to express in the strongest manner possible my agreement, and the agreement of the entire association, with Mr. James's position that mistakes have been made in the choice of certain workers, the same as he will freely admit has been done in all agencies called upon to recruit large numbers of men and women on a sudden call to meet untried and different conditions. We have no object in retaining incompetent workers, and I, for one, weed them out as soon as I hear of them.

"In regard to the complaint that the Y. M. C. A. is devoting too much time and effort to moral welfare work, I'd say that if safeguarding the morals of our soldiers and sailors is a ground for criticism and unpopularity, then the Y. M. C. A. is ready to plead guilty. We are willing to await the issue of time and the impartial judgment of American homes. We have too much testimony from fathers, mothers, and from the men themselves to have any doubt as to the final issue.

"Mr. James refers to 'seeing a group of Y. M. C. A. workers drinking with women.' If this case is traced down, the chances are that the workers to whom he refers have already been discharged, because that is our policy and practise. I am glad to add that cases such as these have been few."

MISSIONARY "DRIVES" EVERY YEAR—Drives will continue tho the war passes. The force of their successful example leads them to be taken over for other purposes, and we hear of a great drive for funds for missionary work decided on by the Protestant Churches of America. Representatives of the Foreign Boards and Home Mission Boards of practically every Protestant denomination in the United States and Canada met in New York on December 17, and, according to *The Episcopal Recorder* (Philadelphia), "voted unanimously in favor of a united annual campaign of all the benevolent boards of all denominations." This journal continues:

"If all the denominations approve, it means a budget of six hundred millions a year. The people of the country have become familiar with 'drives,' and if the welfare organizations, led by the Y. M. C. A., can raise two hundred millions, there should be no difficulty in accomplishing this purpose. We are firmly convinced that the Christian churches of North America can and will meet the acid test of stewardship. The following resolutions were passed at the conference referred to: 'Moved that it be the sense of this meeting that there should be a united campaign in behalf of the missionary and benevolent work of the evangelical churches of North America, as represented by their organized national boards of agencies and such affiliated interdenominational agencies as it may be found wise to include after further conference.' 'Moved that the chair appoint a committee of fifteen, of which the chair shall be one, for the purpose of preparing a plan to be submitted to the Home Missions Council and the Foreign Missions Conference in January, 1919'; and 'Moved that this committee be requested to arrange, if possible, for a joint meeting of the Home Missions Council and Foreign Missions Conference, and such other agencies as would naturally be involved, when a plan as presented by this committee and revised by the conferences may be submitted for final approval.'"



"This magical stunt I do
The livelong winter through
With fertile yield of farm and field
I bring good cheer to you."

Suppose you could do this—

Or better, suppose you could go right out today into a summer garden of your own and gather all the choice fresh vegetables you want—even then you could not produce a soup more wholesome and satisfying than

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

And it would cost you more in time, labor and money to produce a soup anywhere near as good.

With a nourishing beef stock, which also contains the nutritious bone-marrow, we combine selected white potatoes, tender chantenay carrots, sweet yellow turnips, "Country Gentleman" corn, small peas, baby lima beans, Dutch cabbage, choice tomatoes, green okra, fragrant celery and parsley. We include rice, barley, "alphabet" macaroni and sufficient leek, onion and sweet red peppers to give a pleasing flavor.

Good soup once a day at least is a most important rule for the health and condition of every family. And in this tempting Campbell soup you have a food which supplies valuable and necessary elements to nourish and regulate the system during the winter months. It saves your fuel, avoids needless drudgery, and is always ready for your table any time at three minutes notice.

Order it from your grocer by the dozen or the case. Keep it handy and *always serve it hot.*

21 kinds **12c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Campbell's
CONDENSED
VEGETABLE
SOUP
JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
CAMDEN, N.J. U.S.A.

CURRENT - POETRY

ALL eyes to-day are turned to Europe, all thoughts to the peace that Allied statesmen are slowly formulating there, in the hope that it will forever banish war. The theme has inspired our poets, but before they sing of peace let us quote a noble tribute to those who have made peace possible, written by that beloved veteran, Edwin Markham. It appeared in *The New Church Messenger:*

A SONG FOR HEROES

By Edwin Markham

I

A song for the heroes who saw the sign
And took their place in the battle-line;
They were walls of granite and gates of brass;
And they cried out to God, "They shall not pass!"
And they hurled them back in a storm of cheers,
And the sound will echo on over the years.

And a song for the end, for the glorious end,
And the soldiers marching up over the bend
Of the broken roads in gallant France,
The homing heroes who took the chance,
Who looked on life, and with even breath
Faced the winds from the gulfs of death.
Their hearts are running on over the graves—
Over the battle-wrecks—over the waves—
Over the scarred fields—over the foam—
On to America—on to home!

II

And a song for the others, the heroes slain
In Argonne Forest—in St. Gobain—
In the flowery meadows of Picardy—
In Belgium—in Italy,
From brave Montello to the sea.

A song for the heroes gone on ahead
To join the hosts of the marching dead—
A song for the souls that could lightly fling
Sweet life away as a little thing
For the sake of the mighty need of earth,
The need of the ages coming to birth.

All praise for the daring God who gave
Heroic souls that could dare the grave.
Praise for the power He laid on youth
To challenge disaster and die for truth.
What greater gift can the High God give,
Than the power to die that the truth may live!

Glory to the Lord, the Hero of Heaven,
He whose wounds in His side are seven—
Glory that He gathers the heroes home,
Out of the red fields, out of the foam—
Gathers them out of the Everywhere,
Into the Camp that is Over There!

In the London *Times* Lord Dunsany greets the peace-bringing victory with a dirge:

A DIRGE OF VICTORY

By Captain Lord Dunsany

Lift not thy trumpet, Victory, to the sky,
Nor through battalions nor by batteries blow,
But over hollows full of old wire go,
Where, among dregs of war, the long-dead lie
With wasted iron that the guns passed by
When they went eastwards like a tide at flow;
There blow thy trumpet that the dead may know,
Who waited for thy coming, Victory.

It is not we that have deserved thy wreath.
They waited there among the towering weeds:
The deep mud burned under the thermit's breath,
And winter cracked the bones that no man heeds:
Hundreds of nights flamed by: the seasons passed.
And thou hast come to them at last, at last!

With the coming of "white peace" the troubled spirit of Abraham Lincoln, which Vachel Lindsay has portrayed as walking in the streets of Springfield, may now rest once more. It will be recalled that Springfield, Illinois, is the burial-place of Lincoln and the home of the poet. We quote from *The Advocate of Peace* (Washington).

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT

(In Springfield, Illinois)

By Vachel Lindsay

It is portentous, and a thing of state,
That here, at midnight, in our little town
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
Near the old court-house pacing up and down,

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards
He lingers where his children used to play,
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high top-hat and plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He can not sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us:—as in times before!
And we who toss and lie awake for long
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight, they know not why,
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
He sees the dreadnoughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapt shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly, and the pain.

He can not rest until a spirit-dawn
Shall come;—the shining hope of Europe free:
The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
That all his hours of travail here for men
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

In a collection of the verse of Edgar A. Guest, entitled "Poems," published by the Reilly & Britton Company, Chicago, appears this vision of the Peace Table with an army of invisible delegates:

AT THE PEACE TABLE

By Edgar A. Guest

Who shall sit at the table, then, when the terms of peace are made—
The wisest men of the troubled lands in their silver and gold brocade?
Yes, they shall gather in solemn state to speak for each living race,
But who shall speak for the unseen dead that shall come to the council place?

Tho you see them not and you hear them not, they shall sit at the table, too;
They shall throng the room where the peace is made and know what it is you do;
The innocent dead from the sea shall rise to stand at the wise man's side,
And over his shoulder a boy shall look—a boy that was crucified.

You may guard the doors of that council hall with barriers strong and stout,
But the dead unbidden shall enter there, and never you'll shut them out.
And the man that died in the open boat, and the babes that suffered worse,
Shall sit at the table when peace is made by the side of a martyred nurse.

You may see them not, but they'll all be there; when they speak you may fail to hear;
You may think that you're making your pacts alone, but their spirits will hover near;
And whatever the terms of the peace you make with the tyrant whose hands are red,
You must please not only the living here, but must satisfy your dead.

"I wonder, Mary, if coffee really harms one as much as some folks think?

"Well, John, you wouldn't give coffee to little Jack, would you? You know well enough that coffee harms children, and it must be relatively harmful to adults.

"Yes, I've been told that if I want to get rid of my indigestion and nervousness I'll have to quit coffee. But what is a fellow to drink with meals?"

Instant Postum

answers this question perfectly. Made of cereals, it is free from caffeine, and mighty delicious! There's no loss, but much gain, in using this pure drink, with its coffee-like flavor.

Instant Postum is made in the cup, at table, in a moment. Very convenient and economical. Needs but little sugar.

Remember! When you serve Postum, the children—"little Jack" and all the rest—may have their hot cup with safety and keen enjoyment.

"There's a Reason" for POSTUM

Helping Steel to Win

On the battlefields of Europe, a major role has been played by steel. Without it, world-reconstruction would be impossible.

All things of steel—guns, shells, ships, bridges, tools, automobile parts, machinery, household implements, depend for their success upon the scientific application of heat.

The hardness of steel—its toughness, brittleness, temper, workability are acquired through the heat treating processes.

Success in this is not a matter of guesswork. Furnaces and Burners are vital elements. The designing, manufacture and installation of these have consumed the energies of the entire staff of Tate-Jones & Co., Inc., for the past 20 years. They have kept pace, not only with the advancement of the science but have materially aided in its development. Industry has profited. Tate-Jones Furnaces are operating in every steel producing center of the world. They are valued for their accomplishments—made possible by the engineering skill as well as the high grade materials which enter into their manufacture.

These furnaces have made possible, accuracy, uniformity, economy in the heat treatment of steel. Because of them, many things are possible where formerly they were but a dream. They have made of steel a precious metal—more valuable to man than gold.

To those having heat treating furnace problems we will, upon request, send full information. State your particular line, so that we can send the proper information.

TATE-JONES & CO., Inc., Pittsburgh, Pa.

FURNACE ENGINEERS *ESTABLISHED 1898*

New York Chicago San Francisco St. Louis Buffalo

Clothes Satisfaction

EVERYWHERE men's clothing manufacturers and retailers with reputations to maintain sell clothes made from STRONG-HEWAT VIRGIN WOOL FABRICS.

Note the term "*virgin* wool"—and remember that the term "all-wool" *does not ensure you virgin wool!*

Indeed, nowadays it is estimated that 80 per cent. of woolen fabrics sold as "all-wool" contain "*reworked*-wool."

"Reworked" wool is composed largely of used clothing ground up, respun, and rewoven into cloth.

And by no test known to science may the presence of "reworked"-wool in a fabric be detected *prior to service.* Nor is there any known test which may determine how many times the "reworked" wool in a garment has been re-worked.

Here the proof certainly, *and only,* is "in the eating."

It will pay to remember this also—*dependability* in woolen cloth results from three major considerations—the *length, life,* and *resiliency* of the wool fiber.

All three of these qualities *are simultaneously and materially lessened in reworked-wool* even the first time it is reworked, and these qualities continue to decrease in ever-increasing rapidity each successive time the material is re-worked.

All-wool *shoddy*—designated "reworked-wool"—is frequently reworked eight times or more.

STRONG-HEWAT VIRGIN WOOL FABRICS *are made exclusively from virgin wool—the fresh, unused fleece wool right from the sheep's back!*

The dependability, the inlaid beauty, for which STRONG-HEWAT VIRGIN WOOL FABRICS *long have been famous, are qualities possible only in fabrics made exclusively from virgin wool!*

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MANUFACTURERS OF VIRGIN WOOL FABRICS

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AND JESUS SAID

"IF ye shall ask anything of the Father in my name, He will give it you."

For nineteen centuries this glorious promise has been a source of comfort and of strength to countless millions of the opprest, the sick, the suffering, the troubled, and the grievously burdened. These burning words have been a pillar of fire by night and a pillar of cloud by day to the heavily laden and the sore distrest and to those multitudes who have passed through the Valley of the Shadow of affliction or death. And now in this latter day—nay, at this very hour—millions of women and children in and near those lands, those hills and rivers made holy by the sacred memories of our Lord, are claiming this promise and are crying out to Him in an agony of spirit and body beseeching Him that He will save them from starvation, from death, and from horrors worse than death.

Four million Armenians, Syrians, and other war-sufferers in western Asia are practically without food, clothing, or shelter, the vast majority helpless women and children. More than a million and a half have been deported. Nearly a million have been brutally murdered and massacred. Four hundred thousand children are orphaned. It can be said that there are practically no more children left under the age of five, all having perished from exposure and disease. For every hundred births there are from two to three hundred deaths. The newly born children die almost immediately, their mothers having nothing to give them but tears. Deaths from dysentery, typhus, tuberculosis, and famine are increasing from day to day with appalling rapidity. The homeless—a pitiful stream of women and children—wander aimlessly through the streets of their wrecked villages. If you stop a child toward evening and ask him where he is going he will tell you, "I am searching for a place to sleep."

All winter long they have slept in nooks and corners, in alleys and by the roadsides, with no blankets, no covering whatever, their clothing the merest rags. The women clasp their wan-faced children to their breasts and on their faces is written the pitiful story of their utter despair.

The scenes in these lands of grief and suffering are beyond the power of imagination to conceive or of words to describe. Throughout the length and breadth of these countries there is no food save bread, the dry crusts of bread that they receive at the hands of charity. No meats, no soups, no vegetables, no sugar, less than a pound of bread daily, and even this poor morsel has often to be shared with others. "A poor old woman faint with hunger said to me to-day," writes one of the devoted workers, "'*Sahib*, the bread won't go down. I soak it in water, but it sticks in my throat.'"

"Wheresoever I go," a missionary reports, "I see men or women fallen on the street dead or dying, and little emaciated children stretching out their wasted hands 'for just one *shahie* for bread,' tears running down their cheeks, and still more awful are the little ones sitting propt against a wall, listless and torpid, indifferent even to food, waiting quietly for death."

"Just now," says another worker, "I have been interrupted in my writing. A Jewess has come to tell me of a woman who staggered to her door begging late last evening. She was allowed to spend the night in a corner of the house and this morning she was dead. 'Won't you please send some one to bury her,' implored my caller."

Such pleas are frequent now. There are more dead than buried in Armenia. Men and women once in good circumstances and self-respecting, now hungry, helpless, friendless, crawl away, like animals, out of sight, die unseen, and lie unburied.

There is no joy of victory in these distraught lands; but only the cries of an agonized people to whom peace has brought neither benediction nor blessing; neither rest nor respite; lands where the war has left an awful human wreckage in its wake; a great Kingdom of Grief filled with the cries of mothers and orphans, a distrest people prostrate with desolation, numbed with suffering, having no partnership in the great joy of a liberated world.

No sons, no fathers, no brothers are returning victorious to their homes in Armenia or Syria, for their villages and their cities have been razed and ruined and lie in dust and ashes, and the men by the thousands and hundreds of thousands have been pitilessly murdered or barbarously deported.

Deported? Yes, but what a euphemism for the most heartless and relentless cruelty. Deportation means the loss of home, business property, and every personal possession. It means being driven into desert places, forced to march at the point of the bayonet until strength is exhausted; it means being refused shelter, food, drink; it means being subjected to outrage and calculated cruelty.

Many such scenes of terrible and tragic suffering are in the very lands where Jesus walked with his disciples; where He had compassion on the needy multitudes, and fed them and healed them and comforted them. Many of these awful sights are even in the very shadow of the Mount of Olives, where Christ said: "Suffer the little children and forbid them not to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Millions of "*the least of these my brethren*" are hungry and naked and sick and in terrible prisons without walls. In them and through them the King of Pity and of Love is calling *to you* to minister to them just as you would do if you saw Him lying at your feet.

You, to whom the Christmas just past has meant a time of reunion, a time of feasting and happiness; you, whose homes are warm and whose children are well fed, think now of these your brothers and sisters who are perishing. The cries of these children *must* reach your ears. The prayers of these mothers *must* touch your hearts. These homeless and starving millions are dependent on charity—your charity—for Turkish charity provides for no one—it begins and ends at home.

It is America's God-given privilege to feed the hungry from her great bounty and from her unlimited stores. It is her blessed duty to lift the head of fallen Armenia and put the cup of cold water to her lips and the morsel of bread in her hands, and so prove herself indeed the protector and liberator of the opprest and subject races.

We have presented the needs of the Armenians twice before to our LITERARY DIGEST readers, and they have responded largely, liberally, most generously. But now the period of rehabilitation in the Near East is at hand. Vastly larger sums will be required to restore the refugees to their homes than were required merely to sustain life in their desert exile. The American Committee for Relief in the Near East, under the able leadership of Cleveland H. Dodge, is appealing for a minimum of thirty million dollars "with which," say the committee, "we can, humanly speaking, save every life."

We feel this cause to be so worthy, this need to be so desperately urgent, that even tho we made a liberal contribution less than a year ago, we are now subscribing five thousand dollars to this new drive. We are doing this after having convinced ourselves by a careful investigation extending over a number of days that these funds will be wisely administered, that this work is in most capable hands, and that every dollar given will go for relief without the deduction of one cent for organization expenses. Send your own contribution quickly, and so bring new life and a new hope to some weary, broken body in the Near East.

Now is our opportunity to show these lands made luminous by the footprints of Christ and the Apostles what our Christianity of the West means to-day. Now is the time when these places of sacred history should receive a new sanctification by the service of God's children in the twentieth century. With a Christlike healing of the sick and feeding the hungry, we will make a royal highway for our Lord into the grateful hearts of these people, along which the King of Glory may come with his message of love and light.

Send your check at once to Cleveland H. Dodge, Treasurer, Room 190, No. 1 Madison Avenue, New York City.

FORBES' Dollar Market Basket Vegetable Seed Collection

A garden full of vegetables for a dollar? Yes, that's just what this collection of seed will give; all you need for summer and some to save for winter—and all for a dollar now. 1 Packet each of these varieties:

Beans. King of Earlies, Wardwell's Wax. Fordhook Bush Lima.
Beet. Early Detroit Dark Red, Early Wonder.
Carrot. Coreless.
Cucumber. Forbes' Prolific White Spine.
Lettuce. Champion of All, Grand Rapids.
Onion. Selected Yellow Globe Danvers, Red Wethersfield.
Parsley. Champion Moss Curled.
Radish. Scarlet Globe, Scarlet Turnip White-Tip.
Spinach. Savoy-leaved.
Swiss Chard.
Tomato. Matchless.
Turnip. Purple-top White Globe.

Sent Postpaid for $1.00

Our 1919 Catalogue lists vegetables, flower and farm seeds, plants, tools, etc. Send today for a free copy.

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VICTORY Vegetable Garden $1
30 Packets, Postpaid

Patriots will plant more in 1919 than last year, and plan for summer and winter food. This Dollar Collection includes Beans, Beets, Cabbage, Cauliflower, Cucumber, Carrot, Celery, Corn, Egg Plant, Lettuce, Muskmelon, Watermelon, Onion, Parsley, Parsnip, Peas, Pumpkin, Radish, Salsify, Squash, Tomato, Turnip. *30 Packets sent anywhere postpaid for $1.*

Storrs & Harrison Co. 1919 Seed Catalogue covers everything needed for garden, farm, orchard, lawn. Catalogue free—write today.

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in making up your garden planting list. From cover to cover, it teems with true-to-life pictures and descriptions of the choicest vegetables. It is a safe guide in selecting varieties either for home or market.

Gregory's "Honest Seeds" have been the first choice of particular gardeners for 63 years. They are thoroughly tested for vitality and purity—carry "blood" lines long controlled by scientific plant breeding.

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For Quality and Quantity

Plant Carpenter's Giant Golden Sweet

It's as delicious as the famous Golden Bantam and much larger, many ears 8 to 10 inches long, yet it ripens only 3 days later. It does not become mealy but remains sweet and succulent until too hard for the table. The stalks grow 6 ft. high, bearing one or three ears each. Large pkt., 15c; ½ lb., 35c; 1 lb., 55c; 2 lbs., $1.00 postpaid — Order now and ask for our big *free* catalog.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

GREATEST AMERICAN HOCKEY STAR KILLED IN AIR FALL

"NO more cruel news has come the way of amateur sportsmen since the start of the war," declares a writer in the New York *Globe*, beginning a valedictory for Hobey Baker, whose death at Tours, France, as the result of an airplane accident was announced on December 26. "Had the great Princeton athlete fallen in battle there would have been just a bit of solace for sportsmen. It was the seeming absolute needlessness of Hobey's death that made those who had known him as America's athletic ideal feel his going so keenly."

Taking up Captain Baker's character and achievements, the writer continues:

Hobey Baker was by long odds the greatest hockey-player ever developed in this country. The first time that he went out on one of the seventeen ice-rinks at St. Paul's (Concord) he was a veritable star. As a mere stripling he came to New York with the St. Paul's team and thrilled a big audience in the St. Nicholas Rink by making monkeys of the best skaters that Yale and Princeton boasted of. While Baker played with St. Paul's the New Hampshire school never failed to scalp at least one of the big colleges during a season. Through sheer necessity, in those days, Baker became an individual star of the very first magnitude. He was the defense and the offense of the St. Paul's team. When it was up to the kids to score, Hobey would take the puck and race down the ice, zigzagging like a rabbit. Nothing could stop his rush but a goal-tender who was born with a horsehoe in his hand. When the St. Paul's youngsters got all tired out it was up to Hobey to stall the big college boys off, and this he did by taking the puck and skating all around the rink with it while his tuckered-out teammates got a breathing spell.

If there was one thing that Baker hated and despised in connection with the sport in which he was so prominent it was publicity. Tho he must have known that he was about the whole show on every team with which he played, Baker liked to feel that the other men on the team were doing their share. One night when the St. Nicholas Skating Club team was billed to play in Boston the Hub papers came out with large pictures of Baker, featuring him as the whole show in the match. Hobey's teammates called his attention to the "write-up" and his comment was: "That stuff makes me so sick that I've a good mind not to play to-night."

Baker went out on the ice with his team, but played listlessly all through the game. The St. Nicks won the match hands down, largely because the opposing team had detailed three of their number to the task of "covering" Hobey. While the trio were skating about after the former Princeton captain the St. Nick forwards got busy and put the game on ice with a string of five goals. After the match Hobey remarked in the dressing room: "I knew you fellows could win that game to-night without me, so I just lay low." He failed to state, however, that the principal reason that the St. Nicholas attack was so effective during the first fifteen minutes of play was because he was occupying the undivided attention of nearly half of the opposing team.

On another occasion Baker arrived at an out-of-town rink where the St. Nicholas S. C. team was to play and was quite disgusted to see large, red signs pasted around the entrance. "Hobey Baker will play here to-night!" The Princeton star took himself right to the office of the management and told them that unless those signs came down in five minutes Hobey Baker would not play there on that particular night or any other night. The offending signs came down in jig time.

There is not the slightest doubt that Baker could have made thousands of dollars out of hockey. He was continually deluged with offers to play professional hockey here and there. More than once he was wired, "Come along, and name your own price." The Canadian leagues were ever angling for him. He is reported to have turned down more than one offer to play at a salary equal to the best that was paid across our northern border in the days of hockey prosperity before the war. It is interesting to note here that some of the Dominion stars were paid as high as ten dollars a minute for their playing time. Baker turned down offers to go on the stage, and, as well, lucrative moving-picture contracts could have been his had he desired to capitalize his marvelous skill on the steel blades.

If Hobey had a weakness as a hockey-skater it was not apparent to the most studious follower of the popular ice sport. He possest speed that made the best of his amateur rivals look like so many schoolboys. He could skate all night if the game required it. When in constant practise, as he was during his school and college days, he was as fine a "shot" with the puck as ever played amateur hockey. Furthermore, he could shoot the rubber home from any position. He scored a goal against Yale while sprawled on his belly one-third the length of the rink away from the net.

On another occasion, against Yale, some one "gave Hobey the foot" as he was racing across in front of the Eli net. Baker dived through the air and in so doing passed over the puck which was being scrimmaged. As he was falling Baker stuck his stick out and with a quick twist of his wrist sent the rubber squarely between the feet of the astonished goal man.

With his ability to skate and "shoot," Baker was absolutely invulnerable as far as injury was concerned. When he entered the local league as a member of the St. Nicholas Skating Club team there were threats that some of the alleged "roughnecks" that were harbored by one or two of the teams would "get that college guy." Sure enough they tried it. Hobey was tript, slashed, and mauled about in fine fashion. When he went down he got up without as much as looking to see who "got" him. Time and again he was sent clattering into the boards on the side lines with absolutely no result except to put him out of the skating for the length of time that it took him to bounce off his feet. Baker stopt the birds who were out to "get" him by meeting them head on at full speed—one after another. Two of the "getters" were carried off the ice while Hobey's hair was not even mussed. Let it not

TRAINED men were withdrawn from every line to put the country on a war basis, and the re-adjustment will necessarily be a long one. The seed trade has been no exception to the rule; hence we urge our customers to send in their orders at once, before the Spring rush begins. It will be a vast help to us in doing our part in feeding the country to be able to execute orders in February that in ordinary times come to us in March and April. So, whether you buy from us or any other seed house, send in your orders early.

Peter Henderson

"Better Gardens"

The home garden, whether in the city, or the town, or on the farm, is today of the most vital importance to the country. For years Peter Henderson & Co. have urged the planting of more gardens because of the obvious economy, but now there is a new appeal that cannot be disregarded. The home garden is an increasing factor in food conservation, and from month to month the need becomes more pressing and urgent, not only of "more gardens" but also of "better gardens."

Make your home garden a better garden this year by the most intelligent use of the space you have—not only by using better methods but by planting seeds of known quality. The initial cost of the seeds that you plant is one of the smallest items, but it is the most important, and you cannot get the fullest results unless you have started right.

Henderson's seeds are tested seeds. Many of the methods of seed testing in use today originated with the founder of our firm and these have been improved from year to year. Our seventy-two years of success in our business of seed raising, testing and selling has given an unequalled experience that is back of every packet or package of seed we sell.

"Everything for the Garden" is the title of our 1919 catalogue. It is really a book of 184 pages, with 8 colored pages, and over 1000 halftones, all from actual photographs showing actual results without exaggeration. It is a library of everything worth while, either in farm, garden or home.

A Remarkable Offer of Henderson's Seed Specialties

To demonstrate the superiority of Henderson's Tested Seeds we have made up a Henderson Collection, consisting of one packet each of the following six great specialties:

Ponderosa Tomato
Big Boston Lettuce
White Tipped Scarlet Radish
Henderson's Invincible Asters
Henderson's Brilliant Mixture Asters
Spencer Mammoth Waved Sweet Peas

To obtain the largest possible distribution for our annual catalogue "Everything for the Garden," we make the following unusual offer: Mail us 10c and we will send you the catalogue, together with this remarkable "Henderson Specialty Collection," and complete cultural directions.

Every Empty Envelope Counts as Cash.

This collection is enclosed in a coupon envelope which when emptied and returned, will be accepted as 25c cash payment on any order for seeds, amounting to one dollar or over. Make this year a "Better Garden" year.

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Peter Henderson & Co.,
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I enclose herewith 10c for which send catalogue and "Henderson's Specialty Collection" with complete cultural directions, as advertised in THE LITERARY DIGEST.

be understood that Baker in stopping these fellows who were out to put him out of the game did the slightest thing that was against the rules of the game. He used the body check in a perfectly legal manner. It was simply that the crowd that were trying to injure him could not take a dose of their own medicine administered in a manner that was within the rules of the game.

Transferred to the larger and infinitely grimmer game of war, Capt. Hobart A. H. Baker distinguished himself for the same qualities of daring and sportsmanlike skill that he had shown on the ice, on the football-field, and on the baseball diamond. In the New York *Times* Wm. H. ("Big Bill") Edwards, Internal Revenue Collector, presents this brief account of Captain Baker's work in France:

"Baker's known record was three *Boches*, but there isn't any doubt that he accounted for more. The last machine he got was a two-seater. He wrote a letter to his father describing it. First he got the observer and later the pilot.

"I was able to learn through a classmate, Ralph William Bauhne, who was with Baker in this country and when he went to France, the following information regarding his flying career:

"Hobey Baker got into the service at the outbreak of the war and was stationed at Mineola, where he did a considerable amount of flying, and also at Governors Island. He was commissioned as first lieutenant at that time and was sent overseas in August, 1917.

"At that time he was kept in the office doing routine work behind the lines for several months, which aggravated him because he did not get into actual fighting. He was sent to France to get a line on supplies and equipment for air service before the planes went over. Baker did considerable flying at the different fields, and I learned from a Frenchman who came here that he was looked upon as the best of any type of flier.

"He was daring and showed wonderful skill in 'stunts.' At that time he held the record for steepness of ascent. He was stationed behind the lines several months, inspecting airplanes and motors. This was while he was lieutenant.

"He was later sent back to organize a squadron, and after he had organized it there was a little delay. It was then that he was made captain in charge of the whole squadron with about twenty lieutenants under him. With that squadron he went out to fight. He got one German in Ypres and two at St. Mihiel.

"He was expecting to come back, and the story is that he had orders to come overseas. It was at Toul that he went out for the last fly, and that was when he was killed.

"Another hero has gone to his reward. His death adds one more to the long list of virile, red-blooded gridiron stars who have made the supreme sacrifice. Along with Johnny Poe, Garry Cochran, Arthur Bluethenthal, Walter L. Foulke, Phineas P. Christie, Warden McLean, Charles D. Baker, John V. Grainger, and many others who made football history for Princeton, 'Hobey' Baker's name will live.

"I can recall as if it were yesterday the thrill that 'Hobey' Baker gave us at a football game at Princeton two years ago. At that time he was training at Mineola, and already had made

What Would Happen

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Suppose every child could see Puffed Grains—whole-grain bubbles, puffed to eight times normal size.

Suppose every child could taste them—airy, flaky, flimsy tidbits with a toasted almond flavor.

Do you think any child would ever cease to want them in his home?

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Suppose all mothers knew what millions know—that Puffed Grains are the ideal grain foods.

That Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are whole grains steam-exploded. And that every food cell has been blasted for easy, complete digestion.

Would many mothers let their children miss these scientific foods?

Puffed Grains are the greatest foods ever made from wheat, rice or corn.

They are the most delicious, the most digestible.

They are winsome morsels, thin and airy, nut-like in their flavor. Yet they are simply grain foods in which every atom feeds.

Serve all three kinds, for each Puffed Grain has its own fascinations.

Puffed Wheat | Puffed Rice | Corn Puffs

All Bubble Grains. Each 15c Except in Far West

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Sole Makers

(2064)

a record for daring. With a number of his companions he flew over the gridiron. He was recognized as his machine flew close to the ground and received a mighty cheer.

"It is hard to think that Baker survived the peril of war and met his death in a flight after the war had been won.

"The record as it stands to-day proves that it was the morale built on our splendid athletics that made us the invincible foe and the wonder-army of the world. A man who could make the marvelous runs that Baker did when he was a member of the Princeton football elevens was certain to make a splendid soldier."

SAVAGE PUNISHMENTS IN THE ARMY

GRIM-VISAGED war having relaxed his wrinkled front, civilian critics are mustering up courage for an attack on certain military methods. First of all, the martinets, who have sometimes read the "bloody book of the law" to its bitterest letter, seem to be in for a serious dressing down. The administration of military justice has been selected as one of the subjects for consideration at the annual meeting of the American Bar Association. In support of this decision, reports the New York *Tribune*, President George T. Page, of Peoria, Ill., has issued a statement in which he declares that our military laws and our system and methods of administering military justice "are unworthy of the name of law and justice."

The United States, says Mr. Page, is still following rules copied from England in 1774, but which were abandoned by that country because they were better suited to "the armies of feudal times than to the citizen armies of a modern republic." His interest in this matter was aroused some time ago by stories of "most outrageous punishments meted out by courts martial for comparatively slight breaches of discipline," and he makes out his case as follows:

> Punishments are not only grossly harsh, as compared with the penalties imposed for like offenses by our criminal courts, but they also differ so widely that we find the same offense punished in one court martial by twenty-five years in the penitentiary and in another by six months' punishment in disciplinary barracks.
>
> A boy overstaying his leave, or yielding to a natural impulse to go home for Christmas, is charged not with absence without leave, but with desertion.
>
> Disobedience of orders is seen by a zealous officer as mutiny. In neither case is there present the intent to desert or to mutiny against the authority of the Army, but boys have been convicted of the graver crimes and sentenced to as much as twenty-five years' imprisonment.
>
> The accused soldier has no real legal protection. He may, it is true, obtain a pardon, but this leaves his record blotted by a serious crime, of which he ought never to have been accused.
>
> The negro soldiers convicted of shooting up a Texas town were executed within a few hours after they were convicted and before there was an opportunity for a review of the record of the trial.
>
> A group of non-commissioned officers,

HEINZ
EST'D 1869
BAKED BEANS
WITH PORK AND TOMATO SAUCE
HEINZ
57
PURE FOOD PRODUCTS

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HEINZ

OVEN BAKED

BEANS

Beans, to be appetizing, brown and wholesome, must be baked—actually baked in dry heat in real ovens. That is the Heinz way. There is no short cut. Beans may be boiled or steamed and put into cans, and that is usually done because it is cheaper, but the result is very different.

The beans themselves also vary in quality, and even the best quality must be carefully picked over—that also is the Heinz way. The best quality, utmost care, skillful cooks and baking in ovens—all go to produce in Heinz Baked Beans a dish so satisfying to the family as to be ever welcome.

To suit all tastes, Heinz Beans are prepared in four ways:

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce
Heinz Baked Pork and Beans (without Tomato Sauce) Boston style
Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Meat (Vegetarian)
Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans

The name HEINZ always means good things to eat

Fig Pudding *Vinegar*
Pickles *Tomato Soup* *Tomato Ketchup* 57 *VARIETIES*
Worcestershire Sauce

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40% STRENGTH
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Turning to the Tasks of Peace

For twenty-one months American industries have labored under the spur of a great purpose and to help accomplish a great task. Now that task is done. The trappings of war become relics. We lay them aside and turn to the tasks of peace.

For twenty-one months the Hercules Powder Co. has had but one thought, and aim—to contribute its uttermost for the winning of the war. Great plants have been built, new methods devised, sources of supply discovered that were before unknown.

Due to this development, made necessary by war, the company is today capable of serving the industries of peace to a greater extent than ever before.

The great industrial era which the country faces insures the certainty of there being ample opportunity for rendering this service. The use of explosives is essential to the great basic industrial enterprises. In mine and quarry, on the highway and along the railroad line, when the course of a river is changed or a dam built, where irrigation or drainage is necessary, and where idle lands are converted into fertile fields—there Hercules Powders will meet the demands of peace as they have met the demands of war.

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after being ordered under arrest by a young officer, were accused of mutiny because they refused in a body to do drill duty while under arrest. Their position was in accordance with Army regulations. Nevertheless they were court-martialed for mutiny and sentences ranging from fifteen to twenty-five years were imposed.

These cases are extreme instances, but they are typical of thousands in which the will of the commanding officer has been substituted for law and justice in the punishment of military offenders.

The maintenance of military discipline does not require this harsh and arbitrary procedure. The French Army is a model of discipline, but an accused soldier has the protection of the law thrown around him at every stage of his trial.

That a soldier in our Army should have less legal protection challenges the attention of the lawyers of the country. The American people never will stand for Prussian methods, even in disciplining the Army.

In a supplementary statement, Frederick E. Wadhams, treasurer of the association, says:

There is no reason why the soldier accused of crime should not have the protection of law as well as the man in civil life. It is not necessary to delay or interfere with military justice, but it is essential, if we are to have a democratic army, that justice be done to the accused soldier within the law and according to the orderly processes of the law.

The executive committee of the Bar Association could do no more in advance of the annual meeting of the association than to declare its interest in the matter and express the hope that action will be taken by Congress to remedy existing evils.

HE BALKED THE HUN ATTEMPT TO GRAB OUR INDUSTRIES

THE strangle-hold on our industry insidiously obtained by Germany before the war was "nothing short of amazing," we are authoritatively informed by the man who has successfully broken that grip, Mr. A. Mitchell Palmer, the Alien Property Custodian. There was hardly a line of business in which the enemy was not engaged here, he discovered, and in some lines the investment was of a dominating character. As a whole, it constituted a menace to our commercial independence, and Mr. Palmer believes that "this industrial invasion of America was a studied effort on the part of Germany to make effective her plan to colonize, subdue, and control the world." In fact, as he declared in a speech a few days ago in New York City:

I can not too forcefully repeat that the German industrial penetration of America has not been a mere friendly desire to trade and do business with the world. It has been a knife at the throat of America. In the days before the war, and during the war, most of the great German-owned industrial establishments were spy-centers filled with the agents of Germany long plotting against the safety of the United States. They were depositories of secret information gleaned by the ubiquitous spies in the German employ, and without them these spies would have been almost harmless.

I do not advocate any trade boycott out of a spirit of revenge or in retaliation for injuries done to the United States. I do not want to continue the war after the war. I am for peace. I believe that the great overshadowing result which has come from this war is the assurance of peace almost everlasting among the peoples of the earth. I would help to make that an absolute certainty by refusing to permit Germany to prosecute a war after the war. The military arm of her war-machine has been palsied by the tremendous hammering of the Allied Powers. But her territory was not invaded, and if she can get out of the war with her home territory intact, rebuild a stable government, and still have her foreign markets subject to her exploitation, by means no less foul and unfair than those which she has employed on the field of battle, we shall not be safe from future onslaughts different in methods but with the same purpose that proved her on that fateful July day when she set out to conquer the world.

Enemy property to the value of $500,000,000 has already been taken over by the Custodian, and he expects the total will eventually rise to $800,000,000. It has been no small job to "tear off the camouflage" in some cases, as he remarks. Several of the clumsy attempts to fool Uncle Sam are thus described:

The commonest device resorted to by the enemy owners was the transfer of their property to their friends or agents in this country without valid consideration or upon consideration to be fixt after the war, and payable out of the business itself at a time when the parties conceived that normal business conditions would be restored. Businesses individually owned were frequently transferred to hastily formed corporations; the transfer often being made by the American agent of the German owner under his general powers. Not infrequently the agent undertook to sell the property of his principal to corporations whose stock was held by himself or his friends, the corporation converting the enemy ownership into a liability to the enemy for a fraction of its value, payable after the war, or in 1920, and in one case as late as 1937. In many cases shares of stock enemy-owned, whose certificates were in the enemy country, were treated as lost and new certificates issued to the American friends of the enemy owner, thus making the stock record of the corporation bear the appearance of an American ownership. In some instances enemy owners of stock, whose certificates had been sequestered by the Public Trustee of Great Britain, undertook to sell their interest in the corporation to friends in America, to whom new certificates were issued, leaving the Public Trustee of Great Britain high and dry with only a piece of paper as the result of his operations under the British Trading with the Enemy Act. If we had permitted these fake transfers to stand, and if the American purchasers had been able after the war to maintain the validity of the transactions in a contest with the enemy owners, some Americans would have picked up bargains which would have yielded fabulous profits obviously never contemplated. Cases were not uncommon where American purchasers seriously contended they had bought stock at $100 per share, whose book value ran into thousands of dollars. In one notable case, a woman

Give Them Their Jobs Back

THE men who left your shop or your office to finish the Big Job over there have been working for you all the time they have been away.

And though not on your payroll, they have saved your business and your home from things worse than bankruptcy or fire.

Their experience has developed them and made them more valuable to you.

When they return, give them more than a welcome home. Have their places, at bench or desk, ready for them.

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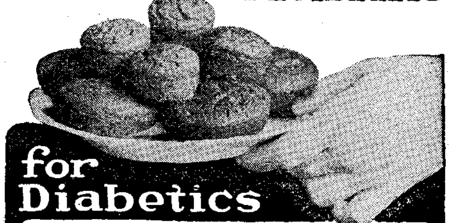
Printing Cheap
Cards, circulars, labels, book, paper. Press $6. Larger $20 Job press $85 up. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper. THE PRESS CO. D-23 Meriden, Conn.

Delicious Muffins



for Diabetics

Tasty, appetizing muffins baked from a flour endorsed by dietitians—approved by American Medical Association—

Hepco Flour for Diabetics

A product of the famed Soya bean—rich in proteins and fats, with but a trace of starch.

Write for *free booklet*, "Diets for Diabetics"—authoritative.

Five 3-cent stamps bring quarter-pound sample—enough for heaping plate of muffins or gems.

Waukesha Health Products Co.
81 Grand Ave., Waukesha, Wis.

Ask Your Doctor

resident in this country, wife of an alien enemy, the manager of a $2,000,000 business owned by her father, a German subject in Berlin, claimed that she had purchased the stock from her father for $150,000, for which she gave her note payable in twenty years, without interest, delivering the note to her husband as the agent of her father. In another case, a neutral was the agent for a German corporation which owned a valuable property in the United States. This property was not reported, and upon inquiry it developed that the agent claimed to own it individually. As the agent of the owner he had sold it to himself, giving in payment a note, payable in three months. As agent he had made an agreement with himself as an individual that the note should be renewed every three years until after the war. He then delivered the note to himself as agent for the owner. When we showed some amusement at this fantastic arrangement and indicated a feeling of incredulity as to the good faith of the transaction, the neutral citizen's indignation was unbounded and he took his case to the diplomatic representative of his Government at Washington, threatening to make an international incident out of our attempt to deprive him of his lawfully acquired property. He was unable, however, to persuade his own Government that there had been an actual sale of the property.

Property, whose sale or exchange in times of peace would have required months of negotiation and reams of paper on which to write the instruments necessary to protect the parties in their contracts was sold under stress of the imminent war-conditions about the time von Bernstorff received his passports, by the mere exchange of ten-word cablegrams. Conversations held years before in the beer-gardens of Berlin, or in Fifth Avenue restaurants, when German owner and American friend casually discust their American businesses, were suddenly resurrected to serve as foundation and justification for the most amazing transfers and alleged sales of enemy property in America. Great industrial institutions here, almost by word of mouth, traded their holdings in Germany for the property of Germans here, leaving balances to be adjusted when the war might permit either a confirmation of the transfer or a resumption of the former business status of the parties. Every device known to the law, as well as many unknown to the law, served the purpose of evading the consequences of the war between Germany and the United States which German business men at least seemed to have foreseen from the time the world-war started. In working out their plans, the German owners frequently had the assistance of capable American counsel, who in most cases carried out the details of the transaction in entire good faith and without ulterior motive, being without knowledge of the underlying purpose of the parties. Most of these lawyers, feeling that the interest of their country was paramount to those of their clients, assisted us in developing the real facts from which we were able to draw conclusions as to the actual ownership of the property. In very few cases have we discovered American lawyers active parties to conspiracies to defeat the belligerent rights of the United States, or to hide the property of enemies from the governmental authorities. . . . . . .

Wherever the facts seem to justify the conclusion that the transfer of property has been made in contemplation of the war to defeat the belligerent rights of the United States, to avoid the effects of an anticipated Trading with the Enemy Act, or with a view to resuming the *ante-bellum* status at some time in the future, we have not hesitated to cut through the contracts, conveyances, obligations, and trust agreements by which the parties have sought to conceal their real purposes and have declared the property to be enemy-owned. In most cases, after our thorough investigation, confessions of the parties have verified our suspicions and fortified our conclusions. In other cases sturdy resistance has been met all along the line and delivery made to the Alien Property Custodian only under protest. In but one or two cases, however, did this protest reach the stage of litigation before the armistice was signed. With the cessation of hostilities something of a new fighting spirit has developed, and lawyers who, while the war was on, would have been unwilling to play any part in resisting the just demands of the Government in the taking of enemy property, have not hesitated to throw all sorts of obstacles in the path of the Alien Property Custodian and to invoke the aid of the courts to sustain transactions which, as patriotic Americans, they would have been first to condemn while the war was being fought. It seems not improper for me to say that lawyers ought to be no less loath now than heretofore to involve themselves in the machinations of enemy persons seeking to prevent the agencies of the Government from carrying out the exprest will of the Congress. The legislative intent was plainly that all enemy property, concealed as well as disclosed, should be placed entirely beyond the control or influence of its former owners, where it can not by eventuality yield aid or comfort to the enemy directly or indirectly. Until the peace terms are finally signed and the ultimate disposition of enemy property determined by the act of Congress, it shall be the firm purpose of the Alien Property Custodian to carry out the will of the Congress in respect thereto. Neither litigation nor threat of litigation ought to be interposed to stay that purpose.

A highly gratifying feature of this business has been the fact that the very factories built here by Germany to ruin our commerce were at once turned to producing war-supplies to help whip the land that built them. A search of their books, too, revealed income and profits tax evasions whose subsequent collection actually brought millions into the United States Treasury, while the proceeds of selling the businesses, of course, were put into Liberty bonds. The Custodian finds himself perhaps the most multifarious business man in all creation. As he catalogs:

> He is now a holder of stock ranging from 15 to 100 per cent. in 277 corporations, and he has designated 688 men to represent the Government in the boards of directors in these companies, most of them being directors on several boards. These corporations are located and doing business in all parts of the United States, including Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, but by far the larger number of them have their headquarters in and about the city of New York. They run the entire gamut of American industry, and the Alien Property Custodian, therefore, finds himself in this manner engaged in more and different kinds of business than any other individual in the world. He is cutting timber and building ships in Florida; raising sugar in Hawaii; tobacco in the Philippines; cotton in the South; chicory in the North; publishing newspapers; operating insurance and trust companies; mining and smelting lead, zinc, copper, silver, and tungsten in many States, and in Mexico; making steel and iron products in Pennsylvania and West Virginia; brewing beer in New York, New Jersey, Illinois, and Louisiana; manufacturing chocolate, pianos, machinery, chemicals, dyestuffs, pharmaceuticals, munitions, woolen, silk, and cotton goods and laces; dealing in precious stones and art works; exporting and importing all kinds of goods and commodities.

THE AMERICAN TRANSPORT THAT BURNED WHILE GIBRALTAR CELEBRATED

AFIRE and loaded with high explosives, sending up Very lights and rockets of distress that were interpreted as joy-signals in celebration of the signing of the armistice, the United States transport *Ophir* furnished the last tragedy of the war. With the explosion of the ship on the night of November 11, after two days of terror, seamen insist that the "honor of bearing the last casualty rests with the Navy."

"Maybe you remember a brief report from London to the effect that the United States transport *Ophir* had been lost through explosion on the night of November 11, on the Gibraltar coast, and that two of the crew perished," writes a correspondent in the New York *Tribune*, introducing a first-hand account of the ordeal endured by the men aboard the ill-fated transport. "That covers the facts all right, and yet it doesn't do justice to what happened." In the thumb-scarred pages of the diary of Yeoman T. R. Bradley, one of the survivors, is a record of what happened to the men of the *Ophir* on the night when all the world was gay with red fire and bunting in celebration of the armistice. The story begins with the *Ophir's* early career:

> At the outset you should know of the peculiar spell that was supposed to hang over the *Ophir*. From the hour she was taken over from the Dutch service, she was known as "the hoodoo ship." Calamity appeared ever in wait for her. On the night of October 21, when she left New York on what was to prove her final voyage, bearing troops and a cargo of T.N.T. and gasoline for the American aviation service in Italy, there were unrest and vague apprehension.
>
> Twenty-four hours out of New York she encountered a *U*-boat. After a short, desperate encounter, the *Ophir* managed to get away. But the feeling of uneasiness was in no wise allayed. The next afternoon a young ensign died of Spanish influenza.
>
> After the troops had been landed all right the ship set out on the voyage to Italy.
>
> "But when we were two days off the coast of Africa," writes Yoeman Bradley, "we hit a storm. It was a pretty bad storm. The sea was running high and the boat was under almost all the time."
>
> They were forced to put back to Gib-

Out of the Ashes of WAR

THE ashes of war are shoveled away, but the added equipment which war forced the nation to build is still standing. Out of this resource, America will forge a large future.

Hundreds of millions of dollars are released for new enterprises. Listening ears hear the hammer and clank and whirr of peace-time production.

It is the beginning of Something Better.

* * *

OUT in the trenches, banker and bricklayer, lawyer and farmer, professor and blacksmith, have joined in a common job—the biggest job in history—the blanketing of the globe with democracy. And the job is done.

And now these men lay aside their weapons to return to industry. They have learned democracy in a bitter school and it is natural that they should want the spirit of that for which they struggled and suffered to dominate the new era.

And we, who stayed at home and produced the materials to sustain their fight — what of us? Have we kept pace with the ideals for which they fought?

* * *

FOR years the Hydraulic Pressed Steel Company has produced steel products in ever-increasing quantities.

The closing months of the war found this Company making immense quantities of war materials—75,000 shell forgings a day, gun parts, aeroplane parts and steel products generally. And that job is done.

During the eleven years of our existence, we have constantly enjoyed a harmonious relationship with our people. Of the 5000 now in our employ, many are stockholders, a great many more share in profits, and our effort is always to build each man up to higher earning capacity—for himself as well as the rest of us.

Thus we are trying to express in the conduct of our own business that spirit of Democracy which this great world struggle has developed, and we have found that it leads to mutual content and profit.

We are talking to you through these pages, because we consider the adjustment of business to this new spirit of vital importance to Industry.

It may be the means of getting us in touch with some, who would exchange ideas in the working out of this problem; or it may serve as an introduction to those with whom we may later desire business relations.

HYDRAULIC PRESSED STEEL COMPANY
of Cleveland

HYDRAULIC

PRESSED STEEL COMPANY

raltar, and it was November 9 before they got under way again.

"And then," says Yeoman Bradley, "after we'd been out two days fire broke out in our forward hold."

That was where the T.N.T. and gasoline were.

Once more the *Ophir* turned about. Below decks grimy men were fighting fire, managing to keep it somewhere within bounds. With engines working full blast and every hand standing to, the doomed craft covered the previous two days' voyage in something under twenty-two hours.

It was just dusk on the night of November 11, when all the air was full of delighted screeches of sirens and all British craft that studded the harbor were bedecked with flags and pennons, the *Ophir* limped back into port, sending up distress signals.

The response was the heart-breaking one recorded by Yeoman Bradley at the head of this story.

At the time, those who know the full tale add, altho the fire-fighters had managed to keep the flames from the T.N.T. cases, the gasoline was blazing merrily, shooting out great spurts of fire. But what were mere fire and shooting flame to attract attention on this night of nights? The surrounding vessels blew their celebrant sirens louder in reply.

The *Ophir* dropt anchor and redoubled her distress signals. Still the gala rockets and varihued lights were the only response.

"We soon had all hoses going," says Bradley, "but of no avail."

The caged fire grew angrier and angrier, eating away one partition after another, driving man after man exhausted from its path. Finally, in one convulsive rush, it leapt above decks, encompassing the whole upper portion of the ship.

"The harbor was lit up by the flames," Bradley records, "but still we received no help. This was about six o'clock.

"About seven," his chronicle continues, "we pulled up anchor and ran the good ship aground. We then flooded her, but she was too far gone."

It was then that the order came to leave the ship. All chance of saving the T.N.T. was gone by that time. Disaster was certain.

Bradley's narrative omits this interlude, but he has supplied it to friends orally since—the sound of rejoicing bells ashore and of band music merging faintly with the roar of the flames in the men's ears; the gaunt-faced little company standing there in the ravaged hold, drawing lots to see in what order they should debark through the port-holes.

It was while one of their number was scrambling through a port-hole that the screen ordinarily used to shield the boat's lights from submarines slipt from its fastening. It struck the outgoing sailor in the back, and that was how one of the deaths occurred. The other had happened earlier, a suffocation case.

Altogether the process of debarkation is said to have taken about thirty minutes. It is at this point that Yeoman Bradley's record takes up the story.

"About this time," he writes, "the explosion came and the whole ship trembled from fore to aft. It sure made some blaze. All the ships in the harbor pulled out to sea."

The surrounding craft were persuaded then that it was not a celebration after all, and the United States ship *Buffalo* was summoned to clean up the débris. The English barracks at Gibraltar took care of the *Ophir's* crew for three days and then a Japanese vessel conveyed them to Norfolk. Gradually they made their way home.

"And, of course," said the man who told *The Tribune* of the case, as he folded up Yeoman Bradley's Odyssey, "I understand official reports can't go into much detail, but considering that it was the last big blow-up of the war and all that, it sort of seemed to me that that official notice didn't exactly do justice to the thing."

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT TO THE FOLKS AT HOME

THE story of American aviation is coming out bit by bit, and when the whole chapter is written it will be a tale of rare gallantry and romance. Several points worth keeping in mind appear in the following letter from Lieut. Horace W. Leeper, of Waxahachie, Texas, to his mother in Knoxville, Tenn. In the first place, the American fliers, despite their severe losses, didn't want the war to end before the *Boches* were throughly trounced; next, the foe fliers were already whipt enough so that they didn't dare meet the Yankees man to man, and, finally, the much-abused Liberty motor proved in actual work to be a winner. Lieutenant Leeper wrote two weeks before the armistice was signed:

I suppose you've read of the big drive of the last two weeks, and also the peace talk. There's a good reason for the Potsdam folk wanting to talk peace after that drive; but there's going to be one big hindrance to peace with Germany right now, and that's war. We do not seem to jibe with the *Boche's* peaceful frame of mind just at present. They are going to have a time ever to stop the French from killing *Boches* now. Everybody here wants to see this thing carried on into Germany, and they are in earnest. For myself, I can't see the sense in making peace, now that we are getting on even ground with them. I don't suppose the folk at home were greatly influenced by the Kaiser's saying "Peace, Peace!" were they? If they listen to that they are letting him bulldoze them, and that's not what we started out to do, as I remember.

I received my three months' service chevron yesterday. Not many receive the second chevron, which means a year's service. That is rare, naturally.

Our outfit was in the big advance of last week, and now has a few Huns' scalps to its credit, as well as having dropt tons and tons of bombs. Our ships had to fight their way over the objectives and fight them off while dropping the bombs, and then fight all the way back over the lines. All during the advance last week it was continual aerial pandemonium. It has not been so bad this week.

We are doing well. I don't believe any bunch yet did better at first than we have done. The *Boches* will not come out unless they outnumber us. One of our planes had seventeen to fight, and after having fought his way out, bringing down two, he made home and died the following day of wounds. This was Lieutenant Barr—of whom you probably read in the casualty lists—of my squadron. He had something rare in this business—a funeral. I never before saw a funeral that was pretty, but his was.

The advance is still going on. As I write they are warming up the motors outside and trying out the guns. These Liberty motors have seen a lot of hard work, and I don't know of any trouble with them yet. It's a wonderful motor. Do you remember the day at Miami I flew the large machine down over your hotel—the one that climbed so quick? It was a Liberty motor-equipped machine.

A funny thing happened yesterday. One of our fellows went down a few yards back of the English trenches with a dead motor, landed in a shell-crater, and smashed the plane up badly. We missed him and thought him lost, when he communicated with our wing commander that he was safe. Last night at dinner he was asked to "give a formula for hiding a plane in a shell-hole to prevent its destruction." I don't think there's anything left of the plane. Many funny things happen all along to "kinder lay the dust."

Strangely enough, we received at the same time from another source a letter written by Lieutenant Barr, who met a hero's fate while fighting the seventeen Hun planes, as mentioned in the foregoing letter. His was the spirit so well described by the President of France when he spoke of the American soldier's "smiling contempt of danger." The following letter, indeed, reveals a boyish gaiety that could turn from the perils of battle to the humorous aspects of an imaginary air-ride on horseback. His British friends, it seems, had invited him to join them in a horseback ride, which he described as follows:

As it looked easy I said to count me in, and with the air of a Correspondence School detective I slunk around and discovered the Britons, in their typical islandish ways, putting an extra shot of listerine—I mean brilliantine—on their hair and fixing up in general as tho they were going to step out on a heavy date. Not to be outdone, I put on my breeches with the leather patches inside the knees, and you will understand I was feeling quite horsy — so I shined up all the brasses on my Sam Brown and saddled myself up with the latter; we rode over in a truck. The Britishers were well known at the resort, and were immediately presented with horses of known disposition. Pat and I, however, were led up to a new throng of steeds, as the Britishers had copped all the old faithfuls, and we had to pick from the dogs they left. The others galloped away, leaving Pat and me without even moral support—for neither of us knew our stuff.

Pat's craft looked like a cow pony—mine was just red. There was a big gash in my animal's bean, and altogether I had an idea that he should have been condemned; as soon as I climbed into the Pilot's Seat I realized that there was something "rotten in Denmark" for:

1. There was no cockpit.
2. There was no instrument board. I should at least have had a temperature gage, and air speedometer, and an inclinometer.
3. There was a strap control; I like stick control best, you see.
4. I couldn't find a throttle nor a switch.

However, there were a couple of perfectly good ears up there, no pommel on the seat, and as the horse was well streamlined, I thought it might work.

The Sergeant said: "'E's hallright hout

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THE Long-Bell Lumber Company, the largest distributor of Southern Pine in the United States, announces that hereafter the product from its twelve great saw mills will be marked with this design

LONG-BELL

This progressive age demands named goods. Heretofore lumber has not been considered adaptable to trademarking, but this company believes that the public is as much entitled to know the identity of the manufacturer of the lumber it uses as the food it eats or the clothing it wears. It is no longer necessary to ask for "just lumber." Whether your requirements be large or small you may specify LONG-BELL brand with the same assurance and satisfaction that accompanies the purchase of any commodity that bears the maker's guarantee in the shape of a trademark.

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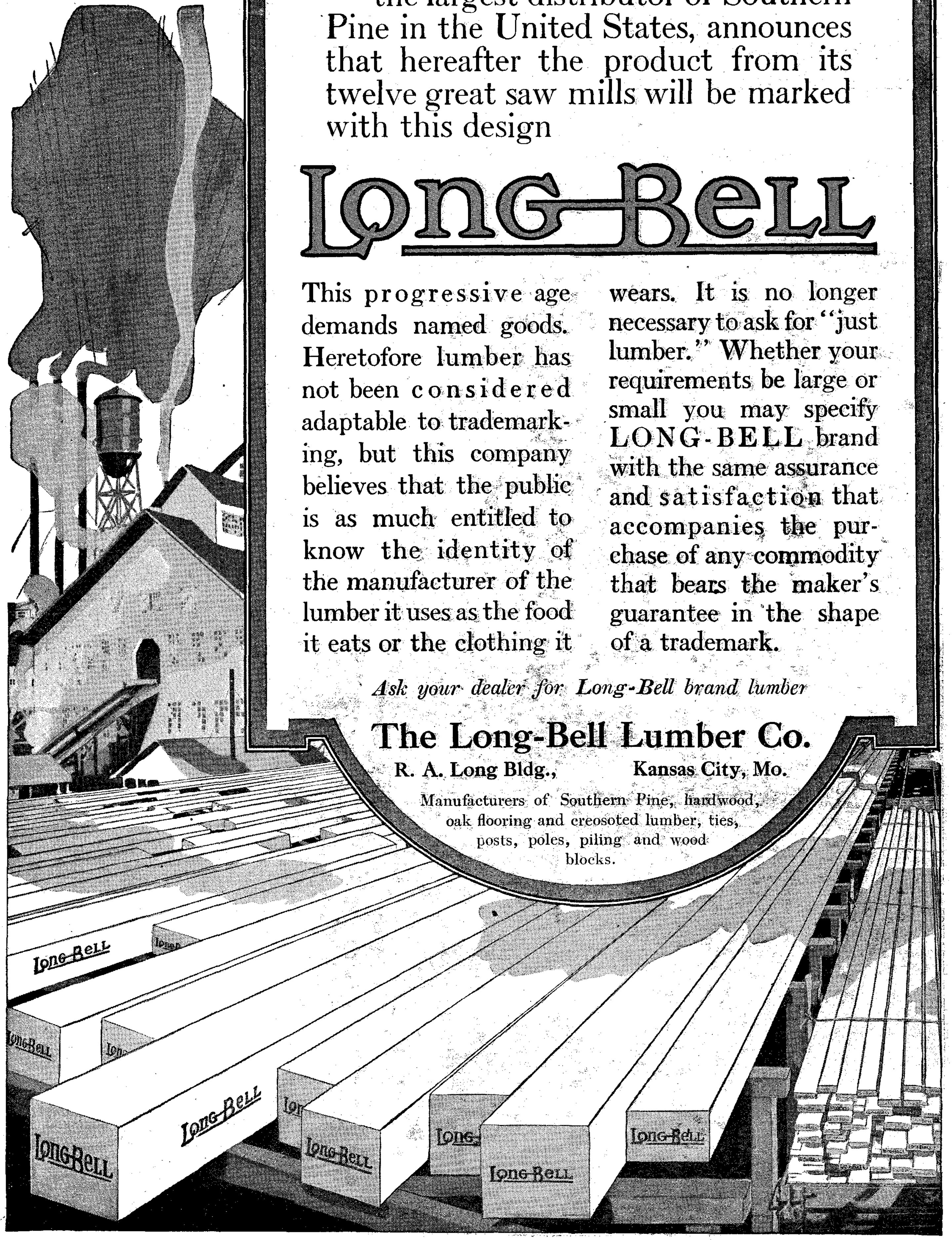
R. A. Long Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Manufacturers of Southern Pine, hardwood, oak flooring and creosoted lumber, ties, posts, poles, piling and wood blocks.



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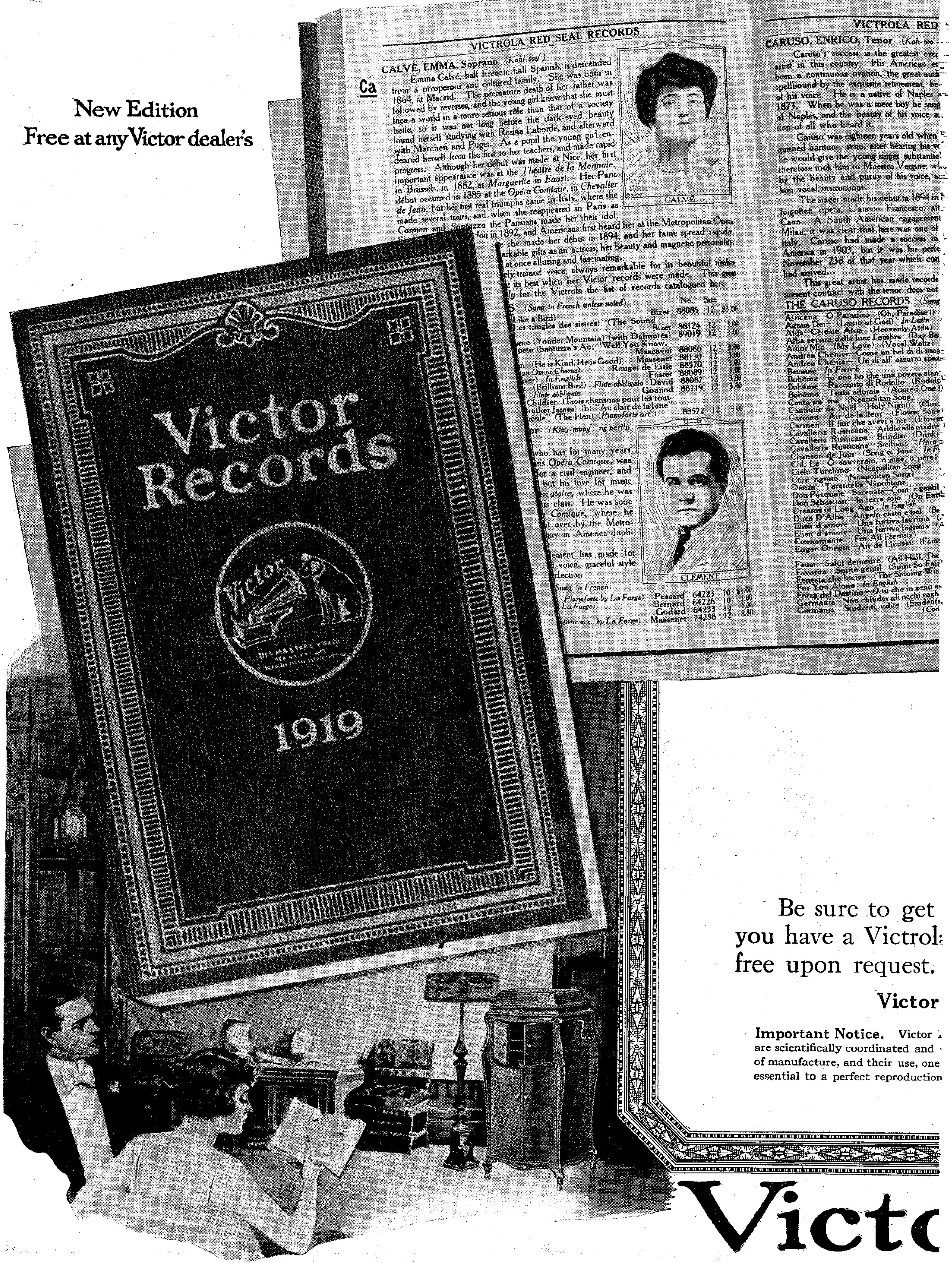
New Edition
Free at any Victor dealer's



VICTROLA RED SEAL RECORDS

CALVÉ, EMMA, Soprano *(Kahl-vay')*

Emma Calvé, half French, half Spanish, is descended from a prosperous and cultured family. She was born in 1864, at Madrid. The premature death of her father was followed by reverses, and the young girl knew that she must face a world in a more serious rôle than that of a society belle, so it was not long before the dark-eyed beauty found herself studying with Rosina Laborde, and afterward with Marchesi and Puget. As a pupil the young girl endeared herself from the first to her teachers, and made rapid progress. Although her début was made at Nice, her first important appearance was at the *Théâtre de la Monnaie*, in Brussels, in 1882, as *Marguerite* in *Faust*. Her Paris début occurred in 1885 at the *Opéra Comique*, in *Chevalier de Jean*, but her first real triumphs came in Italy, where she made several tours, and when she reappeared in Paris as *Carmen* and *Santuzza* the Parisians made her their idol.
…don in 1892, and Americans first heard her at the Metropolitan Opera
…e she made her début in 1894, and her fame spread rapidly,
…arkable gifts as an actress, her beauty and magnetic personality,
… at once alluring and fascinating.
…ely trained voice, always remarkable for its beautiful timbre
…t its best when her Victor records were made. This great
…ly for the Victrola the list of records catalogued here

…S *(Sung in French unless noted)* No. Size
Bizet 88085 12 $3.00
…Like a Bird)
…Les tringles des sistres) (The Sound
Bizet 88124 12 3.00
…gne (Yonder Mountain) (with Dalmores) 89019 12 4.00
…pete (Santuzza's Air, "Well You Know,
Mascagni 88086 12 3.00
Massenet 88130 12 3.00
…n (He is Kind, He is Good) Rouget de Lisle 88570 12 3.00
…an Opera Chorus) Foster 88089 12 3.00
…ver) *In English* David 88087 12 3.00
…n (Brilliant Bird) *Flute obbligato* Gounod 88119 12 3.00
Flute obbligato
…Children (Trois chansons pour les tout-
…rother James) (b) "Au clair de la lune"
…poule" (The Hen) *(Pianoforte acc.)* 88572 12 3.00

…or *(Klay-mong'* …ng partly

…who has for many years
…ris *Opéra Comique*, was
…for a civil engineer, and
… but his love for music
…*rvatoire*, where he was
…is class. He was soon
… *Comique*, where he
…t over by the Metro-
…tay in America dupli-

…lement has made for
… voice, graceful style
…rfection

…Sung *in French*
(Pianoforte by La Forge) Pessard 64223 10 $1.00
La Forge) Bernard 64226 10 1.00
Godard 64233 10 1.00
…*forte acc. by La Forge)* Massenet 74258 12 1.50

VICTROLA RED

CARUSO, ENRICO, Tenor *(Kah-roo'…*

Caruso's success is the greatest ever…
artist in this country. His American en…
been a continuous ovation, the great audi…
spellbound by the exquisite refinement, be…
of his voice. He is a native of Naples…
1873. When he was a mere boy he sang
of Naples, and the beauty of his voice a…
tion of all who heard it.

Caruso was eighteen years old when…
guished baritone, who, after hearing his vo…
he would give the young singer substantia…
therefore took him to Maestro Vergine, wh…
by the beauty and purity of his voice, a…
him vocal instructions.

The singer made his début in 1894 in…
forgotten opera, L'amico Francesco, at…
Caro. A South American engagement
Milan, it was clear that here was one of
Italy. Caruso had made a success in
America in 1903, but it was his perfo…
November 23d of that year which con…
had arrived.

This great artist has made records
present contact with the tenor does not

THE CARUSO RECORDS *(Sung…*

Africana—O Paradiso (Oh, Paradise!)
Agnus Dei—(Lamb of God) *In Latin*
Aida—Celeste Aida (Heavenly Aida)
Alba separa dalla luce l'ombra (Day Br…
Amor Mio (My Love) (Vocal Waltz)
Andrea Chénier—Come un bel dì di mag…
Andrea Chénier—Un dì all' azzurro spaz…
Because *In French*
Bohème—Io non ho che una povera stan…
Bohème—Racconto di Rodolfo (Rudolp…
Bohème—Testa adorata (Adored One!)
Canta pe' me (Neapolitan Song)
Cantique de Noël (Holy Night) (Chri…
Carmen—Air de la fleur (Flower Song)
Carmen—Il fior che avevi a me (Flower
Cavalleria Rusticana—Addio alla madre
Cavalleria Rusticana—Brindisi (Drinki…
Cavalleria Rusticana—Siciliana *(Harp…*
Chanson de Juin (Song o. June) *In F…*
Cid, Le—O souverain, ô juge, ô père!
Cielo Turchino (Neapolitan Song)
Core 'ngrato (Neapolitan Song)
Danza—Tarentella Napolitana
Don Pasquale—Serenata—Com' e gentil
Don Sebastian—In terra solo (On Ear…
Dreams of Long Ago *In English*
Duca D'Alba—Angelo casto e bel (Be…
Elisir d'amore—Una furtiva lagrima (…
Elisir d'amore—Una furtiva lagrima (…
Eternamente (For All Eternity)
Eugen Onegin—Air de Lienski (Faint…
Faust—Salut demeure (All Hail, The…
Favorita—Spirto gentil (Spirit So Fair…
Fenesta che lucive (The Shining Win…
For You Alone *In English*
Forza del Destino—O tu che in seno a…
Germania—Non chiuder gli occhi vaghi…
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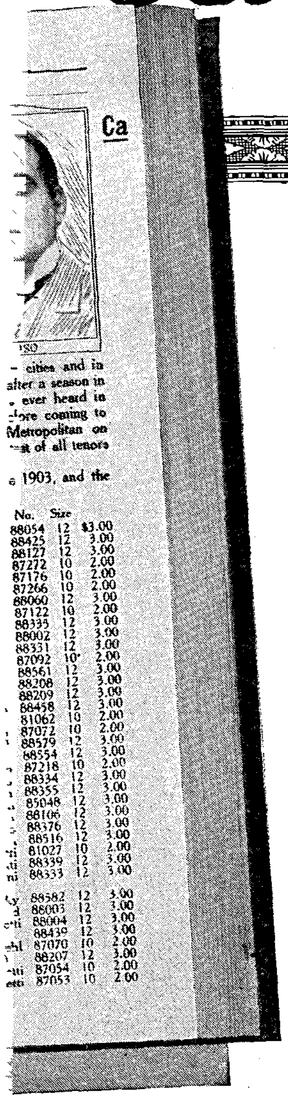

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> of traffic, sir." I meekly replied, "Very good," and we were off on our mad adventure. As soon as the motor turned over we idled down out of the place, on to what I had forgotten was the main road. No sooner did we hit the road than I decided I'd be glad when that particular ship was again in its hangar. It started to turn up more revs, and I discovered that I wasn't at all synchronized, for I was forever coming down when he was going up! Pat's hag was feeling pretty peppy, so it bit my animal in a place awfully near my "laig." Oh, gosh! He started to run something scandalous and my feet started to get away from the rudder bar. With rare presence of mind I pulled the controls back, for a lorry was almost on top of us, and I thought we'd better zoom it. Instead of zooming, the beast did a most peculiar thing. You see I must have nearly chinned myself on the controls, for instead of zooming, his head and neck bent back in an arch and he almost looped!
>
> The reason he didn't was because he started a tail-spin from a queer position on his hind legs. Naturally, when in a spin there's only one thing to do, so I put all controls in neutral and he came out of it, headed toward his hangar and flying at high speed. We crossed a field and rounded a corner, gathering speed. Somehow or other he started missing after we flattened out near his "drome" and I leisurely taxied him to the hangar and turned him over to his smiling mechanics. I wondered if they could grin any broader, so I tested their capacity by offering them some butts; they stopt grinning and asked if that would be all, sir. I said, "I hope to tell you," and got some exercise walking to camp.
>
> *Moral:* Don't join the cavalry!

How death was regarded by a member of the French Foreign Legion who later met the Great Adventure on the field of battle is told in a letter to a friend in Detroit. Death had gained a new meaning to him: it was like coming of age—the entrance into a larger life. Incidentally, he tells how death passed near him before the final call, but spared him time to pen this message. It was Ivan D. Nock, who served in the Foreign Legion and gained the War-Cross before he was killed in action, who wrote to his Detroit friend:

> Living as we do with death for a constant companion has but deepened my conviction of something after this life. But it has destroyed my belief (what belief I may have had) in the conventional heaven and hell of theology. With all reverence, I can think of nothing more deadly than an eternity devoted to singing, playing, and adoration. A man's soul must include his capacity for action, work, his creative faculties, I think; to me our power to imagine and create is one of the evidences of God in us. That, and the numbers of young men just on the threshold of their creative life—musicians, writers, painters, men who could look at a river and vision and build power-plants and factories; yes, and soldiers who could look at a map and vision armies in place and maneuvering—these men, killed, utterly destroyed in a second by a few ounces of explosives, have made impossible the belief that all that their minds held is definitely lost to humanity. I believe that death is followed by life as surely as sunset is followed by sunrise, but by a life much more closely related to this one than theological dogma would have us believe.
>
> All this has taught me to regard death as an episode—something like one's twenty-first birthday, which turns one into a citizen and a voter. It has lost much of its mystery and all of its terror. I have a curiosity, an eagerness to see and begin the new life, tempered by a wish to know this one a little more fully.
>
> Self-preservation is still a very strong instinct, yet not so strong as formerly. And I want to believe (I do, almost) that it is as strong as it is because it is the horrible form of death we meet here that we shrink from, and not the mere act of dying. At Verdun, when, in the course of the battle, ten of us were sent forward to occupy a German gun-emplacement, the Germans saw us and their first shell pierced the roof and burst in the narrow room where we were. Only three of us were left and we were stunned, blinded, and choking. We rushed out into the open field and immediately they fired three more shells at us, one of which burst close enough to throw me a couple of yards to the side of a shell-hole into which I rolled with a splinter of steel in my leg. While I lay there bandaging the wound I tried to think why we had rushed out of that blood-spattered room; we had to go back into it in the hope of finding some one yet alive, so why to have left it at all?
>
> And all I could recall was that on the background of noise and flame and smoke and dust I could see a composite mental picture of all the horribly mutilated of six months past, and that I heard one man scream. So there it is! I can't remember having thought of death or the proximity of death; I just thought of torn, bloody flesh, and splinters of bone. So I say it's not dying, but the manner thereof, that makes us self-preservationists.
>
> During the same battle a man who was horribly wounded in the stomach crawled a half-mile, holding his intestines in place with his hand, to deliver a message to the Colonel of my regiment. It is unbelievable that such a high spirit should perish with the body it drove. Sometimes I dread the return to ordinary life after the war. Here one sees so much of devotion, high endeavor, forgetfulness of self, so much of "honorable advancement for the soul," that one fears a great revulsion of feeling at the sight of the same men reverting to every-day selfishness.

How it feels to be torpedoed is graphically told by a fireman of the *Mount Vernon.* And as if it were not bad enough to feel that the ship under his feet had a big hole in her side, it was his duty to go down and shovel coal for hours in the depths of the hold from which no one could escape alive if the ship sank.

Yet to the eternal credit of the American sailor, not one shrank back for a second from this perilous work. Fireman Ed Ellis, of the U. S. S. *Mount Vernon,* writes the following stirring account of "one of the most trying and perilous circumstances of the war" to his brother in Austin, Texas:

> We were out about three hundred miles at sea, on the morning of September 5, a still, bright, sunny morning, steaming away at a nice pace of eighteen knots. Most of the crew were eating, or had just finished eating, breakfast, and going to their work-station to relieve their mates from what is termed the death watch. A glimmer or speck is seen on the face of the water some five hundred yards away at an angle of about 45 degrees off our starboard bow just beyond our sister ship the *Agamemnon.* Our forward gun barks, and the wake of a torpedo is seen coming straight toward us. A moment more there is an explosion and the ship is suddenly tilted and lifted, throwing seamen to the deck and reminding one of the sudden blast of a storm, which would have been far more welcome.
>
> All is excitement for a moment, but only for a second, and every man of the crew seems to realize he is a member of an American naval ship's crew and it was his individual duty to make good our old tradition of saving the ship whatever the cost. The men off duty were at their collision station as quickly as legs could carry them. The men on duty stood by their posts—the gunners at their guns; the lookouts on their station and on the bridge; and, heroes of them all, the firemen in the boiler-rooms, tho the lights were out and everything was darkness below. They knew not what the damage or where the explosion was, or how soon the boilers would blow up, or if they would not be flooded and drowned any moment, like the men who were in the fire-rooms already flooded. But not one left his station, nor did one show an inclination to leave. In the two fire-rooms flooded were forty-eight men struggling, drowning, being burned and scalded, and knocked down by buckets, shovels, iron bars, and coal washed about by the mighty rush of water, except those of the forty-eight who were lucky enough to be suddenly killed, and so quickly they never knew the dread and suspense of the knowledge of certain death, which was to come to them in a very short time.
>
> Soon the firemen above were ordered to go below and relieve the watch. I was in the bunch to go below. Not till I reached the floor-plates did I appreciate the bravery of the boys who held their station there when all was darkness. I was first given a candle and told that I was to work in the pocket of Number 2 bunker. I crawled into this pocket through a manhole which was hardly large enough for me to get through, and the only escape for the half-dozen or more of us in there, should our bulkheads give way or our fire-room in any way become flooded. There might have been some who felt safe on the ship, but not any of us in the pocket. We were in a jug and it sealed; but that was all right; we could work hard and forget our perilous location.
>
> I spent no more than eight hours in this and another very similar place, the other six hours I worked before we got into port were spent keeping a plug in a leaky pipe. Here I got very wet and cold, and had plenty of time to think of what was going on. I could not leave this post for one minute. I must say I wanted to go up and see for myself when the report came that the water was washing over our main deck, which I knew if it were true meant a very close pull if we got into port within the next four hours, which it would take at the maximum speed we had made since being hit. I will not say I was scared or afraid, but I was eager to know if the report as came was true. To my relief, after about two or three hours, I was relieved and went up to find the water-line fully ten feet below the main deck, and our danger not quite so great. The most beautiful light I ever saw in my

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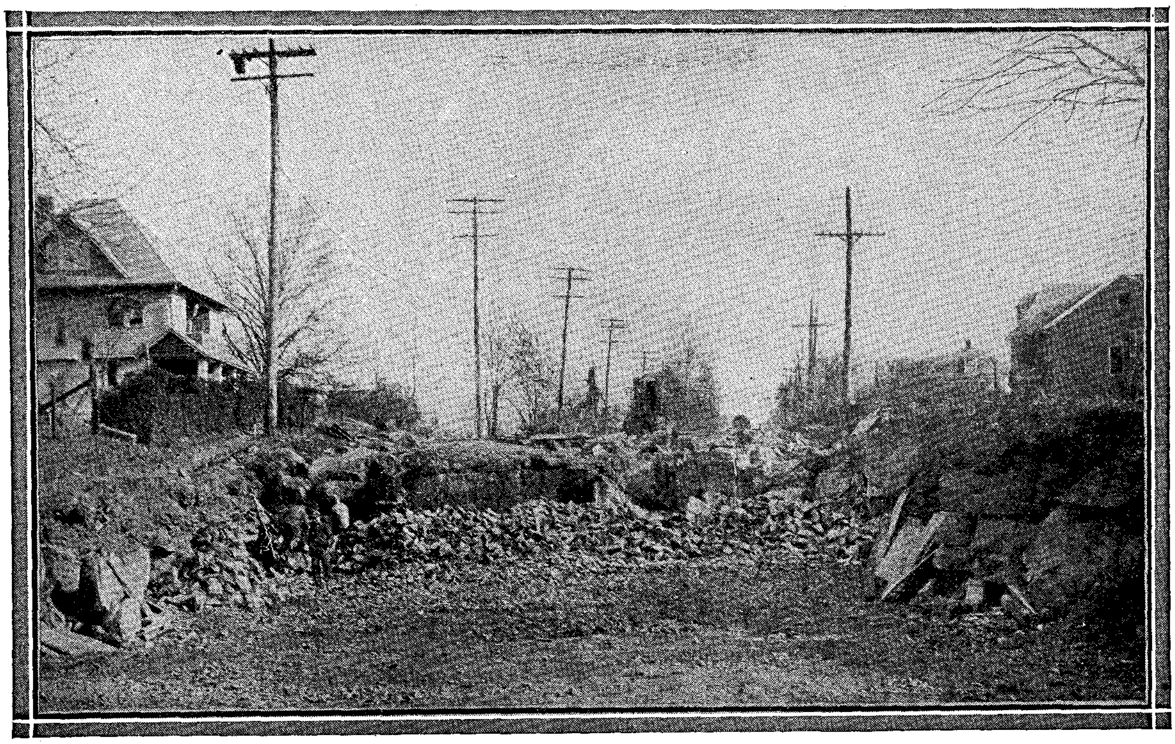

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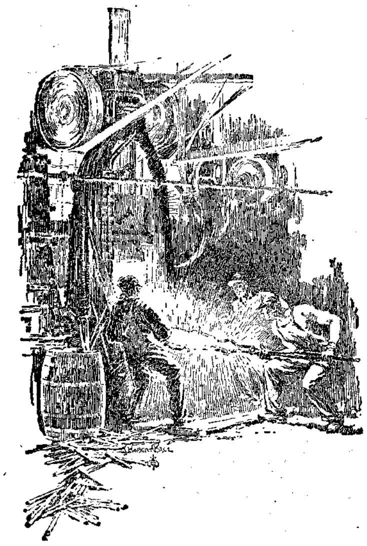

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Men who have grown up and grown old in the Billings & Spencer tradition that "into every forging goes our whole reputation."

Men to whom steel is a living and breathing thing, with human faults or virtues, who could not work if they were not allowed steel worthy of their craftsmanship. Men to whom great machines are as their own fingertips—who constantly plan for better work, to whom the improvement of a single screw is an epoch of accomplishment.

Men who think only of the product—who send out their forgings into the world of industry as a father sends out his sons—giving them the best there is in themselves.

Just men.

And that is the only difference between forgings, the only difference between this tool and that, the only difference between machines.

Men.

B

"RELY ON ME"

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life was gleaming across the horizon from a light-house on the French coast.

A keen and interesting analysis of the French character is presented by an American soldier who has not had the usual rush of work since the armistice was signed and has used the opportunity to improve his knowledge of French and the French people. He finds that the ideals of liberty, equality, and fraternity are also realities in the daily life of rich and poor. The case is thus presented by Private Thomas D. Wallace, Supply Company No. 309, Q. M. C., in a letter to his parents at Williamsburg, Iowa:

One of the most remarkable things about the French people is their inborn sense of equality. It matters not whether a raggedly drest boy accosts you on the street, or a French officer addresses you in a restaurant—and yourself only a "buck" private—you are treated as no more or less, an equal. The first considers he is doing himself no honor in accepting a "souvenir," the second, that he is suffering no degradation in conversing in intimate and personal terms—even to the extent of taking great pains in helping one to learn the finer distinctions of the French language. No interest is shown a stranger unless a friendly one—nothing is done by those old enough to know better, except to make a visitor feel perfectly at home. This is the kind of spirit which makes for democracy, and which conquers the world.

Both in the observation and study of French institutions and ideals, one becomes more and more imprest with the fact that they stand not for the domination of any particular race, or the conquest of any special territory, but rather for ideals of inborn and potential equality, personal liberty, intellectual freedom, and expansion, developed according to nature and guided by rationality.

With regard to racial stock, France is nearly as cosmopolitan as the United States. It contains a generous mingling of nearly all the main racial elements of Europe. It has deeper marks, both of ancestry and of early Grecian and Roman culture, the original of which has been shrouded in darkness in the Orient and almost extinguished. Owing to geographical position and national attitude, it is the central avenue to the East. Its sympathetic view-point and earnest desire to understand others have made it a place of solace and refuge. Six of the eight Crusades, in which she usually took the leading part, have also helped her to gain this position. This is doubtless one of the reasons why she has been termed by one of our English poets "The Soldier of God."

It has also been said Paris is not so much the home of intellect as of intellectuals; that is, the larger part of the great men who have helped to make Paris famous were not born there, but came as aspirants, either from other parts of France or from other countries, to mingle together in its subtle atmosphere. In this respect, as well as in the exaltation of the idea of equality, there is a great resemblance between France and the United States—which owes so much of what she is to the inflow of fresh blood of the most energetic and ambitious of nearly every nationality, pouring in on all shores. It is due to the ability of France to assimilate and inspire the greater part of her newcomers that she was first among the nations in the attainment of national unity, and first in attacking the artificial social barriers erected in the feudalistic age. She has always been an important participant in the great modern battles of democracy.

These are some of the elements entering into the conception so indefinable, "The Spirit of France." May it be one of the great influences helping us to bring about world-unity.

After spending last winter training in Texas, Jack Osborn, of Erie, Pa., became a member of the Royal Canadian Flying Corps, in which capacity he had adventures which rarely fall to the lot of youths of nineteen. He reached the squadron in France in October, and began work at once. On December 1 he wrote an account of his experience to his uncle, A. H. Godard, of Mayville, New York, which appears in *The Sentinel*. We quote:

Our particular "job" was flying over the lines very low to harass the enemy with light bombs and machine-gun fire. It is by far the "hottest" and most exciting work done in the air. Dropping our "pills" from five hundred feet on supply "dumps," railway-sidings, batteries, transports, etc., then diving down on transport and troops with two machine guns spitting out death at the rate of 1,200 shots per minute. Then for a warm reception from the ground in return. Everything that could be brought to bear on us opened up—machine guns, flaming torches, shrapnel, rifles, and even light field-guns. And all the time the large shells from both armies whistle past. I had one large shell from one of our big guns nearly tip me over as it rushed past. It acted much as a large boat traveling through water leaving a tremendous wake.

Then after one dive we do a sudden climbing turn, and twist continually to dodge the guns fired at us, then pick out another object or body of men and repeat the operation until our guns are empty. Then comes the uncomfortable trip back if we happen to be far over, as we usually were. Archies (anti-aircraft guns) bang away at us unremittingly and machine guns galore open up like mad.

Several times on reaching the aerdrome I found my machine badly riddled with shrapnel and machine-gun bullets. Uncomfortable to say the least, I always inspected myself carefully to make sure no stray one had found me.

Another one of our jobs was high patrolling far over the Hunland, looking for Huns to scrap. We had many very hot engagements at 15,000 feet (three miles) and above, and brought down a number of German machines. It is a sickening sight to see a machine hurling in flames to earth thousands of feet below.

Our machines were fast single-seaters, fighting scout machines, making 115 miles per hour on level. On a steep dive I made 240 miles per hour. We are well protected, only a head showing above the cockpit and a wind screen before us, or we shouldn't be able to stand it.

I had several very thrilling trips over the lines alone and fights with Hun machines. I was lucky enough to bring several down behind the German lines. On poor flying days we took trips up to our lines to get an idea of warfare on the ground, and we got it, too—several narrow escapes. We were in some of the

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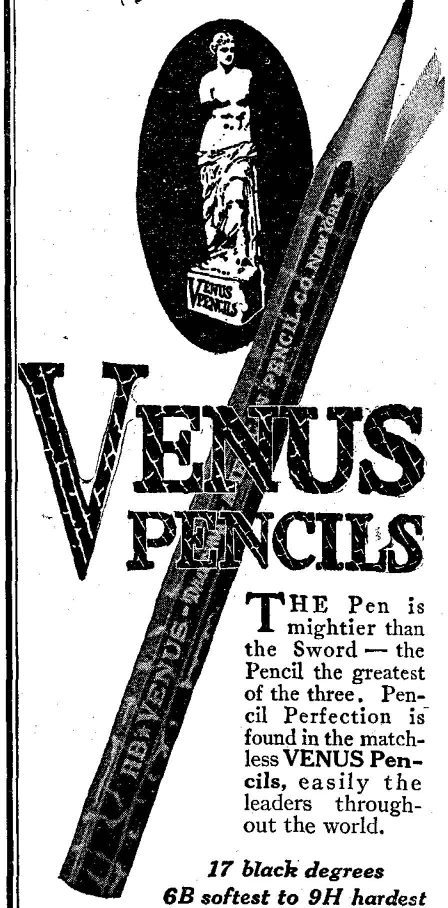
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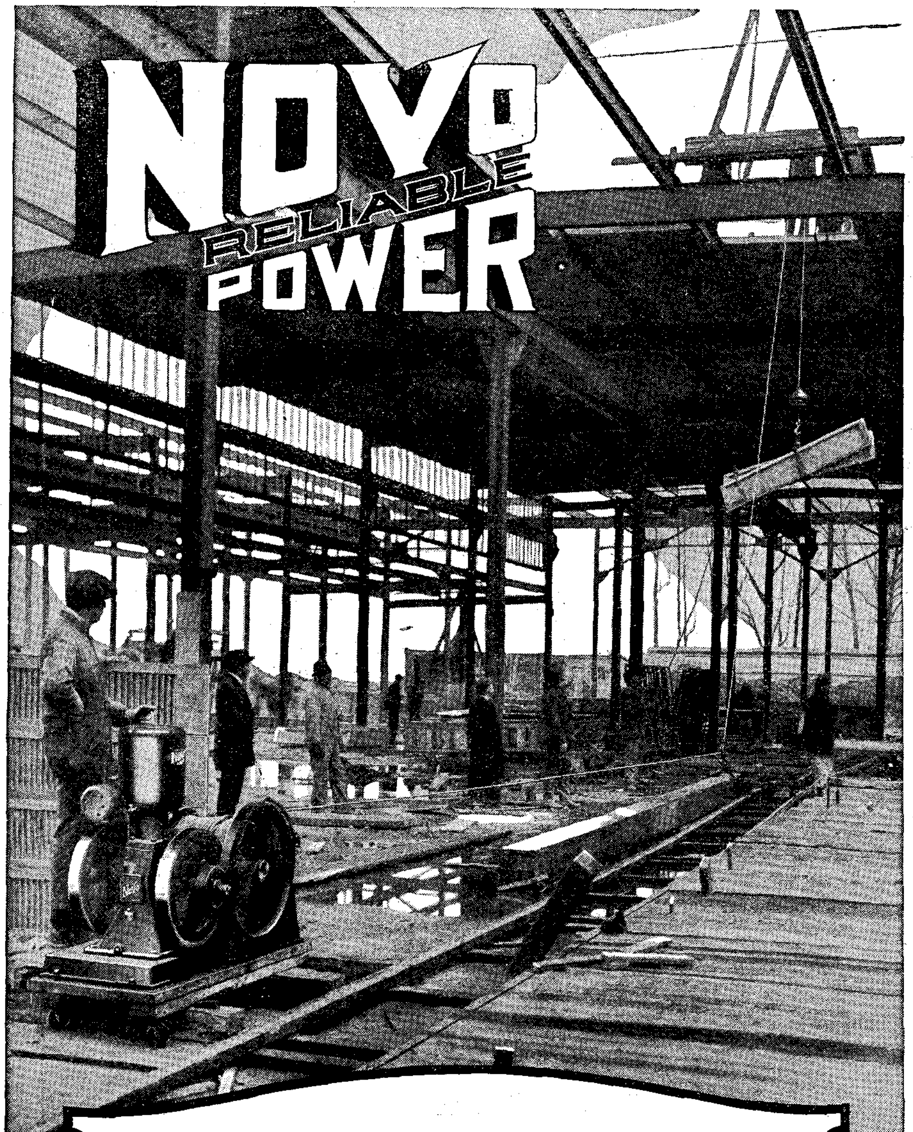

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worst torn and ravished parts of France and had many very interesting experiences.

A fall, resulting in a sprained ankle, caused young Osborn to be invalided to England. He describes the peace demonstrations in France and England as marvelous. "We can see the change that peace has made already," he says; "so many families have suffered in the last four years that peace has a much deeper meaning over here." He concludes:

> But now all that is over. We will be content to return to our normal life again. All this will soon be forgotten, a memory that grows dimmer down the years.
>
> Death has lost its meaning to most of us—seeing men killed, maimed, dying every day. Friends you cherish one day have gone the next. We are bound to lose our buoyancy, perhaps, but we gain a certain quickened perception of the worth while in life. We lose that veneer of hypocrisy and convention, and live our days full out with life. I don't mean to say we have an atmosphere of gloom about us. Oh, no! Not that. But we have looked deeper into things than heretofore. Everything we do is genuine. The wholesome things appeal and we can appreciate in full the golden worth of true friendship. The war has been the light that has showed us all true living, worth while, and genuine.

HOT WORK AMONG THE GERMAN "HYENAS"

"A RUM lot," is the mildest descriptive phrase used by the British seaman in speaking of the German sea-raiders, while "sea-wolf," even tho it possesses a murderous tang, doesn't sufficiently emphasize the barbarity of their practises. Indeed, the latter title is regarded by Capt. J. J. Porterfield, skipper of the British ship *Geentoer*, as an insult to an honorable wolf. "They're hyenas; that's what they are," the captain declared to a New York *Evening Sun* representative; "they haven't a bit of the chivalry of the seas about them, y'know."

Captain Porterfield saw the world from the arctic circle to the tropics during the war in decoy work for the British Navy. To "be in on" chasing the raiders was a sporting game to him. One of his ships, a transport, was sent to the bottom by a submarine, and he carries a wound in his right wrist from German shrapnel. Some of his experience was thus described to the *Evening Sun* interviewer:

> When we discovered that raiders were about, merchant ships were sent out as decoys, while our cruisers stayed, hull down, on the horizon, waiting for the signal. We were ordered to steam about, burning a smoke-producing material, to announce to any and all Germans that we were on the scene.
>
> We were like a kid staked out to bait a tiger. You know the whimpering of the bait warns the sportsman of the tiger's approach. Well, we whimpered *via* wireless to our cruisers, which took up the chase. My word, but the thunder of their guns was music to us. When we picked

up a sail on the horizon we took observations, located its position and direction, and then shot the signal.

One of our decoys was sunk. Rotten shame it was, too, but they never got near me. When I located them and gave the proper directions, I put about and did a bunk, sloped off, beat it while the beating was good. There was no use staying there.

Well, one day we picked up a British ship. I flashed location directions and sloped off, and a cruiser took up the chase. She opened fire on the Britisher at three miles, for the captain of the merchant vessel mistook the cruiser's signals. A couple of shells rounded her and she stopt. Then after an exchange of signals, she proceeded.

Really, I can't say what we did when we actually picked up the raider. You know, the ban hasn't been lifted, but you may judge that it was about the same sort of thing.

At this point a quizzical look came into the captain's blue eyes, and, says the interviewer, his stern, set face melted into a heart-warming smile. When the British and American fleets cleared the seas of the hyenas, Captain Porterfield went back into the transport service, where he found thrills missed in other capacities in which he served. One exciting incident follows:

We were steaming through the Mediterranean on the way back to England. There were two columns of transports and cargo-ships, convoyed by cruisers and destroyers. It was about 10:30 o'clock at night when our lookout cried, "Torpedo coming on port quarter bow!" Hardly had his call ceased when another lookout yelled, "Torpedo coming on port quarter stern!"

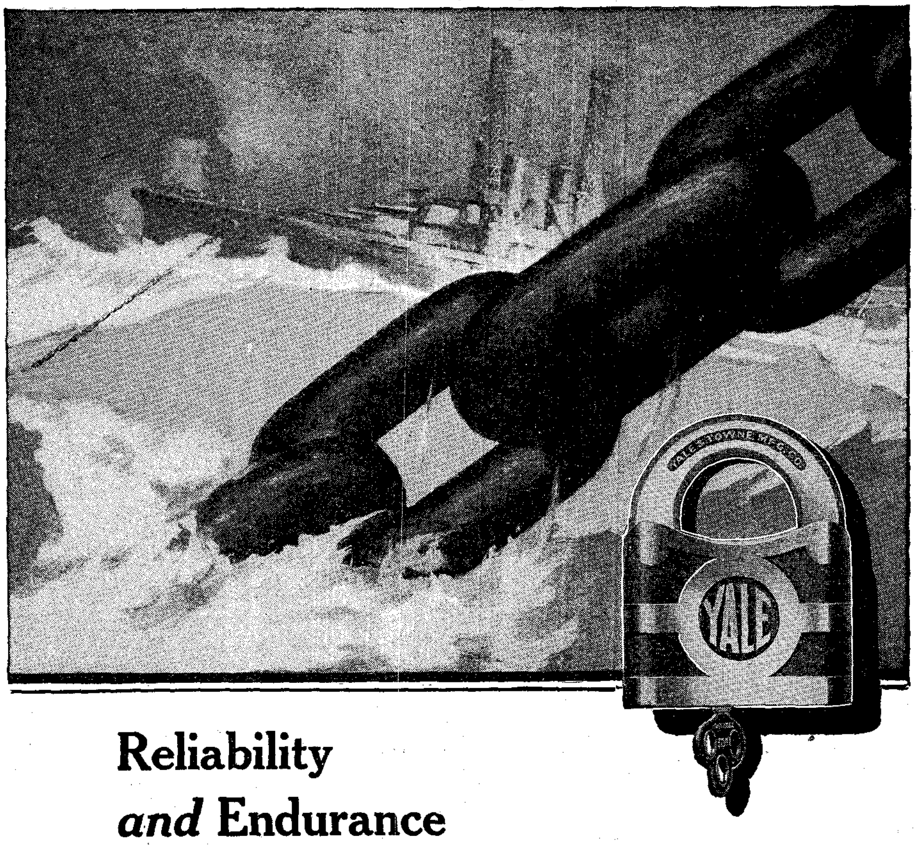
Well, there we were in a jolly mess—about to be hit fore and aft. We sounded our stations call, but the aim of the Huns was poor. The engines of destruction rumbled past us—you know, they roar like an express-train—and hit a ship on the other side of us.

A terrific explosion tore the stillness of the night. I leveled my night-glasses on the stricken vessel. She broke and sank in less than three minutes. Only half a dozen of the crew of one hundred were saved. I'll tell you it was a grisly sight to see a gallant ship and a brave crew smashed in that manner.

We got busy with depth charges at once, and the subs were driven off. We thought the rest of the night would be clear sailing, but not so. At 2:30 o'clock the next morning the warning cry, "Torpedo coming, starboard quarter, bow!" roused us up. Again we were missed, but another vessel in the convoy was sunk. This one stayed afloat for three hours, however, and not a man was lost. Our destroyers picked up the survivors. We bombed the depths, but we don't know whether we got the sub or not.

It isn't bad enough for him to blow us up, but the German fiend goes further. The use of gas-torpedoes was common. I have heard this denied in some quarters, but it is a fact. Some of our men were badly burned by the gas while in the water. A decent sailor would give a man a chance.

I've steamed through the seas when the water was strewn with floating wreckage of ships that had been sent to the bottom. I've seen ships sink before my very eyes, but what could I do? It was impossible to stop and help or cruise about to pick up men, for they were done in and



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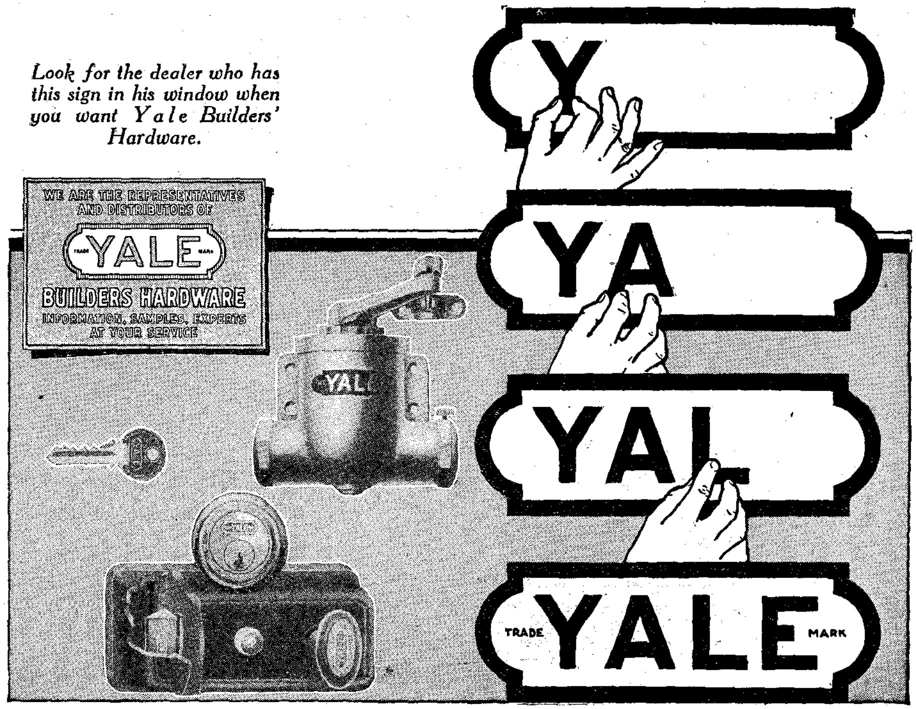
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we had to save our ships. It's terrible, tho, and it's small wonder that my hair is turning gray before its time.

Thanks to your glorious American Fleet, however, the "sub" menace was curbed. Your sailors are wonderful. They are real sailors of the seas, able to fight and to do anything. We British captains know what you did. Without you we'd have been hard put. We might have worried through it all right, but you helped. It was a thrilling sight to see the Union Jack alongside the Stars and Stripes at the base. John Bull and Uncle Sam are brothers now and forever.

AMERICA'S CRACK SQUADRON

"JUST as the last number of *The Arklight* went to press," jubilates the editor of the weekly news-sheet published on board the U. S. S. *Arkansas*, "our homeward-bound pennant was broken. Its streamers were supported by a balloon bearing these words: 'In God we trust; New York or bust.'" As usual the *Arkansas* has been engaged in history-making of late. After participating in the surrender of the German High Seas Fleet, she suddenly bobbed up at the reception of President Wilson at Brest, on December 13, and the crew and the editor think they are now entitled to stretch their land-legs a bit in a home port.

So that a broader conception may obtain of what was done in the Grand Fleet, *The Arklight* gives these items of interest about Division Commander Admiral Rodman:

> It is the purpose of this little article to put before the ship's company a few items of interest about our Division Commander, Admiral Rodman, in order that we may carry with us a little broader conception of what has been done in the Grand Fleet. From the standpoint of many of us, AC6 (which means "Admiral Commanding 6th Battle Squadron") is a great big man with a fighting face who flies a blue-starred flag over there on the *New York* and comes over every few weeks to inspect us and our ship. To some of us he is a hard old customer who raises more rumpus about that one spot we couldn't get off our dress blues than the average man would kick up if he were being murdered. Of course that is the impression one gets who doesn't know the "Old Man," and it is the reason why we are going to get acquainted.
>
> When the Admiral was given five dreadnoughts and told to go over and join Admiral Beatty, he doped it out right away that he had a certain definite task. The ships under his command had to represent America in the eyes of a critical audience. They couldn't be passably good. He had to make them better than anything else in the world. Now to do that, his ships had to shoot better, steam better, maneuver better, and be cleaner and smarter than any one else's.
>
> Those of us who were there now know that he accomplished each and every one of his objects. We remember the target-practise days when, with the target visible only in the tops, we plunked salvo after salvo in exactly the right place. We remember steaming across the North Sea, making a knot more than any of us were designed for, and bringing up exactly on time exactly where we belonged. We

STARCHED OR SOFT, the

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Bodies for every business.

THIS Trailmobile doubles the work the truck does. It cost a third as much; travels just as fast; requires no driver; increases gasoline consumption only about 10 per cent; up-keep is almost nothing and depreciation insignificant.

No wonder John Minder & Son, Washington Market, New York City, who use it to haul provisions to the steamers in the harbor say: "It has done some wonderful work for us!"

Profit by increasing the capacity of your truck, doubling the load space, doubling the tonnage your driver can move with no more effort.

The Trailmobile is built like a truck with truck axles, truck frame, truck wheels. It stands up under heavy loads hauled at truck speeds. It tracks perfectly and doesn't sidesway.

Write for booklet, "Economy in Hauling".

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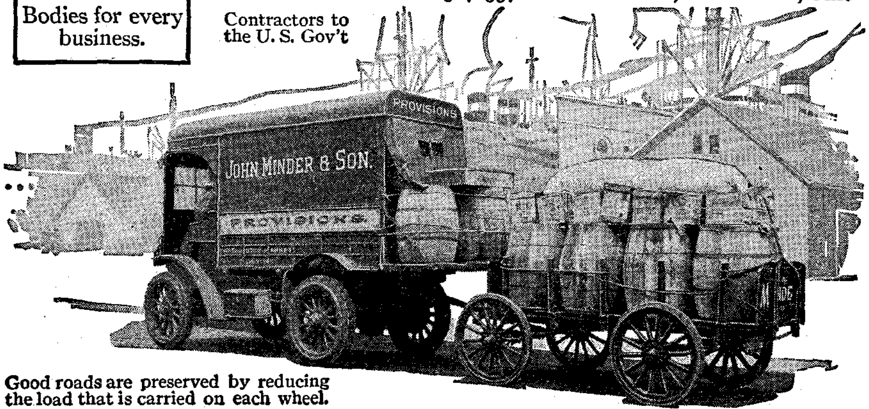

Good roads are preserved by reducing the load that is carried on each wheel.

remember the remarks of Admiral Mayo, our own Commander-in-Chief, and those of Admiral Beatty when they both declared that the 6BS was the cleanest and smartest collection of ships they had ever seen. We have only to read Admiral Beatty's farewell speech and to remember that he sent his finest squadron to escort us on our way, to realize that "Old AC6" completed his part of the bargain to the letter.

Now there is another little thing to remember. Tho the Admiral delivered up his squadron as an integral part of the Grand Fleet and handled it just exactly as the squadron commanders of the real British units did, tho he conformed to British practise as to signals, communications, fire control, and engineering, he never once let us lose our personality. We were American first, last, and always, and no one was prouder of the fact than AC6 himself. When, on Surrender day, the battle-flags broke at the fore and main trucks, Old Glory flew over a squadron of which America could well be proud, for in it was everything that America stands for.

The only regret is that the cowardly Hun deprived us of our chance. Certain it is, however, that had it come the old *New York* would have led us into the hottest part of the biggest rough-house in the history of the world, for if there is any man in this or any other navy who isn't afraid of "hell or high water" it is "Old AC6" himself. Lucky are we who served with him in the Sixth Battle Squadron of the Grand Fleet.

The commander has prepared some nifty war-service certificates. Each one of these, being signed by the captain, is not only something you can frame and hang up, but is also a document with which you can claim your service medal some day. The Pelham Bay Cadets can wear their chevrons now for all we care.

CROIX DE GUERRE AND RARE PRAISE FOR AMERICAN NEGRO TROOPS

A FRENCH army order, citing a complete negro regiment for the *Croix de Guerre*, is a partial answer to questions, some of which have found their way into the DIGEST office, as to what the colored man has been doing for his country "Over There." The regiment cited, the 365th Infantry of the 93d Division, which is the old 15th Infantry of the National Guard of New York, is praised in these words by the French War Department:

> Under command of Colonel Hayward, who, tho wounded, insisted on leading his regiment in battle; of Lieutenant-Colonel Pickering, admirably cool and brave; of Major Cobb (killed), of Major Spencer (severely wounded), of Major Little, a true leader of men, the 365th Reserve Infantry, U. S. A., engaging in an offensive for the first time in the drive of September, 1918, stormed powerful enemy positions, energetically defended, too, after heavy fighting, the town of S——, captured prisoners, and brought back six cannons and a great number of machine guns.

Exceptional tho the award of the coveted French War Cross may be, the deeds of valor by which this negro regiment won it are less exceptional than typical of the way in which all our colored troops measured up to the demands of the war.

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INSYDE TYRES Inner Armor
for Auto Tires. Double mileage, prevent blowouts and punctures. Easily applied in any tire. Used over and over in several tires. Thousands sold. Details free. Agents wanted.
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HONEY AND ALMOND
Cream

For CHAPPING and AFTER SHAVING
It soothes as soon as applied. Deeply chapped and extremely sore conditions of the skin are quickly relieved and healed in a day or two. Apply the Cream before and after exposure and you will have little trouble from chapping. —Use it after shaving to cool and heal tender, scraped skin.

SAMPLES: Be sure to enclose stamps with your request. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 2c. Both Cold and Disappearing Cream 4c. Talcum 2c. Trial cake Soap 8c. Sample Face Powder 2c., Trial Size 15c. Attractive Week-end Box 39c.

Hinds Cream Toilet Necessities are selling everywhere, or will be mailed, postpaid in U. S. A., from Laboratory.

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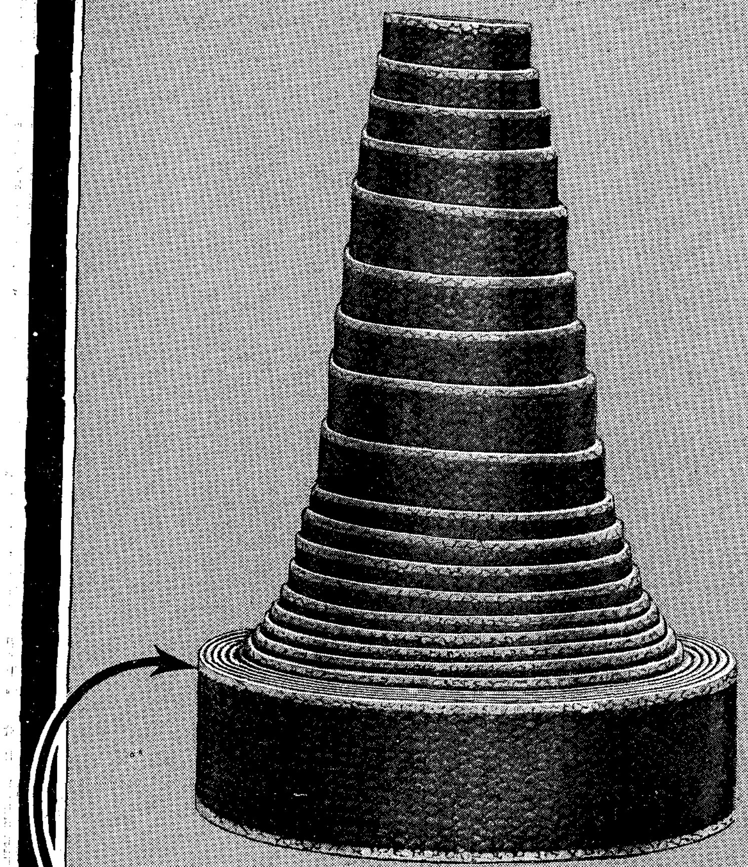

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enables you to identify genuine Raybestos brake lining. Do not waste money on "cheap" substitutes. Raybestos is *guaranteed* to wear one year. It grips. It holds. It wears. It is the *original* asbestos lining and assures efficient brake service and satisfaction.

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This is the verdict of newspaper correspondents and of soldiers invalided home from the Western Front. Survivors of the fighting now arriving in New York have "nothing but praise for the colored troops," writes a reporter in the New York *Evening Sun*. "They proved their valor on countless occasions, and it was one of the common stories that Jerry feared the 'Smoked Yankees' more than any other troops he met." The report continues:

> The negroes were, perhaps, the most proficient bayonet-fighters in the American Army. They simply doted on the cold steel, and their natural agility, improved by intensive training, made them troops to be feared at close quarters. It was not long before the fame of the negro bayonet-wielders spread among the Huns, and it was seldom the German troops would hold out when the yelling, sweating negroes, jumped into their trenches.
>
> Not even liquid-fire could break the morale of the negro troops. There is a story told of one wounded soldier who leapt up and, dragging a useless foot after him, rushed into the trenches when he saw an airplane spray the wounded Yankees with burning oil. He was killed in his mad attempt to take revenge, but he got at least one Hun with a good old Southern shaving implement prest into service for the occasion.
>
> The terrors of shrapnel, gas, and high explosives, the grim life in the trench, were made bearable by the unfailing good nature of the negroes. When permissible they organized their quartets and sang plantation songs. Frank Washington, a wounded negro from South Carolina, told the story of how a quartet harmonized on "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground," and when the singing was over said in unison, "and we all's gwine be with him to-night." They were awaiting orders to go over the top at the time.
>
> That peculiar regard by the foe for the rules of civilized warfare which included the use of explosive bullets, among other atrocities, was experienced by the negro soldiers. To the certain knowledge of some of the negroes at Debarkation Hospital No. 3, dozens of these men were torn to bits by explosive bullets. Their wounded were sprayed with liquid fire by the Huns during the fighting on the Champagne front.
>
> James P. McKinney, of Greeneville, S. C., attached to the Headquarters Company of the 371st Infantry, was wounded in the right arm by shrapnel in the "Big Stunt." Gas-infection set in and he was invalided out of service.
>
> "If there is anything in this war that the negro troops missed," said McKinney, telling of his experiences, "I certainly never heard of it. Explosive bullets, liquid fire, high explosives, gas, and all the horrors of war were certainly turned loose on us. But just the same, the negro troops went through it, and when it came to the final test we proved ourselves better men than the Germans. This was especially true when it came to fighting at close quarters. Jerry would not fight with the bayonet against the negro troops, and that was all there was to it.
>
> "The Hun would stand out there and pump a machine gun at us—750 shots to the minute, but when we came up close to him he would yell '*Kamerad!*' and hold up his hands. Our officers made us let up on them, too, but the Huns did what they pleased to our wounded.

"The day we went over the top we took our positions early in the morning, and waited until our barrage had smashed the German defenses pretty well. About the time our barrage lifted, the Huns sent over a counter-barrage, but we went right through it, and up over the slopes commanded by their machine guns. They turned loose everything they had to offer, and the storm of lead and steel got a lot of our men.

"Still, we followed our officers into the devils' trenches. A few of the Germans tried to fight with their bayonets, but we could all box pretty well, and boxing works with the bayonet. A few feints, and then the death-stroke was the rule. Most of the Huns quit as soon as we got at them. Even the ones that had been on the machine guns yelled for us to spare them. I guess in the excitement some of them fared poorly."

The narrator's idea of German military honor is the same as that which American soldiers have generally brought back. "You can never tell which Germans to trust," declared McKinney. "Ordinarily when men surrender, they are through, and you can trust them. But the Germans who surrendered to us would have automatic pistols up their sleeves, and would suddenly drop their arms and open fire. I know of one squad that was wiped out because a Jerry killed one of our doughboys."

Continuing his story of the attack, McKinney gives some of the dramatic incidents of the fighting:

"While we were advancing we worked along low and took all available cover against the machine-gun fire directed against us. As soon as we came within range we opened fire with hand-grenades and accounted for the machine-gun nests. I saw some of the gunners chained to their post.

"Their barbed wire gave us trouble. Our artillery cut it up pretty badly, but still it was a pretty strong barrier against the advancing infantry. When we got tangled up in the wire Jerry would play with his rifles. I've seen fellows get into a German trench with their uniforms flying in shreds.

"I was wounded in the arm at the big stunt. We were attacking along the whole front, and the Huns were kept on the hop. While going up I was hit and had to fall behind. My arm was badly mussed up, but I threw a few grenades here and there and guess I got a few of them.

"The German artillery-fire was accurate. They had our ranges down to a science, and while they had good ammunition were hummers. They were good marksmen. Why, I've seen them cut a regular ditch along a row of shell-holes to prevent our troops from using the holes for shelter. There was positively nothing they didn't do that was horrible.

"I've seen them cut loose at a company runner with three-inch artillery. It was a funny sight for us, but not for the runner. The Huns would drop shells all around him while he fled on wings of terror. I never saw them get a runner with their artillery-fire, but I've seen some very close shooting.

"Perhaps the most unusual experience I ever had was one day when we were advancing toward the German positions. They cut loose with their artillery and we were ordered to take open order and hunt

PHOTO FROM LIFE
GEM DAMASKEENE
GEM DAMASKEENE BLADES

Making a Clean Job of it

GEM
DAMASKEENE
RAZOR

"Making a clean job of it"—that's what the boys have been doing "over there"—that's what the **GEM Razor's** been doing for men, for over twenty-five years—has proven its genuine worth under the severest tests—popular in every branch of the service both here and abroad—millions of **GEMS** in use today.

***Gem Blades** are perfectly balanced—take and hold a wonderful edge—a boon to the tenderest skin—try them, they're keen for service.*

The separate parts as included in outfit are shown in illustration, both inside and outside of case.

$1.00 GEM Outfit Complete

Includes frame, shaving and stropping handles, and seven **Gem Blades** in handsome case as illustrated, or in Khaki case for travelling.

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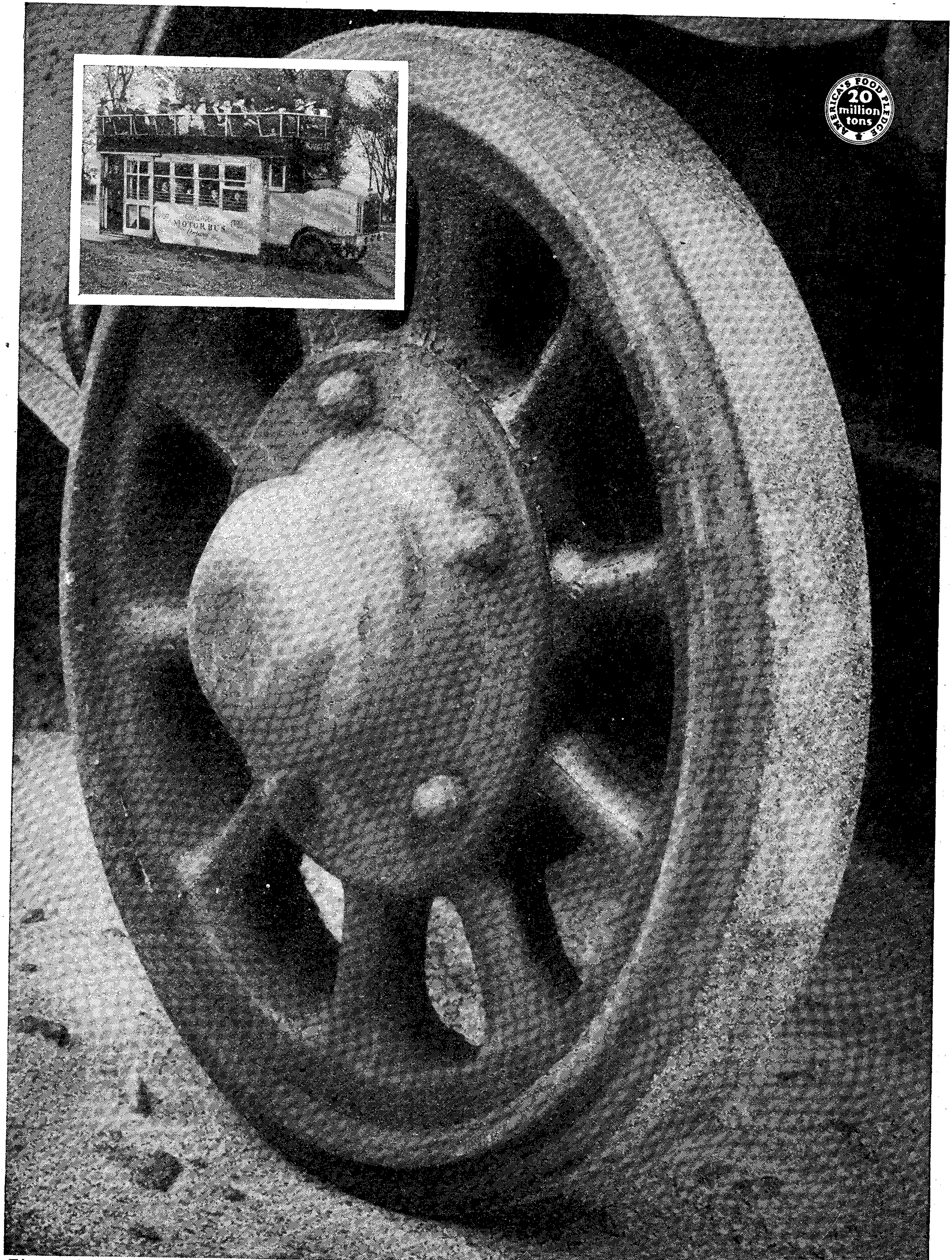

AMERICA'S FOOD PLEDGE
20 million tons
MOTOR BUS

This un-retouched photograph shows the excellent condition of a 34 x 5 Goodyear Solid Tire which, in service on a right front wheel—the point of hardest wear in this case—thus far has delivered 14,904 miles on unit 6 of the Chicago Motor Bus Fleet

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GOODYEAR
AKRON

Chosen On Their Merits

"IN this test of nineteen months, we have demonstrated to our full satisfaction that your Goodyear S-V Solid Truck Tires give us a high general average mileage and a low general average mileage cost per tire, and their stamina has stood up where the strain is the hardest."—W. J. Sherwood, General Superintendent, Chicago Motor Bus Co.

DURING eighteen months, in which the Chicago Motor Bus Company increased its original fleet of ten busses to fifty and carried 7,266,271 passengers, the executives of the concern made one of the most extensive tests of solid tires ever conducted.

And today 90 per cent of the tires on these busses, which were specially designed for solid tire equipment, is still composed of Goodyear Solid Tires. This is simply because, although the balance is always made up of other tires for purposes of direct comparison, thus far no reason has been found for changing.

Careful examination of the mileage records of the company shows that the superiority of their Goodyear Solid Tires appears in most striking contrast where the grind is the hardest: which is on the *front wheels* of their busses.

These are the *driving* as well as the steering wheels. So the tires on them bear the greatest strain, imposed by the 10,000- to 16,000-pound burdens, when sharp turns are made in traffic and when these formidable weights come to sudden stops.

Out of 342 Goodyear S-V Solid Truck Tires on which final records are available, two-thirds or 228 were used on front wheels and yet an average of all their mileages amounts to 9,400 per tire.

Thirty-one of these tires ran between 15,000 and 20,000 miles, eleven made scores between 20,000 and 25,000 miles, while four exceeded 25,000, including one old warrior known to actually deliver 37,665 miles.

So, noting that every motor bus is shod with six tires (duals rear) and that the fleet has traveled an aggregate of 2,301,401 miles over a 19-5/16-mile circuit since March 21, 1917, it is found that nearly fourteen million tire-miles have cost less than one-half cent each.

As a result after buying all the tires used from an appropriation made for the entire eighteen months period, the company has a balance of $5,047.00.

Records like this point to Goodyear's accomplishments in solid tire manufacture, by virtue of which Goodyear Solid Tires wear down very slowly and effectively resist chipping and shredding as well as separation from the base.

The prime advantages that accompany the employment of Goodyear S-V Solid Tires include the facilities of well-located Goodyear Truck Tire Service Stations of which there are hundreds in America.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

SOLID TIRES

cover. For two hours we were violently shelled, but, thanks to Providence, none of us was killed. A few were slightly wounded. They mixed high explosives with gas and shrapnel.

"About the hardest luck of the war, tho," concluded McKinney, "fell to the lot of a pal of mine. He got a piece of steak somewhere and was cooking it—his first bit of steak in months. While the meat was broiling the Germans began a gas bombardment. The men put on their masks, but the meat was ruined. That's what I call hard luck."

Frank Washington, "a typical plantation negro from Edgefield, S. C.," is another who proved his valor under conditions worthy of testing the bravery of the bravest. He was attached to Company C, 371st Infantry, and received an explosive bullet through the arm at Champagne. His story is quoted:

"It was all bad, but the worst was when the German airplanes flew low and sprayed the wounded with liquid fire. There is no way of putting out that liquid flame, and no one can help you, because the fire spreads so quickly. It is bad enough to be helpless out there, without water or friends, but to have a hell fiend fly over and just squirt torture at you—well, the Indians or savages of Africa were not much worse. They were not so bad, in fact, for they were savages—the Germans are supposed to be civilized.

"A Hun plane flew over when I was wounded, but, believe me, when I see that fire coming I sure did some lively hopping around. There wasn't going to be any broiled Washingtons if I could help it. But some of the mortally wounded were burned to death. Those Huns should be made to pay for that sort of thing. It ain't fighting, it's concentrated hell. But we had to tend to their wounded, and one of our officers saw that we did it.

"I was over the top in the fighting on September 29 and 30. We advanced after the usual barrage had been laid down for us. We went up to the Germans, and my platoon found itself under the fire of three machine guns. One of these guns was in front and jes' runnin' like a millrace. The other two kept a-piling into us from the flanks, and the losses were mounting. We got the front one. Its crew surrendered and we stopt. The other guns kept right on going, but we got them, too.

"It was while we were attacking the guns on our flanks that I was wounded. Ordinary bullets are bad enough, but the one that hit me was an explosive bullet. That's me, sir, every time. When things is comin' I sure get ma share of 'em. Yas, suh, I suttinly get ma share.

"While I was knocked down, it was safer to stay down. Those machine guns just kept right on pumping—not the ones we captured, but others. The wind they stirred up around your face jest kept you cool all the time. I finally started back, but found myself in a German barrage. It was shrapnel in front of me and machine guns in back of me. I lay right down and had a heart-to-heart chat with St. Peter. I sure never did expect to get home again.

"They say Edgeville ain't much to look at, but I would have given two months' pay, including allotments, to get back on my farm about then. But now that I've been there and come back I kind of feel that I'm square with this country. I did my share, and I'm glad I did it."

"Yes, sir," interposed McKinney, "we all did our share and we are all glad we did it. This was democracy's war. The negro troops assumed the burden of democracy along with the white and red troops. We did our share to keep America unchained, and we are all proud we did it. We are sure, too, that America will not forget."

NOTICES THAT HELP SOME WOUNDED YANKS TO "KEEP SMILING"

"GRIN and Bear It," with the accent on the "grin," is one of the first commandments of the American soldier in France; likewise, and for a similar reason that lies deep in Yankee character, one of his favorite songs admonishes everybody to "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, and smile—smile—smile!" This spirit accompanies the Yank into the hospital, when he is unfortunate enough to be sent there, and helps to make him a "good patient" and a notably quick convalescent. One of its chief manifestations in a big hospital of which a correspondent writes in the Springfield *Republican* takes the form of humorous placards, which the men write and display at their bedsides. There is more than humor behind some of the notices, as the correspondent explains in dealing with the first of these "notices" that caught his eye:

Fixt to a stick tied firmly to the white enameled ironwork, like a short flagstaff, large black letters on white cardboard announced that

JAM HELPS!

Miss Lena Muldoon, of New York, the official anesthetist and a woman of science, murmured as we passed it: "All the same, the boy in that bed does not like jam!" Later, she explained, "blackberry, cherry, pineapple, quince, no matter what, he seldom touches it, but passes the little glass dish on the quiet (in spite of his bad leg) to one or the other of two pals, in cots adjoining. They are bears for jam—both!"

It was the first of the humorous "signs," become a feature of our Army in France. They are more than humorous.

In the same surgical ward we read:

GO EASY HERE!
BY ORDER
OF DEFENSE

These boys have healing wounds, which quiver when the bed is jarred. A common type of sign reads:

NOTICE!
KEEP CLEAR OF
THIS BED!

One rather lively boy, it seemed to me—for he was rolling and moving freely under the covers—had put up an extra big warning to the world at large:

BEWARE OF
GEORGE'S BED
THIS MEANS YOU!

"Another delicious fraud!" said Miss Muldoon. "The lads are charming, they bring tears to my eyes. This fellow hasn't a pain; but his left-hand neighbor suffers at the slightest jar or even the vibration of a heavy footstep; but he is one of those quiet fellows from the Western plains, too timid to put up a notice of his own. George is not timid!" she laughed. "Like myself he's from Hoboken."

A common form, in hospitals far apart, without connection, is:

STOP!
LOOK!
LISTEN!

Many are original. A boy named Walter J. Moon had his leg held up in a modification of the Thomas splint—a compound fracture with infection, doing marvelously with the Dakin fluid; but, nevertheless, Walter shrinks from movement.

DON'T
MAKE THE MOON
RISE!
GO EASY!

runs his notice. Others refer to their deeds of war, as if to excuse themselves for getting wounded.

WHAT DO YOU
SUPPOSE
I WAS DOING?

is the ominous hint of a young giant from New Orleans, with five bayonet holes in arms, hip, and side, which latter glanced fortunately round the ribs. Five cots from him is a man from San Antonio, who declares that

THE KRONPRINZ
DIDN'T DO THIS!

What he means, you can have the pleasure of guessing, whether that the princeling hid behind the lines, or he who "did it" (a nasty bayonet-thrust in the shoulder blade) was some innocent German democrat strayed accidentally into north France.

This was still the surgical ward, all full of painful things. A boy had his fingers in a "banjo splint." Those poor fingers seemed withered and contracted like a bird's claw, by a nerve injury. He could not straighten them. But by fastening a pulley to each finger and gradually tightening the pull from day to day, the fingers become straight, and get nutrition, and as nerve and muscle cells renew, the lad gets power over them again. He can wiggle. His first act was to inscribe clumsily with a blue pencil in his best fist, his bed-foot "sign":

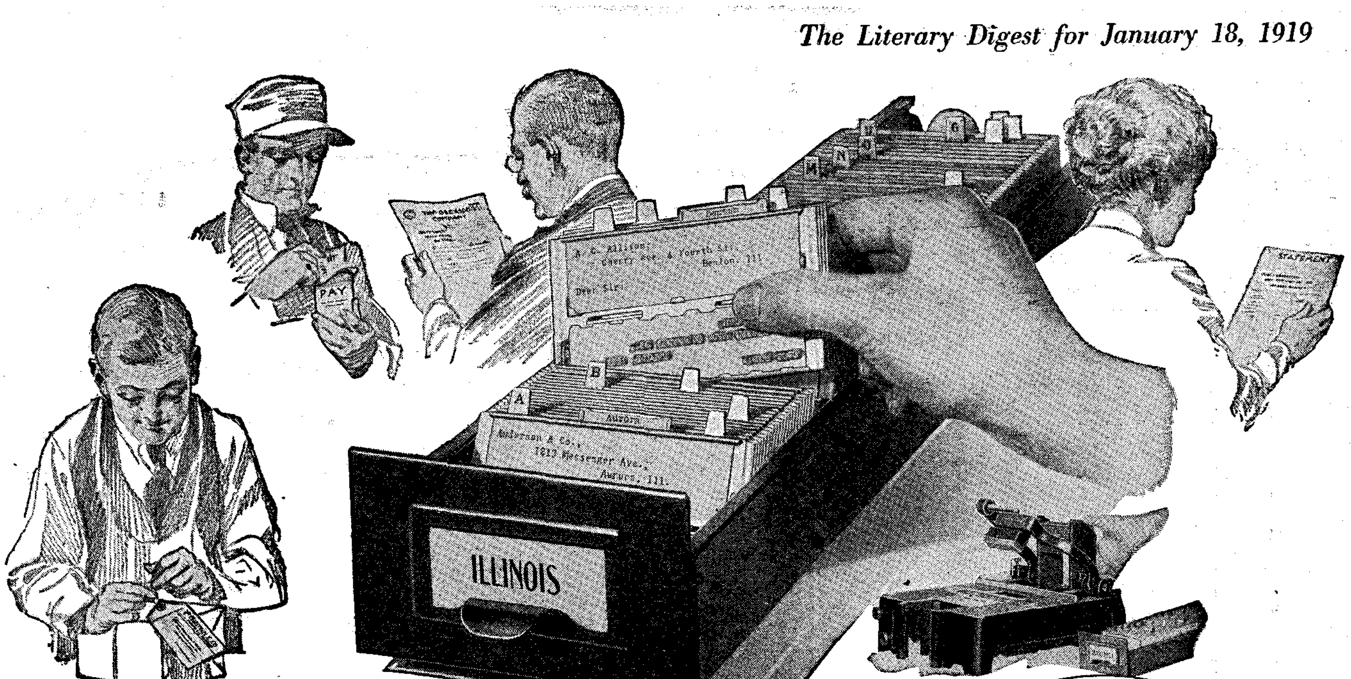
NOW BRING THE ORANGES!

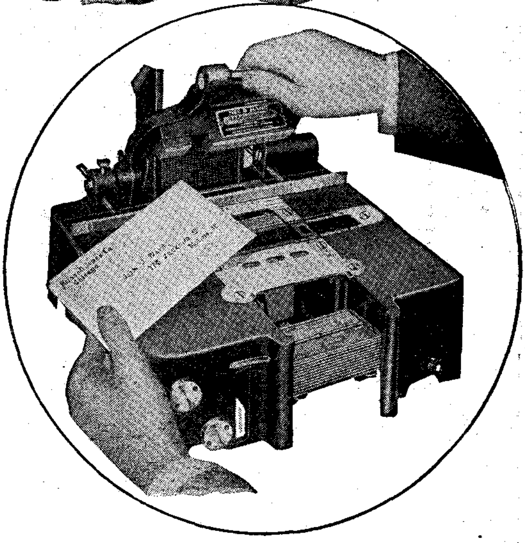
"You have not seen many sad faces, have you?" said Maj. R. J. Estelle from Lexington, Ky. (It was originally the unit of the New York Post-Graduate Hospital. The commanding officer of the center, Lieut.-Col. W. E. Cooper, of the Regular army medical corps, stood by us, smiling and approving). "There are more wards up-stairs of the same type."

The "same type" was holly leaves and berries, red and green, a month before Christmas!

"The finest lot of boys I ever saw!" said the commanding officer. "I never saw such unfailing fortitude. No complaints! Not as much as in civilian life, for the same suffering. We have heard talk of sacrifices, and men being cited and decorated for consenting to transfusion of blood. Why, the boys make nothing of it. 'If I can save Bud's life,' they say, 'why, go ahead, of course!' Here is one who's never whimpered, groaned, or grunted; yet he has four nasty painful wounds through thigh, leg, right foot, and right arm. I wanted to know if it was pride. It wasn't. Each boy makes no complaint because 'it might disturb the others!'"

This kid from Springfield, Mass. (who is doing finely) had put up, for his "notice" a parody of the civilian warning in Paris





The Card Index That Addresses Itself

THE ordinary card index means drudgery—wasted time and money copying names and addresses. But here is a card index that addresses itself.

Here is a card index that you put into a simple machine—The Addressograph. It automatically "typewrites" names and other data onto bills, circulars, shipping tags, pay forms, etc., *15 times faster than pen or typewriter.*

Just place a handful of plates in a $60 Hand Addressograph or a drawerful in larger models. Plates can be made in your office. Index cards at top printed from respective plates. Vertical tabs in different positions facilitate card index arrangement and classify names by territories, etc. Colored tabs indicate credit, etc.

Anyone can Addressograph names and other data exactly like typewriting—15 times faster. Mistakes and omissions impossible. Entire list can be addressed or, with "selector" attachment, only the names and data desired may be printed without disturbing card index arrangement.

FREE TRIAL **Let us prove it on your work.** Our representative will call with a $60 Ribbon Print Hand Addressograph. He will demonstrate it at your desk. If desired, he will leave it for FREE TRIAL. **Just mail the coupon.**

Hand, foot lever or motor models for speedily printing (THRU RIBBON) typewritten names, addresses, and other data on

Changes in Prices
Circulars
Letters to "Fill In"
Envelopes
Statements
Pay Forms
Shop Orders
Route Sheets
Record Sheets
Dividend Forms
Checks
Inventory Records
Wrappers
Labels
Tags, Etc.

Addressograph

TRADE MARK

PRINTS FROM TYPE

Chicago **New York**

Prompt service furnished at these cities—or you can make address plates in your own office if preferred:

Albany
Allentown
Atlanta
Austin
Baltimore
Birmingham
Boston
Buffalo
Butte
Cincinnati
Cleveland
Dallas
Dayton
Denver
Des Moines
Detroit
Duluth
El Paso
Grand Rapids
Hartford
Houston
Indianapolis
Kansas City
Los Angeles
Milwaukee
Minneapolis
Montreal
Newark
New Orleans
New York
Omaha
Oklahoma City
Ottawa, Ont.
Peoria
Philadelphia
Phoenix
Pittsburgh
Reno
Sacramento
St. Louis
St. Paul
Salt Lake City
San Antonio
San Francisco
Seattle
Shreveport
Spokane
Syracuse
Toledo
Toronto
Washington
Wichita
Williamsport
Winnipeg, Man.

Mail to nearest office—or phone for representative if list opposite names your city.

We use forms checked below:

☐Filling in Letters ☐Route Sheets
☐Record Sheets ☐Shop Orders
☐Statements ☐Envelopes, Circulars
☐Dividend Forms ☐Tags, Labels
☐Pay Forms ☐Price Lists, Wrappers
☐Checks ☐Inventory Records

ADDRESSOGRAPH COMPANY (**915J**), **Chicago**

Without cost or obligation, please give us:

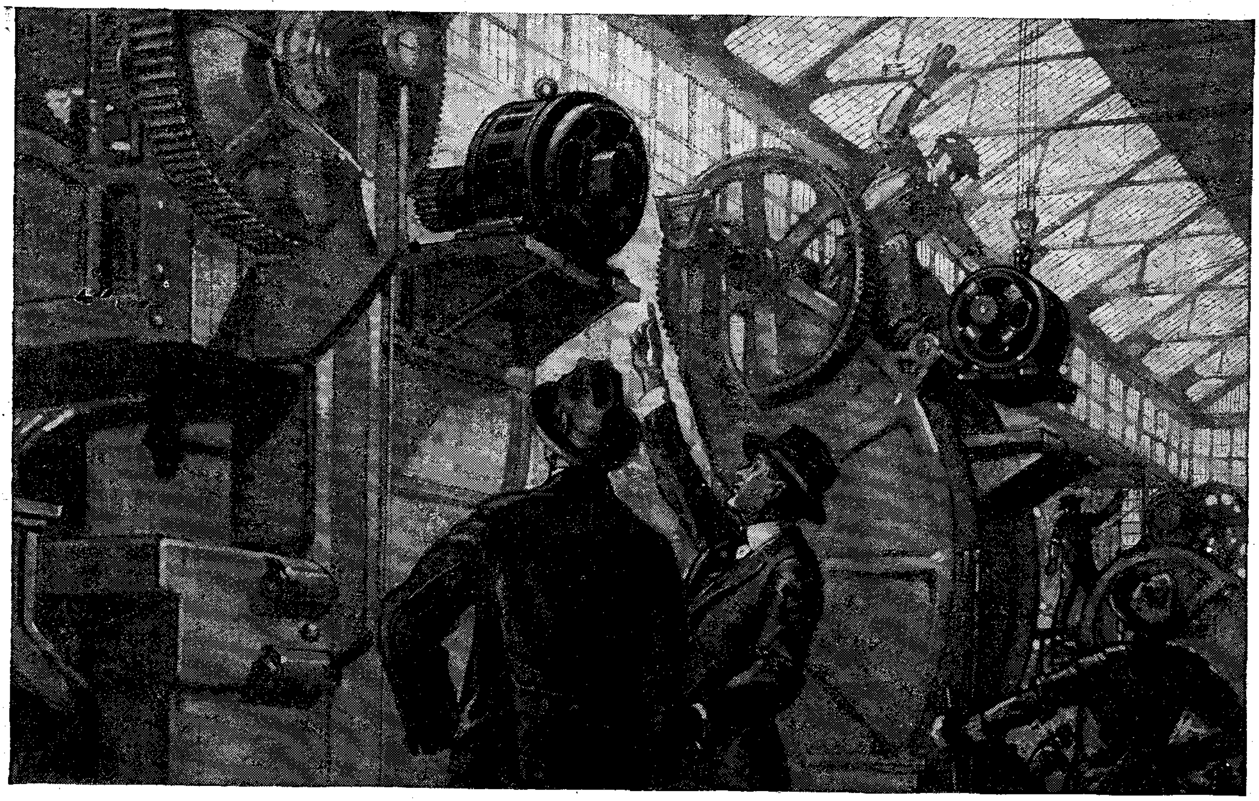
☐Facts about trial offer ☐Demonstration in our office

Firm ....

Official ....No. of names on list..............

Address..

LINCOLN MOTORS



Judge The Machine By The Motor

Lincoln Motors Are Used By Many Manufacturers of

Pumps and Compressors
Elevators and Hoists
Machine Tools
Punches and Shears
Presses
Cranes
Fans and Blowers
Crushers and Pulverizers
Bakers' Machinery
Woodworking Machinery
Ice Machinery
Conveyors
Paper Machinery
Brick and Clay Machinery
Foundry Machinery
Textile Machinery

Lincoln Branch Offices and Service Engineers in Following Cities

New York City
Chicago
Philadelphia
Buffalo
Detroit
Syracuse
Boston
Pittsburgh
Minneapolis
Columbus
Charlotte, N. C.
Toronto, Canada
Montreal, Canada

This Lincoln Motor operated under water over 3 years without damage.

Will that new machine give you all you expect of it—increased output—saving of labor—freedom from shut-downs?

The answer is often found in the motor which drives the machine.

When a machinery maker furnishes a Lincoln Motor on a machine it means that he has given the motor as careful consideration as he gives the other vital features.

He has selected the motor not only for its reputation, but for its showing in actual service. He has worked with Lincoln Engineers to give you the right size of motor and the right type of motor for your special equipment and conditions.

Judge the machine by the motor you find on it.

The Lincoln Electric Co.
Cleveland, Ohio

street cars: "Be silent. Be watchful! Enemy ears near you!" For the American soldiers' ward of pain he changed one word:

BE SILENT! BE WATCHFUL!
FRIENDLY EARS ARE LISTENING!

Here they appreciate what a man is, what the word means. In this suffering ward a smooth-faced boy, rosy with fever-pain, had lettered, with his one remaining hand:

FOR MEN ONLY!

HOW THE "GREAT·INVISIBLE" BLUE TIGER KEPT OUT OF THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

A CHINESE baby was asleep under the table in the center of the hut and the family were taking their *siesta* on the mats along the walls. All was quiet, when a great tiger came noiselessly through the open door and the steel-shod paw flashed under the table. The jungle cat missed its prey, struck the table leg, and the resulting clatter awoke the family. The animal bolted, leaving the baby on the floor, but dragging the table into the courtyard. The visitor was the famous "blue tiger" of Fukien province, in southern China. It was first seen in 1910. It was reported at various places within an area of several miles so nearly simultaneously that the Chinese became convinced that it was no real animal, but the incarnation of an evil spirit. Its elusiveness and its unusual coloring enhanced its evil fame. Mr. H. H. Caldwell, a missionary who was also a naturalist and sportsman, made several unsuccessful hunts for it. He finally saw it at close range, but being armed only with a shotgun knew it was useless to shoot. A few weeks later he saw the beast again in the same place, and tells thus how he lost a perfectly good opportunity to secure this wonderful specimen and rid the province of its striped terror:

> I selected a spot upon a hilltop and cleared away the grass and ferns with a jack-knife for a place to tie the goat. I concealed myself in the bushes ten feet away to await the attack, but the unexpected happened and the tiger approached from the rear.
>
> When I first saw the beast he was moving stealthily along a little trail just across a shallow ravine. I supposed, of course, that he was trying to locate the goat, which was bleating loudly, but to my horror I saw that he was creeping upon two boys who had entered the ravine to cut grass. The huge brute moved along, lizard-fashion, for a few yards and then cautiously lifted his head above the grass. He was within easy springing distance when I raised my rifle, but instantly I realized that if I wounded the animal the boys would certainly meet a horrible death.
>
> Tigers are usually afraid of the human voice, so, instead of firing, I stept from the bushes, yelling and waving my arms. The huge cat, crouched for a spring, drew back, wavered uncertainly for a moment, and then slowly slipt away into the grass. The boys were saved, but I had lost the opportunity I had sought for over a year.
>
> However, I had again seen the animal about which so many strange tales had been told. The markings of the beast are strikingly beautiful. The ground color is of a delicate shade of maltese, changing into light-gray blue on the under parts. The stripes are well defined and like those of the ordinary yellow tiger.

Mr. Caldwell's story is quoted by Mr. and Mrs. Roy Chapman Andrews in their "Camps and Trails in China" (Appleton). Mr. Caldwell had written to Mr. Andrews as the latter was preparing to head an expedition to China for the American Museum of Natural History, and the hunt for the "blue tiger" so became the most widely advertised feature of the Andrews expedition. Mr. Andrews did not consider the animal a distinct species, but thought that it would be a specimen well worth getting for the Museum. He considers it "a partially melanistic phase of the ordinary yellow tiger" and the only individual of its kind which has ever been reported. When the Andrews party joined Mr. Caldwell they hunted the blue tiger for five weeks. It ranged in the vicinity of several villages about seven miles apart, most frequently near Lung-tao, but these experienced hunters, with their high-powered rifles and up-to-date equipment, were never able to get their prey. "He was as elusive as a will-o'-the-wisp, killing a dog or goat in one village, and, by the time we had hurried across the mountains, appearing in another spot a few miles away, leaving a trail of terrified natives, who flocked to our camp to recount his depredations." The men hunted so carefully that it seemed impossible that they should not sooner or later get "the great invisible," but they never did. How narrowly they missed bringing the skin of this beautiful beast to New York is thus told by Mr. Andrews:

> Once we missed him by a hairbreadth through sheer bad luck, and it was only by exercising almost superhuman restraint that we prevented ourselves from doing bodily harm to the three Chinese who ruined our hunt. Every evening for a week we had faithfully taken a goat into the "Long Ravine," for the blue tiger had been seen several times near this lair. On the eighth afternoon we were in the "blind" at three o'clock as usual. We had tied a goat to a tree near by and her two kids were but a few feet away.
>
> The grass-filled lair lay shimmering in the breathless heat, silent save for the echoes of the bleating goats. Crouched behind the screen of branches, for three long hours we sat in the patchwork shade—motionless, dripping with perspiration, hardly breathing—and watched the shadow steal slowly down the narrow ravine.
>
> It was a wild place which seemed to have been cut out of the mountainside with two strokes of a mighty ax and was choked with a tangle of thorny vines and sword-grass. Impenetrable as a wall of steel, the only entrance was by the tiger-tunnels which drove their twisting way through the murderous growth far in toward its gloomy heart.
>
> The shadows had passed over us and just reached a lone palm-tree on the opposite hillside. By that I knew it was six

FOX'S
"F.I.P." PUTTEES
IMPROVED
NEW NON-FRAY SPIRAL (Patented)

Puttees are popular everywhere. The war has taught thousands of people how convenient, comfortable and smart looking they are. Ideal for skating, walking, climbing, tobogganing, camping, golf, etc., for men, women and children.

For Outdoor Sports and Outdoor Work

Outdoor workers, too, will find FOX'S Spiral Puttees valuable. They mean comfort and convenience. Great for the hunter and chauffeur. Lighter, more comfortable and durable than leather or canvas.

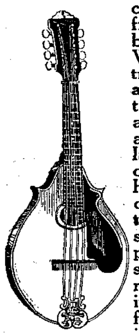
The Puttee of the World

FOX'S Spiral Puttees for men, women and boys have long been the finest made in England and have a world-wide reputation. They don't fray. They possess great durability. They are easy to put on in flat, neat spirals. Two weights—quality through and through. If your dealer hasn't them, write us.

MANLEY & JOHNSON
260 W. Broadway, New York City

Mandolin Lovers

If you will send us your name we will mail you copy of our latest catalog on Mandolins, free to admirers of this beautiful instrument. We have been the country's leading mandolin authority for over a quarter-century, and our catalog will be prized by any intending purchaser. *It contains full particulars* on the new Lyon & Healy Own Make Mandolin, of world's finest tone, now offered on a special small monthly payment plan. This instrument is made like a rare old violin, with original design violin-arch front and back. We offer inexpensive Mandolins, Banjos and Ukuleles in vast variety. Fill out and mail to us today.



Name ....
Address....................................
....

Please indicate whether interested in mandolin or other instrument. Name it below:

....

If a music teacher let us include your name in revised teachers' list now being compiled. Used instruments taken in exchange. *Write today.* Leading music stores everywhere sell Lyon & Healy instruments.

Lyon&Healy *Everything Known in Music*
54-86 Jackson Blvd., Chicago

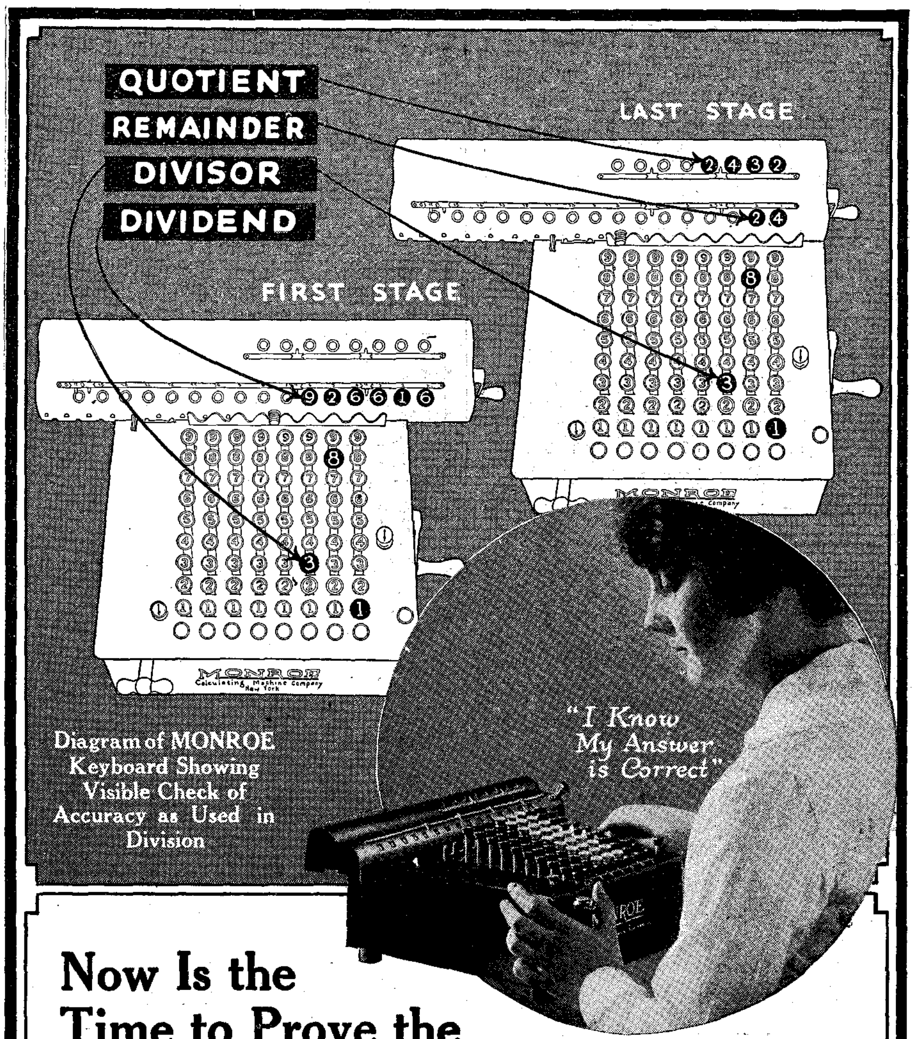


Diagram of MONROE Keyboard Showing Visible Check of Accuracy as Used in Division

Now Is the Time to Prove the ECONOMY and SERVICE of the

MONROE
Calculating Machine

Not only **Adds** but **Subtracts, Divides and Multiplies** as easily as other Machines ADD

The first weeks of the year bring a heavy load of figure-work. You can handle it quickly, easily, and even with the aid of junior clerks—if you put the burden on the MONROE.

This is the machine of SELF-PROVED ACCURACY. In DIVISION, for example, you simply set the dividend and divisor on the keyboard, give the lever a few quick turns and the result appears instantly. The problem illustrated requires only *six* seconds.

The Visible Check of Accuracy assures correctness the first time. No back checking. The same advantages of simplicity and visibility are had in MULTIPLICATION, SUBTRACTION and ADDITION.

Investigate the Monroe; mail the coupon. In thousands of offices it is paying for itself in time and mistakes saved.

The "SHOW ME" Coupon—Mail It Today

To MONROE CALCULATING MACHINE CO., Woolworth Bldg., New York

Without cost or obligation please let us have
☐ A Demonstration in our own office.
Further information concerning the Monroe Calculating Machine as follows:
☐ "Book of Facts."
☐ Special Folder for Dept. Stores.
☐ Special Folder for Engineers.
☐ Special Folder for Insurance Companies.
☐ Special Folder for Textile Industry.
☐ Special Folder for Shoe and Leather Industry.
☐ Book Telling Experiences of Users.

Firm Name..........
Individual's Name..........
Address.......... L. D. 1-18-19

o'clock, and in half an hour another day of disappointment would be ended. Suddenly at the left and just below us there came the faintest crunching sound as a loose stone shifted under a heavy weight; then a rustling on the grass. Instantly the captive goat gave a shrill bleat of terror and tugged frantically at the rope which held it to the tree.

At the first sound Harry had breathed in my ear, "Get ready, he's coming." I was half-kneeling with my heavy .405 Winchester pushed forward and the hammer up. The blood drummed in my ears and my neck muscles ached with the strain, but I thanked Heaven that my hands were steady.

I saw Harry watching the lair with a puzzled look, which changed to one of disgust as a chorus of yells sounded across the ravine and three Chinese wood-cutters appeared on the opposite slope. They were taking a short cut home, shouting to drive away the tigers—and they had succeeded only too well, for the blue tiger had slipt back to the heart of the lair whence he had come.

He had been nearly ours and again we had lost him! I felt so badly that I could not even swear, and it wasn't the fact that Harry was a missionary which kept me from it, either. Caldwell exclaimed just once, for his disappointment was even more bitter than mine; he had been hunting the same tiger off and on for six years.

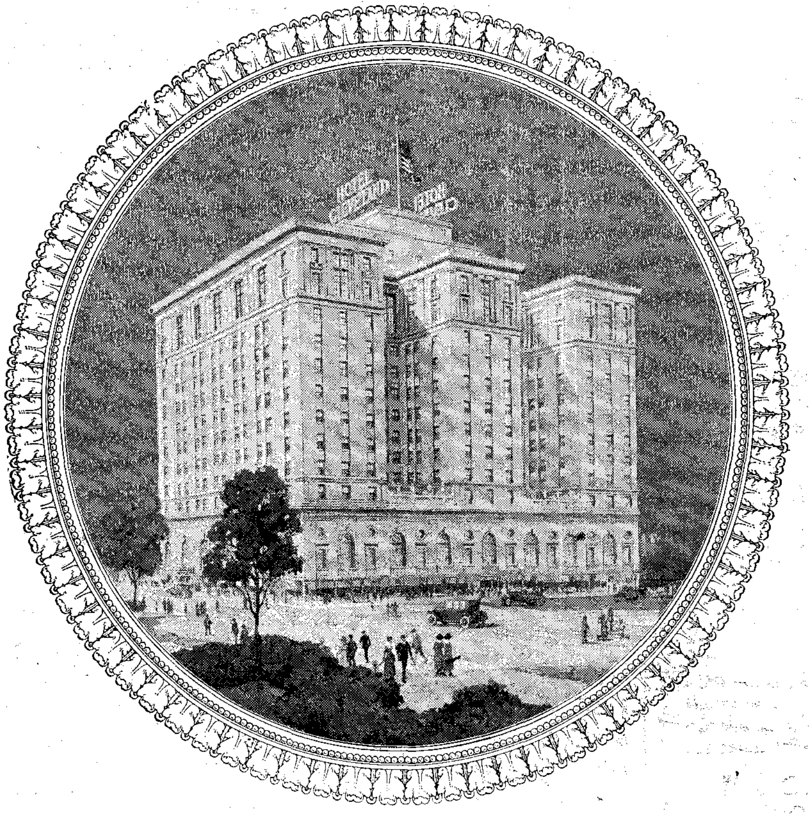
It was useless for us to wait longer that evening, and we pushed our way through the sword-grass to the entrance of the tunnel down which the tiger had come. There in the soft earth were the great footprints where he had crouched at the entrance to take a cautious survey before charging into the open.

As we looked Harry suddenly turned to me and said: "Roy, let's go into the lair. There is just one chance in a thousand that we may get a shot." Now, I must admit that I was not very enthusiastic about that little excursion, but in we went, crawling on our hands and knees up the narrow passage. Every few feet we passed side branches from the main tunnel, in any one of which the tiger might easily have been lying in wait and could have killed us as we passed. It was a foolhardy thing to do, and I am free to admit that I was scared. It was not long before Harry twisted about and said: "Roy, I haven't lost any tigers in here; let's get out." And out we came faster than we went in.

This was only one of the times when the "great invisible" was almost in our hands. A few days later a Chinese found the blue tiger asleep under a rice-bank early in the afternoon. Frightened almost to death, he ran a mile and a half to our camp only to find that we had left half an hour before for another village where the brute had killed two wildcats early in the morning.

Again, the tiger pushed open the door of a house at daybreak just as the members of the family were getting up, stole a dog from the "heaven's well," dragged it to a hillside, and partly devoured it. We were in camp only a mile away, and our Chinese hunters found the carcass on a narrow ledge in the sword-grass high up on the mountainside. The spot was an impossible one to watch and we set a huge grizzly bear trap which had been carried with us from New York.

It seemed out of the question for any animal to return to the carcass of the dog without getting caught, and yet the tiger did it. With his hind quarters on the upper terrace he dropt down, stretched his long neck across the trap, seized the



The Greater Significance of

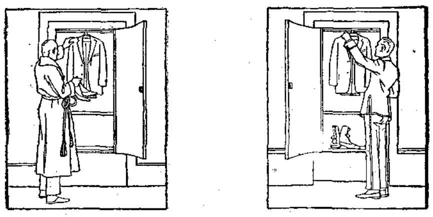
Hotel CLEVELAND Ohio

¶A broader meaning attaches to the première of Hotel Cleveland than is simply indicated in the fact that this is an unusually large and totally impressive achievement in modern hotel planning. ¶Salient features of the occasion clearly show that it is not only an event in the history of Cleveland but also one that typifies the fine enterprise of the nation's sixth city and that appropriately expresses her big welcome to the sojourner within. ¶Even extended reference to a five-million-dollar outlay and to refreshingly unique advantages can not convey the real appeal of this, the newest of the country's leading hotels; of its highly organized service and of its completeness in all those essentials which make for sensible comfort and carefreeness. ¶Beyond the spacious accommodations and multitudinous facilities the guest is due to find the vigorous spirit of an institution of national scope and influence.

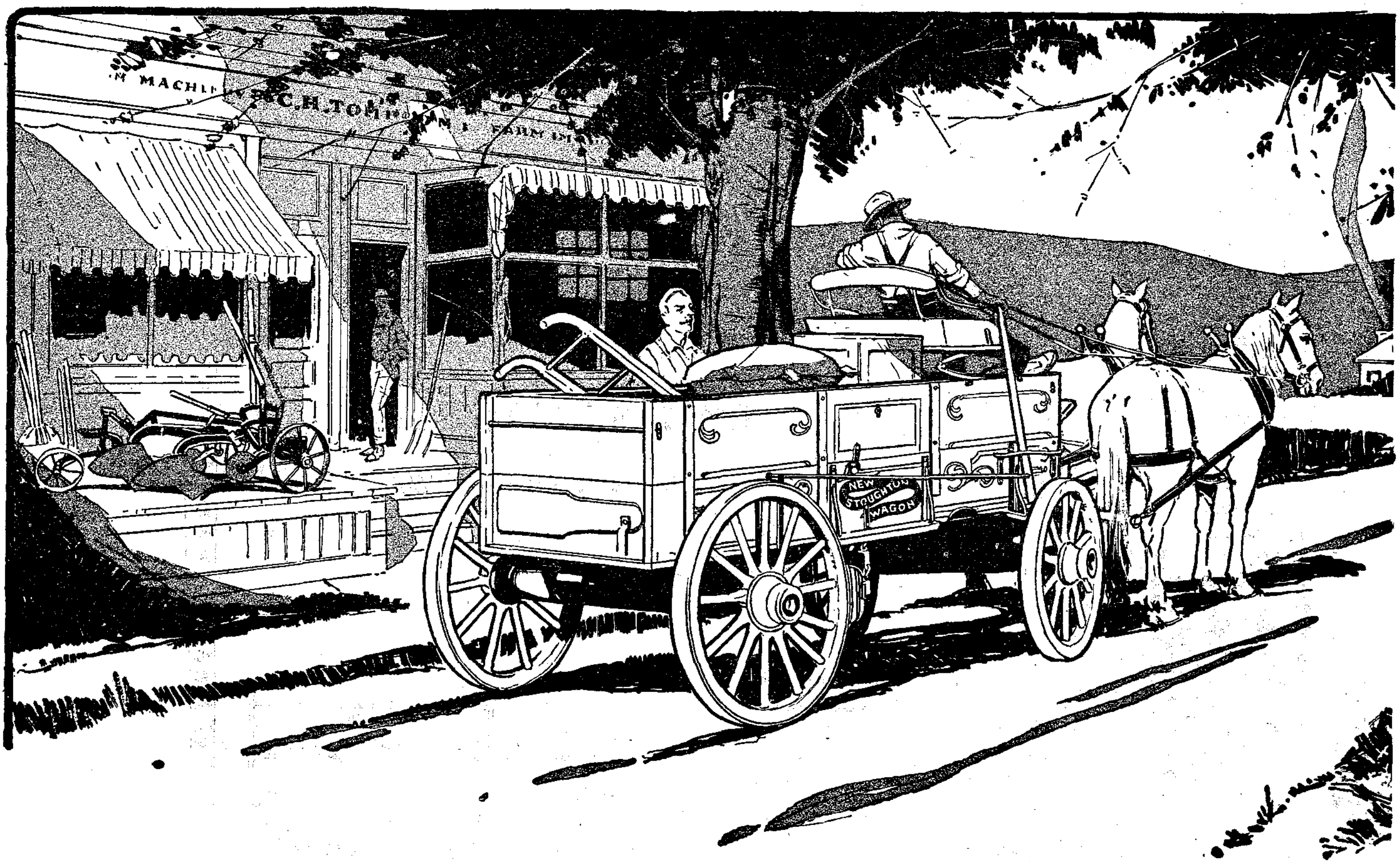
Cleveland's largest hotel, facing on Public Square, at the intersection of the city's main thoroughfares. The hotel nearest the downtown stations of principal railroad and steamship lines. Directly adjoining location of projected Union Station. One thousand rooms and baths. Every room with full outside exposure. Single rooms can be arranged en suite. Servidor Service. Special Sample Accommodations. Washed-Air Ventilation. Circulating Ice Water.

Hotel Cleveland *Ohio*

J. E. MURPHY, *Manager*



The Servidor saves waiting for an attendant. Put your clothes to be pressed, shoes to be shined and other commissions in it and close the door on *your* side. He removes and returns them from the *hall* side.



"—including Farm Wagons"

Whether you sell soda syrups or electric hoists—or anything in between—you can be reasonably sure that your customers will appreciate Burroughs-made statements. Here's a typical experience, furnished by a concern that was doubtful whether its customers would like machine-made statements:

Stoughton Wagons are sold to dealers who sell to farmers. These dealers were quick to appreciate this most modern form of statement-making—and they weren't slow about saying so.

That's natural. Look at the statement shown on the next page. Neat, legible, precise, with no possibility of error in its machine-made figures. Notice that the Stoughton statement identifies items by the use of symbols which represent different classes of goods.

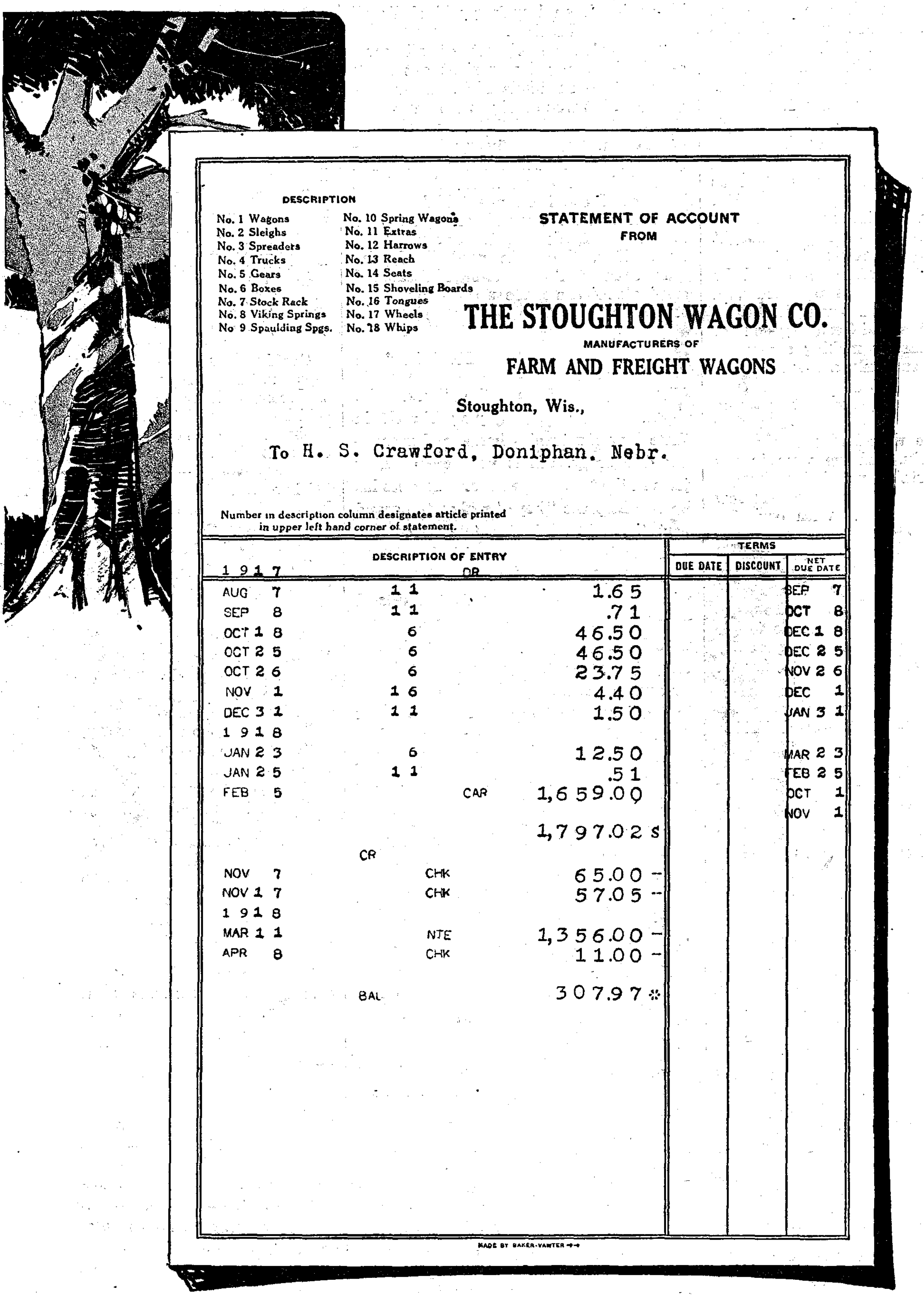
And remember that statements made by Burroughs methods are in the mail on the first *as a matter of course.* Customers like that—and their liking is reflected in better collections.

The Stoughton Company made a direct — and considerable — *saving of money* by putting its bookkeeping department on a Burroughs basis, besides all the trouble it saves and the better service to customers thus made possible.

Those Burroughs models which make statements are part of the standardized line of Burroughs adding, bookkeeping and calculating machines. There is a Burroughs for any kind of business, however small or large—and the model recommended for any use will pay for itself in a short time in the savings it makes. Consult your banker or telephone book for the address of the nearest Burroughs office—of which there are 201 in the United States and Canada, and others in principal cities abroad.

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES PRICED AS
PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS—SAVE VALUABLE TIME LOW AS $125

Burroughs



DESCRIPTION

No. 1 Wagons	No. 10 Spring Wagons
No. 2 Sleighs	No. 11 Extras
No. 3 Spreaders	No. 12 Harrows
No. 4 Trucks	No. 13 Reach
No. 5 Gears	No. 14 Seats
No. 6 Boxes	No. 15 Shoveling Boards
No. 7 Stock Rack	No. 16 Tongues
No. 8 Viking Springs	No. 17 Wheels
No 9 Spaulding Spgs.	No. 18 Whips

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNT
FROM

THE STOUGHTON WAGON CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
FARM AND FREIGHT WAGONS

Stoughton, Wis.,

To H. S. Crawford, Doniphan. Nebr.

Number in description column designates article printed in upper left hand corner of statement.

1917	DESCRIPTION OF ENTRY	DR		TERMS DUE DATE	DISCOUNT	NET DUE DATE
AUG 7	11		1.65			SEP 7
SEP 8	11		.71			OCT 8
OCT 18	6		46.50			DEC 18
OCT 25	6		46.50			DEC 25
OCT 26	6		23.75			NOV 26
NOV 1	16		4.40			DEC 1
DEC 31	11		1.50			JAN 31
1918						
JAN 23	6		12.50			MAR 23
JAN 25	11		.51			FEB 25
FEB 5		CAR	1,659.00			OCT 1
						NOV 1
			1,797.02 S			
	CR					
NOV 7		CHK	65.00 −			
NOV 17		CHK	57.05 −			
1918						
MAR 11		NTE	1,356.00 −			
APR 8		CHK	11.00 −			
	BAL		307.97 ✱			

MADE BY BAKER-VAWTER

Notice that the numbers in the column between date and amount of charge refer to the different kinds of goods billed. In the upper left-hand corner of the statement is a key to these classifications.

Statements like this—produced on a Burroughs—never fail to better collections. One reason is that they are always ready to mail promptly on the first.

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES
PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS–SAVE VALUABLE TIME

Burroughs

PRICED AS
LOW AS $125

dog which had been wired to a tree and pulled it away. It was evident that he was quite unconscious of the trap, for his forefeet had actually been placed upon one of the jaws only two inches from the pan which would have sprung it.

One afternoon we responded to a call from Bui-tao, a village seven miles beyond Lung-tao, where the blue tiger had been seen that day. The natives assured us that the animal continually crossed a hill, thickly clothed with pines and sword-grass just above the village; and Harry thought it wise to set the trap that night.

It was pitch-dark before we reached the ridge, carrying the trap, two lanterns, an electric-flash lamp, and a wretched little dog for bait. We had been engaged for about fifteen minutes making a pen for the dog, when suddenly a low rumbling growl came from the grass not twenty feet away. We jumped to our feet just as it sounded again, this time ending in a snarl. The tiger had arrived a few minutes too early, and we were in the rather uncomfortable position of having to return to the village by way of a narrow trail through the jungle. With our rifles ready and the electric lamp cutting a brilliant path in the darkness, we walked slowly toward the edge of the sword-grass, hoping to see the flash of the tiger's eyes, but the beast backed off beyond the range of the light into an impenetrable tangle where we could not follow. Apparently he was frightened by the lantern, for we did not hear him again.

"PLAYED LEAP-FROG WID SHELLS ALL OVAH FRANCE"

COMPETENT observers agree that our colored troops fought as nobly in the recent war as they did in a previous memorable conflict. Next to a camp-meeting, indeed, the negro feels more at home amid a deadly clash of armed forces than he does at work in the corn-fields. He feels that he is doing the Lord's work in both situations, and his spiritual nature finds as much gratification in the pious explosions of the one as the fierce activity and perils of the other. The following New York *Tribune* story from Camp Dix, N. J., gives natural emphasis to this ruling characteristic of the race:

> The inferno of hot work in the line evoked the religious fervor of negro troops, which never is far from the surface, and this aspect of the fighting still occupies a prominent place in the recollection of wounded negro soldiers returning to this cantonment. Their stories of the line and their descriptions of the tight places they were in are tinged in almost every case by the conviction that Providence intervened in their personal behalf.
>
> "When Fritz spotted us hell bus' wide open an' tu'n all dem onregen'ret niggers into a ragin' prayeh-meetin'," said a sergeant. "Den we onlimbeh en smite ol' Satan wid de swo'd o' Gideon; dem Fritzes, dey jes' skedaddle ev'y w'ich ways."
>
> Private Charles Walker, of the 570th Infantry, a "ragin' prayeh-meetin'" of one, was cited for his devotion to duty in carrying messages under fire when all the other runners of his outfit had been killed or wounded.
>
> "I jes' kep' a-praying an' a-runnin' an' a-dodgin'," he said, "an' the Lord sure kep' step wid me, but I don't see how he done it. I jes' natchully played hide-an'-seek en leap-frog wid shells all ovah France, I reckon.
>
> "But w'en de biggest of all come a-whoopin' along I wuz right out in de open an' no shell-hole nigh. Honest to goodness, hit wuz ez big ez me an' a dern sight mo' sure wheah hit wuz gwine. I flop like a rabbit an' fai'ly cuddle de yeth—reckon I landed quicker'n dat ol' shell did.
>
> "I jes' laid theah a-talkin' to Jesus hard ez I could en a-watchin' dat ol' shell all de time. I seen her fai'ly humpin' he'se'f outen de groun' er-swellin' to bus'. But, thank de good Lord, she quit er-humpin' an' er-swellin' and I crep' off fo' she made up 'er mind w'at she gwine do nex'."

"THE MAN WHO DIDN'T GO"

EVERYBODY but the "man who didn't go" is enjoying himself in these days of returning heroes and expanding democracy. That poor chap gladly joins in the pæans of welcome and does his best to help the "boys" realize the grand part they played in the terrible conflict abroad. But he is beset with dread that his staying behind will "put him in bad" with the fellows who don't understand why he was not on the firing-line. There were hundreds of reasons, many of them compulsory, for "being back home," and *Treat 'Em Rough*, the magazine published in the interest of the men of the Tank Corps, and edited by Arthur Guy Empey, makes a fine plea for proper consideration of the unfortunate stay-at-homes. We quote:

> In this hour of world-rejoicing, when the individual must needs lose his identity in the welfare of mankind, we want to stand at attention a moment and pledge a toast to that army of men who steadily did their work, stayed at their posts, so that others might go across while they remained.
>
> It is natural to be thrilled at the sight of the man with the service stripe or wound stripes or medal, to talk of his hardships and sufferings and the dangers he has gone through, and hard to realize, perhaps, that the greatest suffering of all is that which is not physical, but mental—the sinking of all that a man holds most dear in complete and absolute self-sacrifice.
>
> Thousands and thousands of men, often the first to answer of their own free will their country's call, patiently, day after day, sought to make themselves and others fit for the supreme test which never came to them. Some did not care to go or couldn't go, but the man who was physically, mentally, and morally fit, who pledged himself to his country, heart, soul, and body, but who through the exigencies of the situation never had a chance to really answer the call of his soul, we pledge a toast to that man. He truly offered everything and in cases made tremendous sacrifices for which he will never be recompensed in this world, and yet the greatest honor of all did not come his way.
>
> When the returned troops march proudly up Fifth Avenue, and it seems that our hearts will burst with pride and thanksgiving, don't forget the man who didn't go. If you see him standing, watching with tightened jaw and perhaps a suspicion of moisture in his eye, give him a cheer, even tho it be mental, for he is the silent hero, and the band and flags to him are a sign of unfulfilled sacrifice.

THE SPICE OF LIFE

Rich Enough.—"This fish is very rich."

"Yes, it is well supplied with bones."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Good Match.—"When I get a car, I want one which will suit me."

"Then, my dear, you had better get a runabout."—*Baltimore American.*

Baseball Joke Reappears.—SHE—"Would you leave your home for me?"

HE—"I'd leave a baseball game in the ninth inning with the score a tie."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Cupid and Cupidity.—A Galveston widow says the latest proposal she has received was from a Houston insurance agent who said he had loved her ever since her first husband stung the company for $10,000.—*Galveston News.*

Time Conscience Worked.—"It says here that a Missouri man boasts that he has an umbrella that has been in his possession for twenty years," said Smith.

"Well," replied Jones, "that's long enough. He ought to return it."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Couldn't Be Otherwise.—"Are you of the opinion, James," asked a slim-looking man of his companion, "that Dr. Smith's medicine does any good?"

"Not unless you follow the directions."

"What are the directions?"

"Keep the bottle tightly corked."—*Tit-Bits.*

Admired His Pluck.—"Well," said Uncle Si Bruggins after a solo by a fashionable church choir tenor, "if that ain't the rudest thing I ever saw. Just as soon as that young man began to sing, every other member of the choir stopt. But he went through with it, and I must say I admire his spunk."—*Boston Transcript.*

No Time to Fight.—A tough old bird was dying and his wife sent out for a preacher. The preacher came and said to the dying sinner:

"You had better renounce the devil, my friend."

"Renounce the devil!" exclaimed the dying man. "Why, I ain't in a position to make any enemies right now."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

When He Gets Back Home.—If they's anything the lad wants when he gits back home—from the land that we live on to the honey in the comb; every single blessin' in the country that they is—let him look like he wants 'em, an' they'll all be his! That's the way we're feelin'! We're here to make a fuss, with the highest hallelujahs, 'bout the boys that fought fer us!—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Would be Represented.—A couple of old codgers got into a quarrel and landed before the local magistrate. The loser, turning to his opponent in a combative frame of mind, cried: "I'll law you to the Circuit Court."

"I'm willin'," said the other.

"An' I'll law you to the Supreme Court."

"I'll be thar."

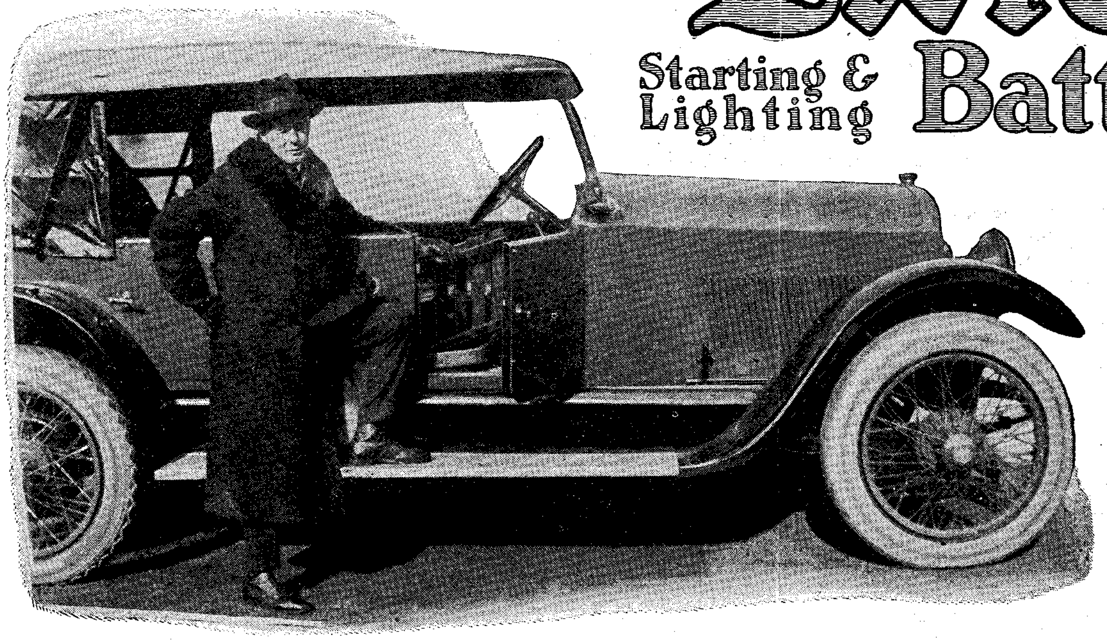
"An' I'll law to 'ell!"

"My attorney'll be there," was the calm reply.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

"Exide"

Starting & Lighting Battery



"Well, there's the end of that—and I've learned my lesson. Me for the best battery I can buy—which one is it?"

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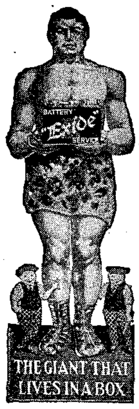
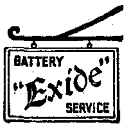


THE GIANT THAT LIVES IN A BOX



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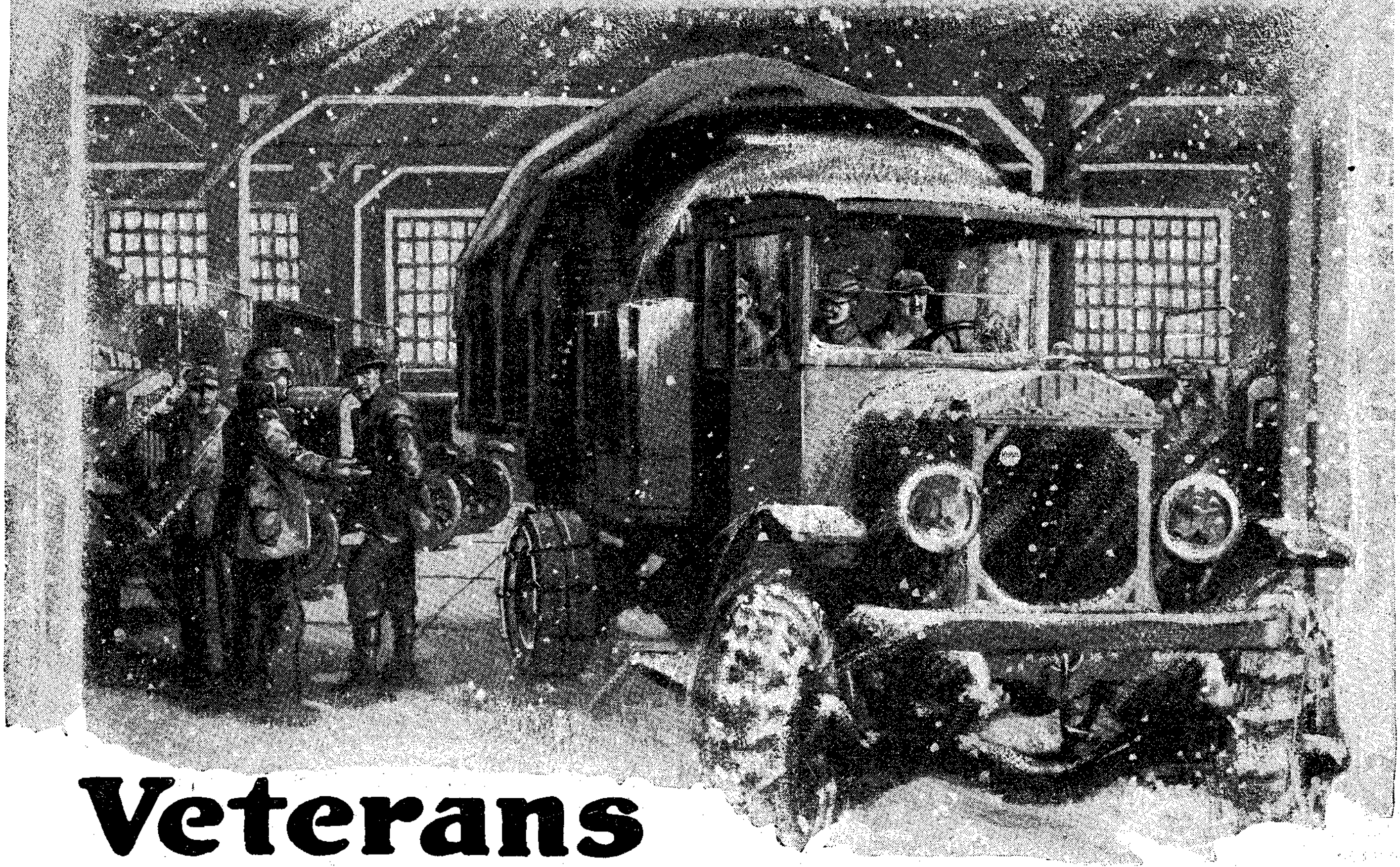

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Proven Ability Vital this Winter

These ten years of practical truck engineering and construction experience will prove invaluable to you this winter when uninterrupted transportation must be maintained at all hazards.

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The Kissel mechanical features headlined by the Kissel-built truck power-plant and topped with the exclusive ALL-YEAR Cab—giving full protection to drivers so they can keep their trucks in operation throughout the winter—insures maintaining schedules regardless of weather or road conditions.

Every Kissel Truck Dealer is a transportation expert—located in every principal city. See him without delay. New Truck Catalogue on request.

Kissel Motor Car Company, Hartford, Wis., U. S. A.

Impossible.—Hub—" I don't believe in rading my virtues."

Wife—" You couldn't, anyway. It kes quite a number to make a parade." *Boston Transcript.*

Diplomatic.—Doctor—" Tell your wife ot to worry about her deafness, as it is erely an indication of advancing years."

Mr. Meekman—" Er—would you mind lling her yourself, doctor? "—*Tit-Bits.*

She Knew It.—" The professor seems to e a man of rare gifts," remarked Mrs. aybor.

" He is," agreed the professor's wife. He hasn't given me one since we were arried."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Limerick

One night a wild, ravaging leopard
Was fired at by a bold sheopard;
  Next morn it was found
  Lying dead on the ground,
The leopard the sheopard had peopard.
—*Boston Transcript.*

Convenient.—A farmer had come up o town for a few days. Before he started e had promised to bring his daughter a resent, so he went into a jeweler's shop nd said to the assistant: " I want a pair f earrings, cheap, but pretty."

" Yes, sir," said the jeweler; " you want omething loud, I suppose? "

" Well, I don't mind if one of them is a ttle loud," replied the farmer. " My rl is slightly deaf in one ear."—*Tit-Bits.*

Harmony at Versailles.—Harmony? Of ourse there will be harmony at that Peace onference. It will go something like this:

Chairman—" It has been thought best o fix the indemnity that Germany shall ay at one hundred billion dollars? Are here any objections? "

Three or Four Frenzied Voices—' *Mein Gott*, yes! It is an outrage, an—"

Chairman—" There being no objection, he secretary will cast one vote for the proposition and it will be so ordered." . . . . . .

" Now we come to the matter of terriorial adjustments. We boys have sort f talked it over and we think it would be bout right if we took all of Germany as ar as the Elbe, including, of course, the ity of Hamburg and the port of Cuxhaven. s there anybody opposed? "

Agonized Guttural Voices—" Yes! *ott in Himmel*, yes!! Listen—"

Chairman—" If not, we shall regard he matter as settled and the secretary will ake a note of it so that it may be included ater in the treaty. . . . . . .

" Now, gentlemen, what is your pleasure n regard to punishing all the German prison commanders who mistreated Allied oldiers under their charge? There seems to be quite a strong feeling among the delegates that they should be hanged. What say you—does anybody object? "

Chorus of Despairing Voices—" *Ach, Himmel*, yes! We object! We demand—"

Chairman—" Since no one objects, it is so ordered. The money for the rope may be taken from the contingent fund. And now, gentlemen, a motion to adjourn is in order. But first I wish to congratulate you on the wonderful harmony which has prevailed during this session and which, I am sure, will continue throughout the Conference. It is a real privilege to preside over a body of men whose thoughts and aims are in such perfect agreement."
—*Syracuse Herald.*

CURRENT EVENTS

PEACE PRELIMINARIES

December 31.—President Wilson returns to Paris "exceedingly pleased with his reception and the conference he had in England." In an authorized statement he expresses "great satisfaction at finding how closely the purpose and feeling of the people of Great Britain correspond with the purpose and feeling of the people of the United States."

In a New Year's greeting to the United States, President Poincaré says France is very grateful to the American people for the "great part they have taken in the struggle for right and freedom," and that the present "most intimate ties and relations will remain indissoluble, even after the war." Use of this friendship will now be made "for settling in full accord with England and Italy and the other nations which fought at our side a just and lasting peace which shall repair injury and spoliation and prevent any offensive return on the part of the Powers of conquest and domination."

Another Paris dispatch reports the United States delegates to the Peace Conference giving special consideration to the spread of Bolshevism in Europe.

In a statement to the Associated Press Alexandre Ribot, former French Premier and Minister of Finance, declares that, in the accounting, sacrifices and losses of man-power must figure along with outlays in money and damages sustained. The indemnity Germany must pay, however, "ought to be limited to a sum that may be wiped out, principal and interest, in a limited number of years."

Shortly after his arrival in New York with twenty-four members of the Japanese Peace Commission, Baron Nokabi Makino issued a statement in which he said that, "in principle and on broad grounds, Japan is in full and hearty accord with the Allied governments on the subject of a just and lasting peace."

In a New Year's message to America Pope Benedict expresses the hope that the Peace Conference may result in a new world order, with a league of nations, the abolition of conscription, and the establishment of tribunals to adjust international disputes.

January 1.—Paris reports President Wilson *en route* to Rome, where he will be the guest of King Victor Emmanuel. During his stay in the Italian capital he will visit the Pope and the Methodist College.

An authorized Associated Press dispatch from Paris states that France plans to assume the guidance of the destinies of Armenia, Syria, and Lebanon in conformity with treaties signed with Great Britain and Russia in 1915, if the Peace Conference does not rule otherwise.

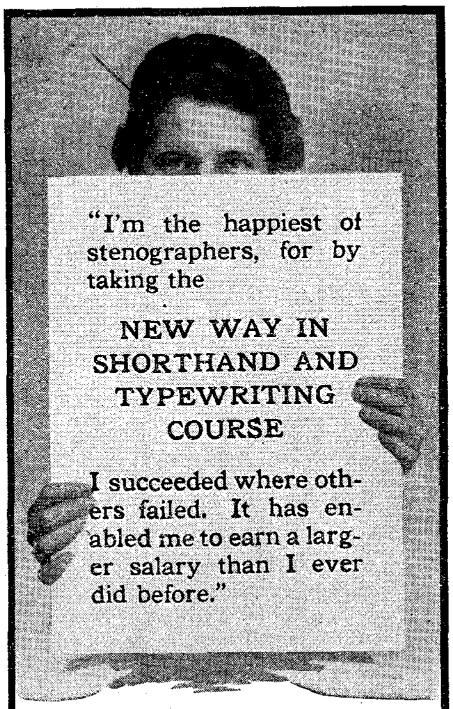
Commissioner Hoover cables from Paris that, owing to the complete destruction wrought by the German Army, the work of relief and rehabilitation in northern France will be much heavier than expected and will include not only food and clothing, but housing over a considerable area.

January 2.—President Wilson's journey from the Italian frontier toward Rome is "like a triumphant procession," state the cable dispatches.

Senator Lewis, of Illinois, in an address to the Senate, charges Senators Lodge and Knox with opposing the League of Nations and endeavoring to make President Wilson appear ridiculous merely to gain political support for their own Presidential aspirations.

Senator Johnson, of California, protests against further shedding of American blood in Russia.

The Vienna *Fremdenblatt*, states a Geneva



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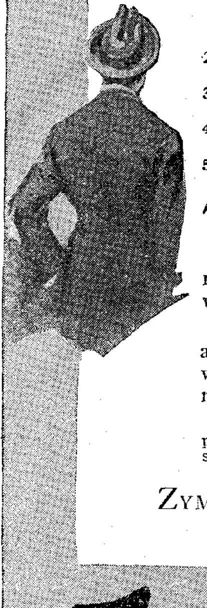


First Prize, $150, Corp. Thos. J. Kelly, A. E. F., France

Yer canteen's got to last all day when ye're pushin' back the Hun
The roads are chokin' full o' dust an' th' column's on the run
Ye're hoarse wid yellin' orders an' yer throat is kinda smoky
Just open up yer feeder an' "inhale" a Zymole Trokey.

Other Prize Winners Are

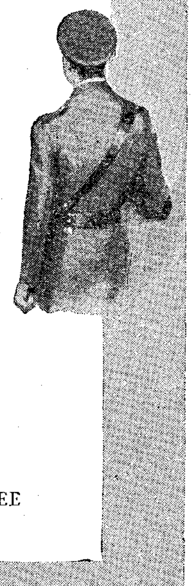
2. *Mrs. Orson Lowell, New Rochelle, N. Y.*
3. *Harcourt Farmer, Montreal, Canada*
4. *C. S. Garrison, Indianapolis, Indiana*
5. *J. Bell, San Francisco, Cal.*
6. *R. W. Jones, Ontario, Ore.*
7. *W. S. Gidley, Springfield, Massachusetts*
8. *H. R. Mygatt, New York City*
9. *Sgt. M. L. Tippmann, Atlantic City, New Jersey*

THE success of the Zymole Trokey Jingle Contest which closed Dec. 15, 1918, exceeded all expectations. The many thousands of jingles received made a more difficult task for the judges than was anticipated.

We take this opportunity to extend our thanks to all who contributed. A little booklet containing the winning jingles is being published and will be sent on request.

Zymole Trokeys are not cough drops, but mildly antiseptic throat pastilles of real worth—especially valuable for singers, speakers, smokers and all exposed to the weather or subject to vocal strain.

ZYMOLE TROKEY JINGLE CONTEST COMMITTEE
DETROIT, MICHIGAN



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For Husky Throats

What 15c will bring You from the Nation's Capital

Washington, the home of the Pathfinder, is the nerve-center of civilization; history is being made at this world capital. The Pathfinder's illustrated weekly review gives you a clear, impartial and correct diagnosis of public affairs during these strenuous, epoch-making days.

The little matter of **15c** in stamps or coin will bring you the Pathfinder **13** weeks on trial. The Pathfinder is an illustrated weekly, published at the Nation's center for the Nation; a paper that prints all the news of the world and tells the truth and only the truth; now in its **26th** year. This paper fills the bill without emptying the purse; it costs but $1 a year. If you want to keep posted on what is going on in the world, at the least expense of time or money, this is your means. If you want a paper in your home which is sincere, reliable, entertaining, wholesome, the Pathfinder is yours. If you would appreciate a paper which puts everything clearly, fairly, briefly—here it is. Send **15c** to show that you might like such a paper, and we will send the Pathfinder on probation 13 weeks. The 15c does not repay us, but we are glad to invest in new friends. **The Pathfinder, Box 56, Washington, D. C.**

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During
and After

INFLUENZA

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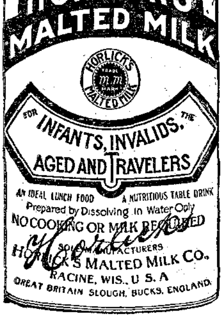
Round Package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Thus Avoiding Imitations

dispatch, publishes a note transmitted verbally to the diplomatic corps in Vienna by the German-Austrian Government, expressing hope that the existence and liberty of the independent state of German Austria will be recognized by the civilized world and a place assured it in the society of nations

January 3.—On his arrival in Rome, President Wilson is received at the station by King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helena, members of the Government, and representatives of the local authorities, and an immense crowd give him an enthusiastic welcome

In an address at a reception in the Parliament House, President Wilson declares that the Balkan States must be independent. It is the task of the Peace Conference at Paris, he says, to organize the friendship of the world and set up an international psychology, and he reiterated his declaration against the "balance-of-power" principle.

Denying the accusation of Senator Lewis, that he and other Republican leaders are "sabotaging" the diplomatic work of President Wilson abroad, Senator Lodge describes the situation in Europe as acute and says day by day the chance of making the necessary kind of peace with Germany grows more difficult.

Destruction of all capital war-ships surrendered by Germany to the Allies is recommended to the House Committee on Naval Affairs by Rear-Admiral Rodman.

A dispatch from Paris states that President Wilson has named Herbert C. Hoover director-general of an international organization for the relief of liberated countries, both neutral and enemy

Secretary of War Baker tells the House Military Committee that no definite project for a permanent military establishment will be presented to Congress until the Peace Conference concludes its work. Since the armistice was signed 700,000 men have been discharged from the Army, and a million more will be discharged within the next five weeks.

The Rome correspondent of the Associated Press reports President Wilson crowding into the daylight hours a multiplicity of activities, including a call upon Pope Benedict and a visit to the American Episcopal Church. The interview with the Pope lasted half an hour, during which the problems of the day and the general questions of treaties were discust. In an address before the Royal Academy of Science, which made him a member, he said it was a matter of profound regret and shame among all men of science that "science should, in a nation which has made science its boast, have been put to such dishonorable uses in the recent war." The President started on his return journey to Paris in the evening

On cabled instructions from President Wilson, Secretary Glass presents to Congress a request for an immediate appropriation of $100,000,000 to supply food to the liberated peoples of Austria, Turkey, Poland, and western Russia.

A cable to the New York *Tribune* says the delay in the meeting of the Peace Conference and in announcing the policy toward Russia and Germany and for revictualling Europe is irritating England "to the highest degree."

London receives evidence that, in spite of the terms of the armistice, the Turkish armies, in withdrawing from invaded territories, have continued to commit outrages on the Armenians. At one place the bodies of sixty women and children were found.

January 5.—Great crowds greet President Wilson in Genoa, where he makes a brief stop before starting for Milan on his return trip to Paris.

It is announced that the United States

Preparing America to Rebuild the World

NOW that Liberty has triumphed; now that the forces of Right have begun their reconstruction of humanity's morals; the world faces a material task of equal magnitude.

In this task American muscle and brain, and the products of American mines and forests, are already playing a leading part.

American industry, which responded so promptly and so effectively to the sudden demands of war, is rallying to the greater demands of Peace.

The call which now comes to every citizen of the United States is a call to produce, to expand, to develop, to lead the way in the rebuilding of the world.

American shipbuilders are planning a world-reaching American marine; American railroad builders are laying trunk lines on the other side of the earth; American motor vehicles are setting world standards of luxury and efficient transportation; American farmers plant that women and children in countries beyond the sea may be fed. And hundreds of new industries are springing up, with men of wide vision at their head, in answer to this same call for American leadership.

Nor is this urge in any way limited to our larger organizations. The demand for efficiency in plants of all sizes and kinds is the same demand which calls upon the civilized world for its supreme efforts in these days of restoration.

Fenestra Solid Steel Windows typify the spirit and need of these brighter days. Owing their existence to a call for increased manufacturing efficiency before war wrecked the world, their place, permanency and opportunities are now fixed by a condition that bids for every possible degree of effort and equipment of the most superior type.

Fenestra Solid Steel Windows in commercial structures of every sort, bringing daylight and fresh air and wholesome conditions to the armies of American workers, will help to increase the output and quality of our textiles and machinery, of our foodstuffs and clothing, our cars and trucks and tractors and implements of every description.

In this way will they contribute to the magnificent accomplishments of Peace. In this way, by serving American labor, will they contribute to the most glorious undertaking that men have ever faced — the Rebuilding of the World.

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is the patriotic duty of every American Woman

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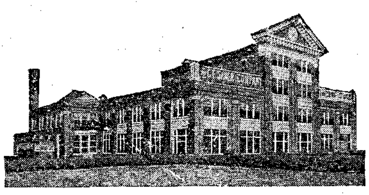

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Write to Mr. A. L. Rice, Manufacturer, 124 North Street, Adams, N. Y., and he will send you a free trial package, also color card and full information showing you how you can save a good many dollars. Write today. Advt.

War Department purposes to place special agents on board all returning transports to combat anti-British propaganda among American soldiers.

Influential British newspapers, regardless of politics, are making a strong demand for the prompt meeting of the Peace Conference and early action to stem the tide of chaos in Germany due to Bolshevik influences.

January 6.—The Associated Press reports President Wilson winding up his visit to Italy by a tour of Turin, where the greetings were as tumultuous and hearty as at Genoa and Milan. A Paris dispatch says he will leave Europe about February 12, to attend the closing sessions of the present Congress, and return to France after March 4, for the later sittings of the Peace Conference.

London reports that the movement of the South-African Nationalists for separate representation at the Peace Conference has been discouraged by the British Government.

The United States has not indicated how it will stand toward the treaty between Italy and France, Great Britain, and Russia, relative to the eastern coast of the Adriatic, says a message from Paris.

Washington reports the House Appropriations Committee approving by a "very close" vote the request of President Wilson for an appropriation of $100,000,000 for relief-work in Europe outside of Germany.

January 8.—President Wilson arrives in Paris somewhat exhausted, reports the Associated Press, by his continuous round of receptions, banquets, and speeches.

The London correspondent of the New York *Tribune* cables that the Allied nations are shocked by Secretary Daniels's program, the "greatest navy" project spoiling the good effects of the President's visit to England, where the Secretary's tactics are likened to those of Germany.

Many of the details of the armistice, especially those relating to the surrender of guns and airplanes, have not been entirely complied with by Germany, states a Paris dispatch, and a request for further delay for meeting the terms will receive a cold reception by the inter-Allied command.

THE CENTRAL POWERS

December 31.—Berlin advices via London state that a general Bolshevik revolt broke out in Silesia, southeastern Germany, December 28, resulting in the establishment of a Bolshevik republic.

Warsaw reports forty-seven persons killed in the streets in consequence of clashes between troops and revolutionists. The Bolsheviki are advancing rapidly toward Vilna, and Poland is preparing for a military campaign along her entire Russian frontier.

The *Vorwärts*, of Berlin reports the Poles masters of Posen (German Poland), and that the Soldiers and Workmen's Councils at Wreschen and Zloslaw have proclaimed their annexation to Poland.

The London *Mail* receives a Berlin dispatch stating that Field-Marshal von Hindenburg has telegraphed to German industrial magnates saying he would support British occupation of Berlin.

A Copenhagen message states that the Congress of the Spartacus group, which is in session in Berlin, has adopted a resolution declaring that "no honorable proletariat must have anything to do with the Independent Socialists."

Every one in Munich, irrespective of party, states a New York *Tribune* cable, is urging that Kurt Eisner, the Bavarian Prime Minister, go to Berlin

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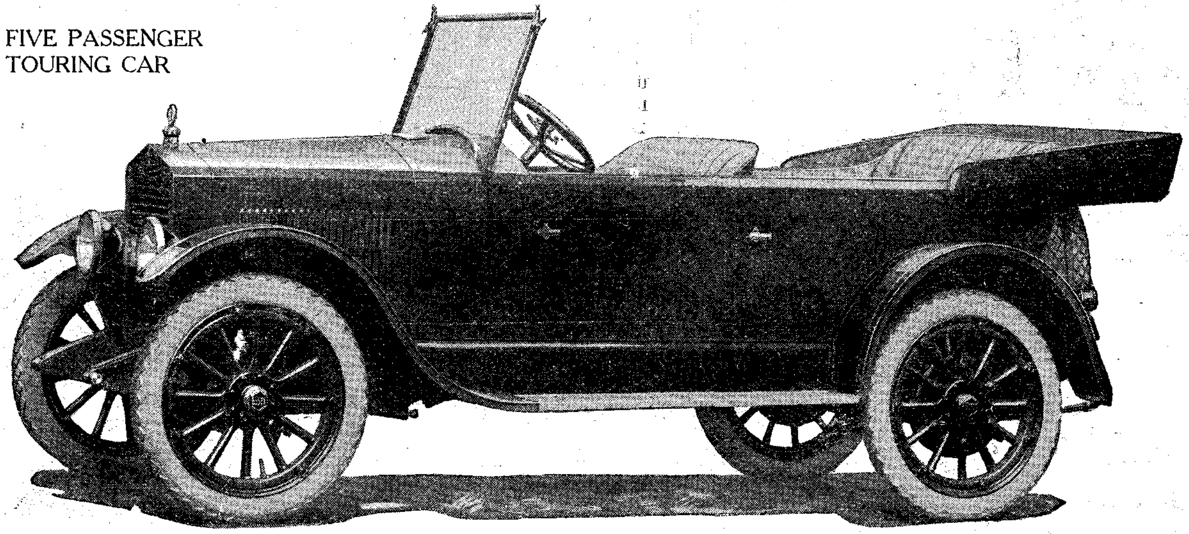

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1

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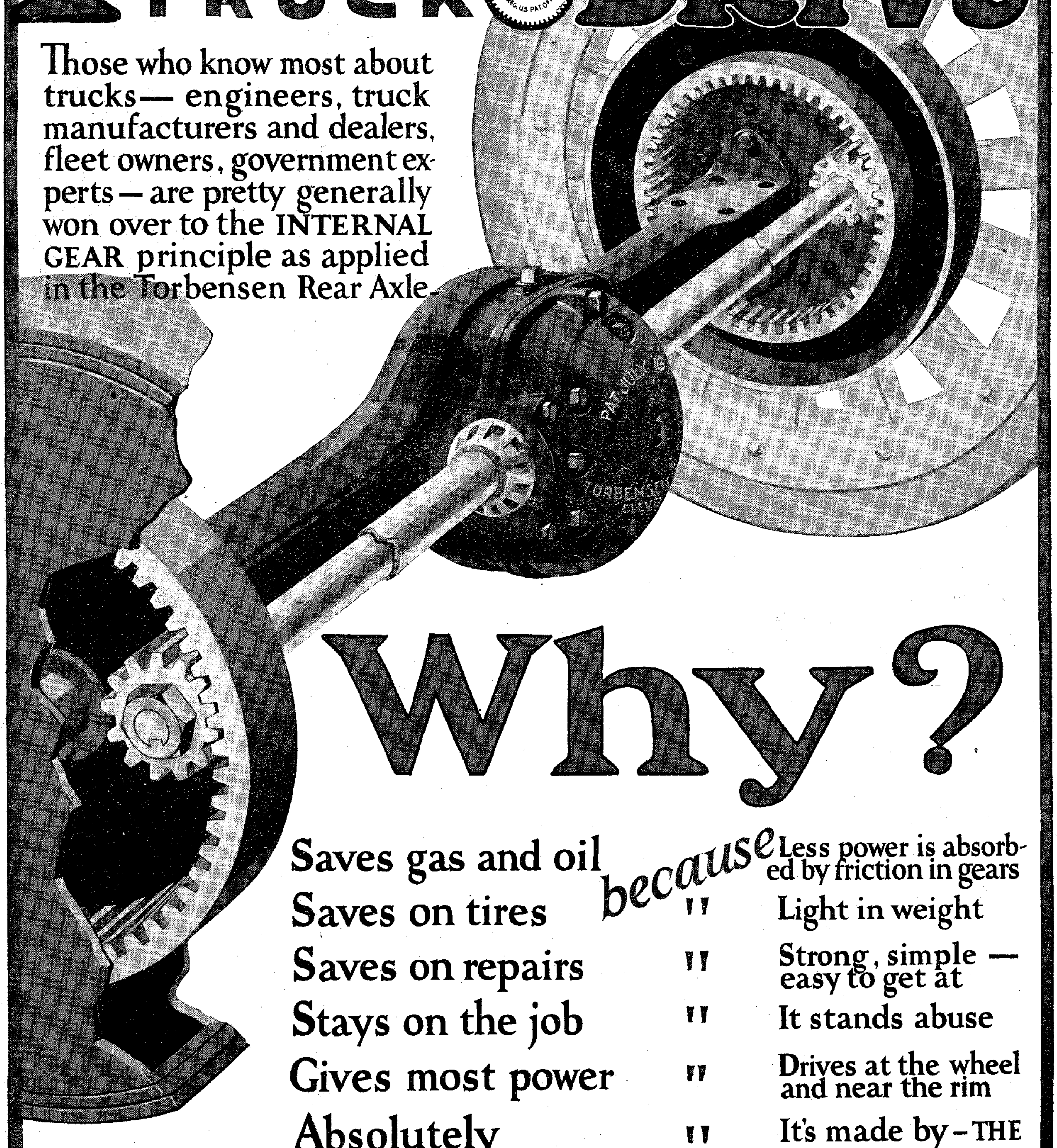

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Saves gas and oil	because	Less power is absorbed by friction in gears
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Absolutely Dependable	"	It's made by—THE TORBENSEN AXLE CO. CLEVELAND, OHIO

Largest Builder in the World *of* Rear Axles for Motor Trucks and use his power to restore order. Seventeen prominent men, including one non-Bavarian duke, cables the Associated Press correspondent, have been arrested for plotting against the Government.

January 1.—Berlin advices aver that Premier Ebert and Foreign Secretary Scheidemann issued a proclamation announcing the program of the newly reconstructed ministry, which includes the creation of a militia force, the disarming of persons not entitled to carry weapons, the attainment of peace as speedily as possible, and the dispatch abroad, as representatives of the German republic, of "new men filled with the new spirit."

The new bill for Germany's legislative organizations, according to a semi-official message from Berlin, via Copenhagen, provides for a People's House and a State House, the members of the latter to be appointed by the parliaments of the federated states. The continuance of Prussia in its present form is impossible, the bill declares, because Prussia has abandoned its historic past.

Basel receives a dispatch stating that German authorities in German Poland have declared Posen under martial law.

Damage to the Imperial palace in Berlin by theft or vandalism during the recent outbreaks is estimated to exceed $1,500,000, states an Associated Press dispatch from that city.

January 2.—Copenhagen hears that a Polish army of 30,000 men is marching on Berlin. A Geneva dispatch states that, according to the Polish agency at Lausanne, the object is "a tearing raid into Germany."

Berlin reports 3,000 members of the newly organized Christian People's party marching to the Ministry of Religion and Education and making a vehement protest against the administration of Adolf Hoffmann, Independent Socialist, on account of his attempted legislation opposing religious liberty in parochial schools.

The London *Express* quotes a statement made by one of the new members of the Ebert Government that the demobilization of the German Army is proceeding more rapidly than was at first believed possible. Up to date 1,000,000 soldiers have been demobilized.

During the street celebration attending the arrival of Paderewski in Warsaw, says an Associated Press dispatch, the balcony of a house collapsed and twenty-five persons were killed.

The Paris *Temps* gets a telegram from Zurich stating that 2,000 French soldiers have entered Budapest, the Hungarian capital.

January 3.—A dispatch from Basel quotes the *Nachrichten*, of Frankfort, reporting several German army corps concentrated on the border between Posen and Prussia. It is added that Germany has decided to defend her rights to the province of Posen.

Berlin advices via Copenhagen say Posen is completely in the hands of the Poles and that the German national monuments have been overturned after violent fighting.

Warsaw reports the Polish Premier declaring himself in favor of the creation of an international port at Danzig.

Rosika Schwimmer, the only official woman diplomat in the world, has arrived at Bern and taken up her duties as the Hungarian Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to Switzerland.

January 4.—Dispatches to Berlin newspapers state that a Polish invasion is feared in the coal-mining region of Upper Silesia. The Poles have captured the railway junction of Nakel and are threatening Schneidemühl and Beutscher. In southern Posen they have taken Skalmiezvse, Mogilno, and Znin.

Count Georg F. von Hertling, former Imperial German Chancellor, dies at Ruhpolding, Bavaria, after an illness of six days.

Basel reports that the American destroyers *Wickes* and *Aylwin* have entered the port of Danzig. Paris dispatches say their mission is to take away Americans affected by the disturbed conditions.

January 5.—Representatives of all the Jugo-Slavs have formed a new government at Belgrade, states a dispatch from Paris, and the Entente Powers and neutral governments have been informed that the Kingdom of Servia is now the United Servian-Croatian-Slovene Kingdom.

Eighty-eight German cannon, surrendered under the armistice terms, are rejected by the United States receiving commission, states a Coblenz dispatch, because they were old models and did not meet the requirements.

Rights of citizenship have been granted by Roumania to all Jews born in that country, according to a Paris dispatch.

Berlin reports the Bolshevik Commissary, Karl Radek, in the city inflaming the Spartacides and preaching the overthrow of Ebert and a reign of ruin.

January 6.—A German official statement received in London says that, owing to the advance of the Bolsheviki, "Germany, faced with the necessity, not for the purpose of pleasing the Entente, but of protecting her own interests, must intervene energetically by taking diplomatic and military measures."

Amsterdam learns that the Spartacus group has attempted to seize the reins of power in Berlin. Operations of the Wolff Bureau have been stopt and several newspaper offices closed.

Warsaw reports General Piludski preventing an attempt of Conservatives and Liberals to gain control of the Government. Paderewski pleads for Allied help to stem Bolshevism.

January 7.—Civil war is reported in Berlin. The Spartacus group has captured the arsenal and post-office and distributed arms among its followers, says the Associated Press, and street battles continue. The Government has issued a proclamation instructing the troops to defend it.

Copenhagen hears through a Munich correspondent that Berlin is in a complete state of anarchy. All the banks are barricaded, the Radicals have seized public buildings, and hundreds of persons are fleeing from the city.

The Polish News Agency states that the Polish Government has informed the Germans, who have been refused a free passage through Poland for troops returning from the Ukraine, that any attempt to force a passage will be considered an act of war.

RUSSIAN AFFAIRS

December 31.—Constantinople reports a volunteer army and French force advancing from Roumania through Bessarabia toward Kief. Allied forces now control the Black Sea coast and the British have occupied Batum.

A Russian wireless received in London states that Bolshevik forces have captured two villages in the region of Reval.

Reports at the War Department in Washington do not bear out the statement of Senator Townsend, of Michigan, that the United States forces in Archangel were outnumbered fifteen to one, Secretary Baker declares. But he was not prepared to deny the assertion that influenza was prevalent in Archangel.

January 1.—Americans, Russians, and

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a stiff brush that sweeps floors rugs and carpets like a broom

The permanent flare prevents marring the furniture. Easier to use and more effective than a broom. The most economical sweep for home, store, hotel, restaurant and hospital.

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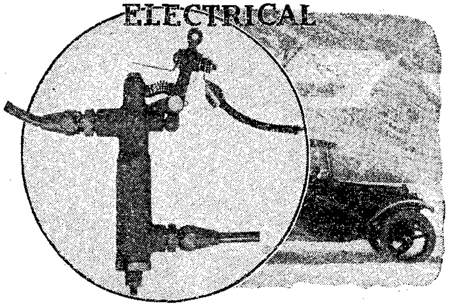

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And now this new Barrington Hall, prepared instantly, in the cup, with hot or cold water, is being shipped to all parts of America. Until your grocer receives his shipment of this remarkable coffee, we will mail a standard size jar to any one sending 40c in coin or stamps. Ask the boys who used it "over there"!

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Poles routed the Bolsheviki and captured a dozen villages along the road bordering the Onega River after an all-day battle, December 29, Archangel reports.

A Russian wireless received in London announces that the Bolsheviki have captured Ufa, capital of the non-Bolshevik Government in the area west of the Ural Mountains.

Riga is panic-stricken over the advance of Bolshevik forces, which are only eighteen miles away, according to advices from Berlin via Copenhagen.

January 2.—A delayed Associated Press message reports that Czecho-Slovak and Siberian forces have captured Perm, in the Ural Mountains, and virtually destroyed the Bolshevik third army, from which 31,000 prisoners were taken.

Owing to the advance of superior forces of Bolsheviki, says a Berlin dispatch via Copenhagen, the German troops have been compelled to evacuate Riga.

January 3.—Official advices from Omsk to the Russian Embassy at Washington report the anti-Bolshevik forces in a fair way of breaking through the Bolshevik army and establishing contact with the Allied and Russian forces operating from Archangel.

Copenhagen gets a report from Berlin that 10,000 German volunteers are on their way to the Baltic provinces well supplied with war-materials. The German troops which were recently forced to evacuate Riga have retreated and are occupying heights a few miles from that city.

January 4.—Washington receives an official report that the total deaths from all causes in the Archangel region up to November 25 were eighty-six. Of this number sixty-five died of disease.

Fighting about the village of Kadish, which was recaptured by the American forces December 30, is continuing, states a message from Archangel, the battle being "largely a question of endurance in the arctic weather."

The Japanese War Office announced on December 27 that 24,000 Japanese troops will be withdrawn from Siberia, states a Tokyo dispatch to the London *Express*.

An Exchange Telegraph message from Copenhagen says the Town Council of Petrograd has decided that all unmarried women between the ages of eighteen and forty-five shall be provided with husbands selected by the council.

January 5.—A wireless received at Copenhagen from Russian Bolshevik headquarters reports Riga in the hands of Lithuanian *Soviet* troops.

Associated Press advices from the Allied Army of the Dvina note evidence accumulating that the Bolsheviki are mutilating Allied wounded and dead.

January 6.—Scores of cities, towns, and estates are being destroyed by the Bolsheviki, states a Warsaw dispatch, and tortures of the Dark Ages are being added to the customary horrors of guerrilla warfare.

January 7.—A Russian wireless to London states that the Bosheviki are marching on Reval, that Riga was captured January 4, and Lithuanian troops have occupied Podbrodzie, thirty miles northeast of Vilna.

Secretary Baker issues a paraphrase of a cable from the military intelligence attaché at Archangel which states that the general health of the American troops in north Russia is excellent and that the total deaths from all causes were six officers and 126 enlisted men.

It is announced in London that the British Government has no intention of sending more troops to Russia and that those now in Russia are being brought back as quickly as possible.

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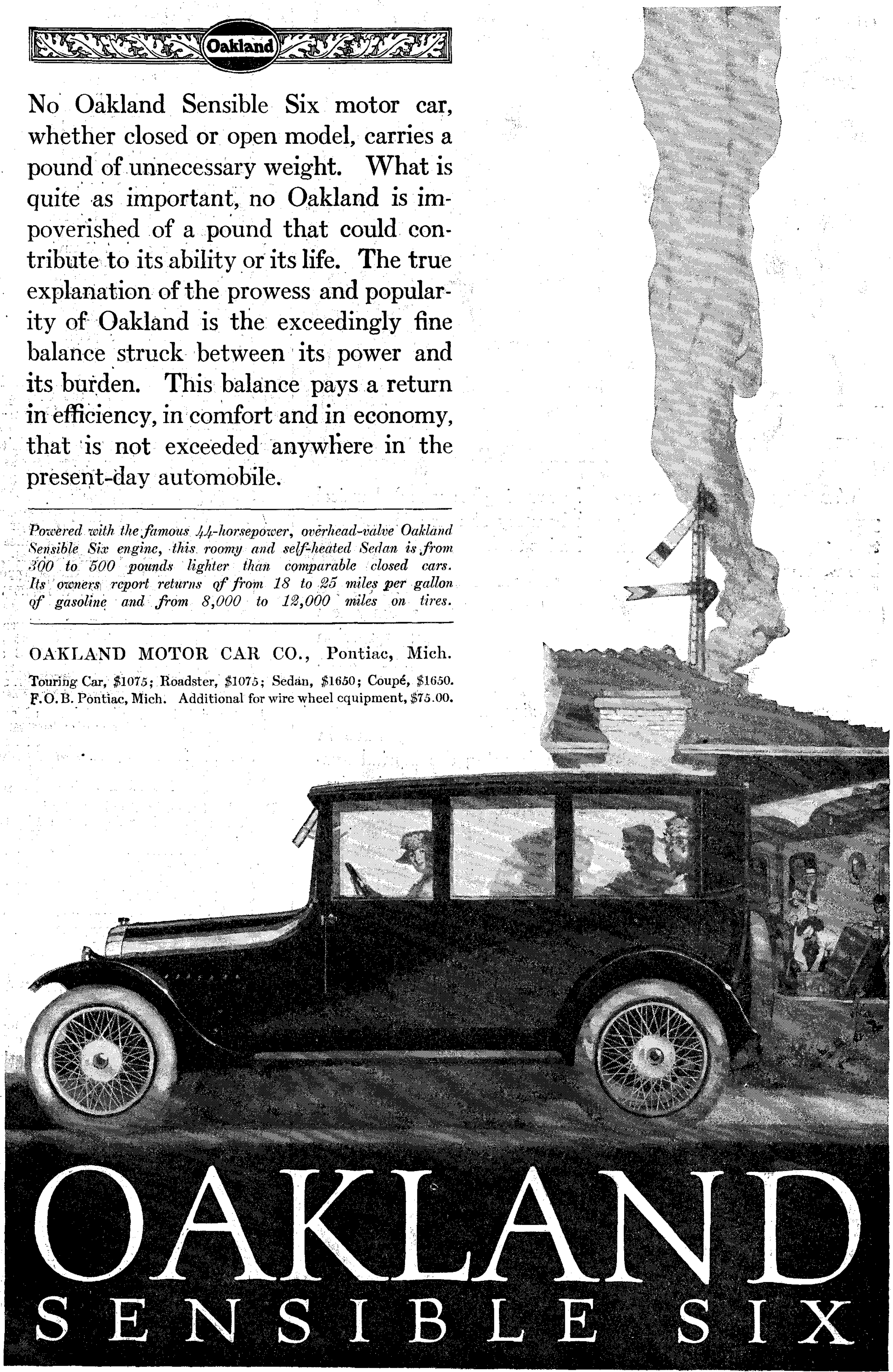
Touring Car, $1075; Roadster, $1075; Sedan, $1650; Coupé, $1650. F.O.B. Pontiac, Mich. Additional for wire wheel equipment, $75.00.



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War gave woman her supreme and glorious opportunity to enlarge her field of service. She won her share of the laurels for patriotic achievement.

With exalted aim and unflagging zeal she figured in practically every activity that made for victory and the relief of distress. She plied the needles that fashioned comforts for our soldiers. She ministered to the wounded. She labored unceasingly in canteen work.

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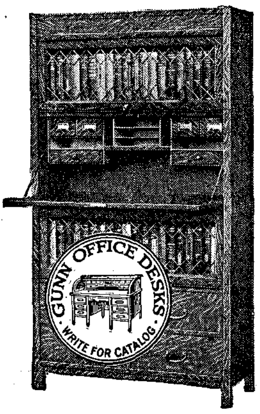


FOREIGN

December 31.—Rome announces officially that Italian losses on all fronts during the war totaled 460,000 dead, 947,000 wounded, and 500,000 totally incapacitated by wounds and disease.

January 1.—Two hundred and seventy sailors are drowned in the loss of the British steam yacht *Iolaire* off Stornoway, Scotland. The yacht had 300 on New Year's holiday leave on board.

January 3.—Flying a British airplane at Ipswich, Captain Lang establishes a new altitude record by reaching a height of 30,500 feet.

Demonstrations against Peruvians continue in Chile, state reports received at Lima, and steamships are arriving at Mollendo and Callao with many Peruvian refugees.

Prominent Englishmen present Premier Lloyd George with a petition for the release of 1,500 conscientious objectors now in prison.

A total of 220,182 casualties, with 60,383 dead, were suffered by the Canadian overseas forces, according to a list issued in Ottawa.

January 4.—Brussels reports the Belgian Minister of Justice announcing that all foreigners of enemy origin who had relations with Germany during the war will be expelled from Belgium.

A Belgrade dispatch to the Paris *Temps* says Servia's financial war-losses total $399,400,000.

Cairo wires an official computation that 41,000 persons died in Egypt, outside Cairo and Alexandria, as a result of the influenza epidemic.

January 5.—The London *Sunday Observer* reports the total shipping output of the United Kingdom during 1918 as 1,878,411 tons and 4,349,260 horsepower. This includes naval and mercantile vessels.

An Associated Press dispatch says Hamburg seamen are demanding the same wages as ships' captains, other officers, and machinists are paid.

DOMESTIC

December 31.—The Brooklyn Rapid Transit is adjudged bankrupt and Lindley M. Garrison, former Secretary of War, appointed receiver.

Exploding shrapnel bombs, supposed to have been planted by members of an organized Bolshevik terrorist movement with country-wide ramifications, partly destroy the homes of a supreme court justice, the assistant Chief of Police, and the president of the Chamber of Commerce, and do damage to other adjoining property late on the night of December 30, in Philadelphia.

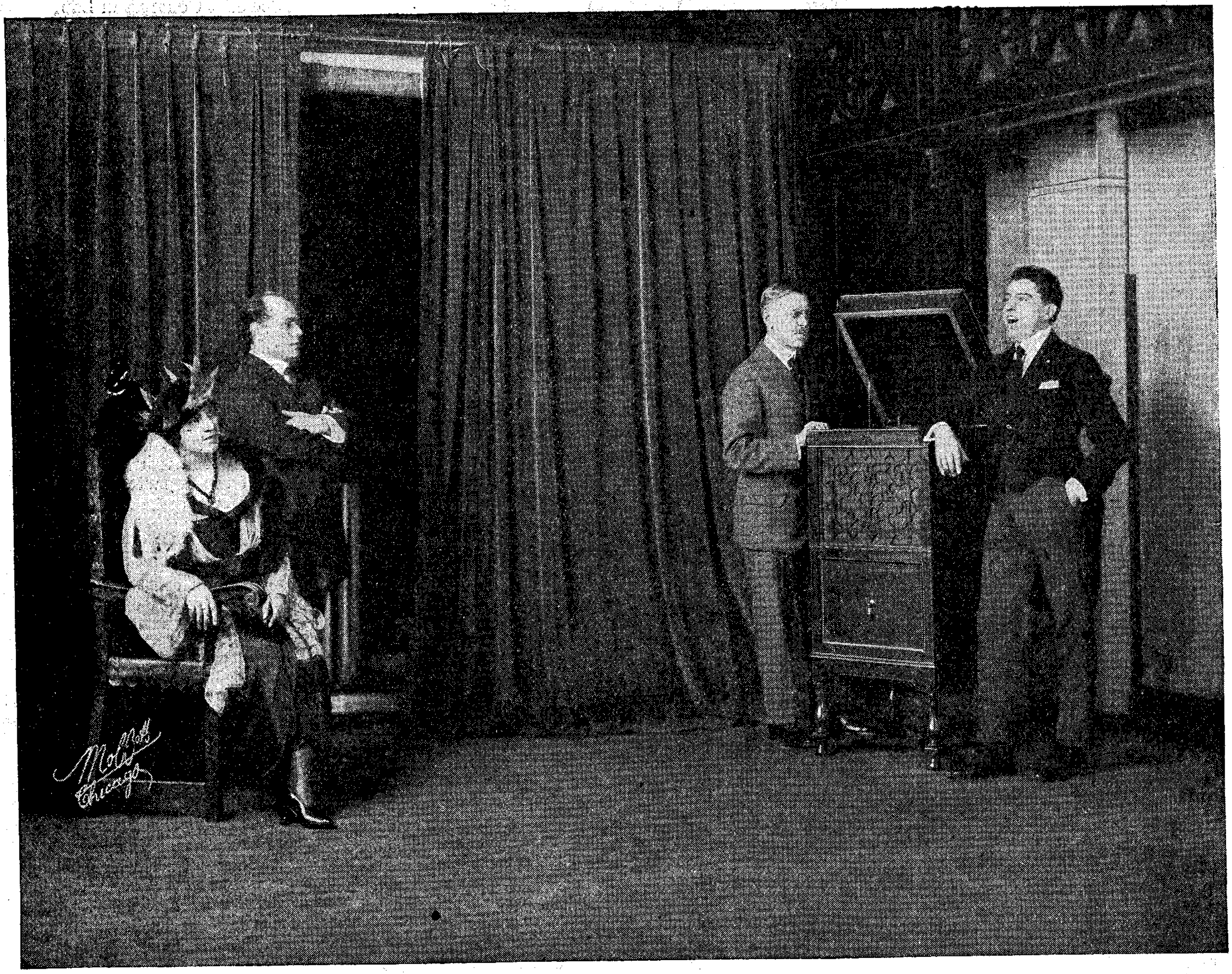
The liquidator for the Alien Property Custodian reports $800,000 of the stock of the Cologne Insurance Company turned over to him. An investigation showed that a number of enemy-owned insurance concerns have sought to conceal their identity by posing as neutral or American companies.

It cost the American people about $18,160,000,000 to run our War Department and make loans to Allies in the year ended to-day, according to Treasury computations.

Chairman Lever, of the House Agriculture Committee, announces that he will introduce a bill authorizing the Government to buy all of the 1919 grain crop and "sell it at the world price, whatever that may be."

Increase in the lending power of Federal land banks and the grant of authority to them to write insurance on farm property are advocated by the Farm Loan Board in its annual report to Congress.

January 1.—The State Department an-



CHICAGO OPERA STARS HEAR CICCOLINI TEST EDISON'S $3,000,000.00 PHONOGRAPH

GUIDO CICCOLINI scored a great triumph as Alfredo in "Traviata" at the opening performance of the Chicago Opera season. Scarcely less happy than he, over his success, were Carolina Lazzari, leading contralto, and Virgilio Lazzari, the brilliant basso, of the world famed Chicago Opera Association. To them, on the following day, Ciccolini said: "Last night two thousand people heard me on the stage of the Auditorium. Every day two hundred thousand hear me on the New Edison. It is the same voice—listen and tell me if you observe even the slightest difference."

As shown in the photograph, Ciccolini stood beside the New Edison and sang for his friends in comparison with its RE-CREATION of his voice. Their critical ears could discover no quality in Ciccolini's wonderful voice that was not also present in the RE-CREATION.

Similar tests have been made by thirty different artists before audiences aggregating two million people. The results of these astounding comparisons are described in the news columns of America's principal newspapers. May we send you the booklet "What the Critics Say"?

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"The Phonograph with a Soul"

He did this so that you may have in your own home all the ear can give you of the art of the world's greatest artists. You owe it to the music loving side of your nature to hear this wonderful instrument.

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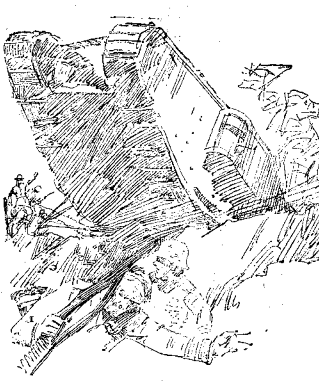

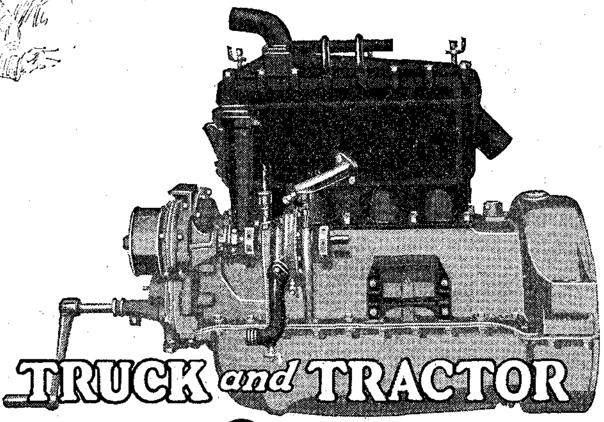

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nounces that it will not refuse passports to American delegates to the International Socialist Congress in Lausanne, Switzerland, provided the applicants are men with clear records.

Five suffragists are arrested for taking part in riotous scenes in front of the White House.

Distinguishing features of the first meeting of the New York legislature are the introduction of a bill prohibiting the display of the Red Flag and the resumption of the fight between the "wets" and the "drys." In his message Governor Smith declares himself in favor of submitting the proposed Federal Constitutional amendment to a vote of the people.

George I. Skinner, New York State Superintendent of Banks, states in his annual report that during the past year it was not found necessary to close and liquidate the affairs of a single corporation or individual under his supervision. The total resources of all the institutions and individuals under the supervision of the department amount to $6,586,607,026.

To keep the United States Navy "fit and on its toes," Secretary Daniels tells the House Naval Committee, two great fleets, one based on the Pacific and the other on the Atlantic coast, will be established by next summer, with war-games and joint maneuvers as part of a regular program of training.

January 2.—Three hundred and eighty-nine men and nurses are rescued from the United States steamship *Northern Pacific*, which stranded at Fire Island, N. Y., during a fog on January 1.

An investigation of the seizure of the telegraph, telephone, and cable lines by the Postmaster-General is proposed by a resolution introduced by Senator Kellogg, of Minnesota. The proposed inquiry would also take up the question of future policy of control, encouragement, and expansion of those systems by the Government.

Postal-Telegraph officials announce that they will vigorously contest in the courts the threatened consolidation of the offices of their company with those of the Western Union.

Resolutions embodying a plan for the transfer of the big emergency shipping fleet to private ownership are adopted by the New York Chamber of Commerce.

Incomplete reports from the large life-insurance companies show claims totaling $52,408,000 on the lives of 120,000 persons who died of influenza or pneumonia during the recent epidemic.

January 3.—Two thousand and two hundred wounded soldiers are safely removed from the stranded transport *Northern Pacific*.

Director-General McAdoo defends, before the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee, his proposal that Federal control of the railroads be extended to a period of five years.

Secretary Glass states that the Treasury Department paid $2,060,000,000 cash for war-bills during December. For the last six months of the year payments aggregated $10,632,000,000, excluding transactions in the principal of the public debt.

Reductions of from 25 to 30 per cent. in existing freight-rates from Atlantic ports to South America, Asia, Japan, Australia, and Africa, effective for January and February loadings, are announced by the Shipping Board.

A brief, filed in the United States District Court in New York, charges that the cables of the Commercial Cable and Commercial Pacific Cable companies were seized contrary to law by the Postmaster-General for ulterior purposes and not for the furthering of national security or defense.

THERE is a definite reason why the Hupmobile has always had such a wonderful hold on its owners. It actually *does* possess qualities *not usual* in four-cylinder cars. The fact is admitted, even by exponents of the multi-cylinder type, who cannot quite understand how *The Comfort Car* gets these results out of four cylinders. They are naturally interested in the intense loyalty of Hupmobile owners. And so, there is a strong tendency, now, to try to return to the four-cylinder principle. Of course, the Hupmobile has reached its present state of development only by eleven years of studious application.

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THE HOMILETIC REVIEW

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Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York

The War Department reports to Congress that appropriations necessary to pay for private property destroyed by the explosions last October at the Gillespie shell-loading plant in New Jersey will approximate $3,658,000.

After being closed to the public for nearly two years on account of the war, the White House is reopened to visitors.

Washington receives copies of resolutions adopted by Colombia business men favoring a better understanding between the two nations and urging approval of the long-pending treaty providing for the payment of $25,000,000 indemnity to Colombia for the partition of Panama.

January 4.—The Army Railway Traffic Service announces that for the next six months about 50,000 tons daily of army supplies will be shipped overseas from the port of New York.

Three hundred and fifty wounded soldiers are taken off the stranded *Northern Pacific*. The crew of 275 remains on board until everything movable is lightered on to scows.

January 5.—Organized labor in New York State is called to meet in convention at Albany, January 16, to consider the various problems of reconstruction and outline plans for safeguarding the interests of workers.

Census Bureau statistics show that the death-rate in New York City last year was 18.8 a thousand, as compared with 15.2 for 1917. Baltimore, with 26.8, and Nashville with 26.4 a thousand, had the highest rates of the registration cities, while St. Paul, with 13.9, and Minneapolis and Grand Rapids with 14 each, had the lowest death-rate for the year.

January 6.—Theodore Roosevelt, twenty-sixth President of the United States, dies while asleep at his home in Oyster Bay. The whole country mourns, both Houses of Congress adjourn, and thousands of telegrams of regret and condolence pour in from prominent Americans and European statesmen and governors of States. The Havana City Council makes an appropriation of $25,000 for the erection of a monument to his memory immediately upon hearing the news of his sudden death.

Officials of the Department of Justice promise numerous deportations and a series of nation-wide arrests to curb the "growing menace of Bolshevism" in this country. The National Security League plans for an extensive propaganda campaign against Bolshevism as part of its post-war work.

January 7.—President Wilson cables a proclamation from Paris officially announcing the death of Theodore Roosevelt, paying a tribute to his memory, directing that the flags of the White House and departmental buildings be displayed at half mast for thirty days, and that suitable naval and military honors be rendered on the day of funeral.

Army ocean-to-ocean fliers end a trip from the Pacific to the Atlantic in thirty-three hours and forty-seven minutes actual flying time, breaking two previous records.

With the exception of one member, the Interstate Commerce Commission goes on record in Washington as opposed to Director-General McAdoo's plan to extend the period of government operation of the railroads five years.

The expenditure of nearly $380,000 by German agents to buy ammunition for Villa, the Mexican bandit, is revealed before the Overman Senate committee.

The Child Health Organization issues a statement that, owing to the high cost of foods and the necessity of using substitutes, there has been an alarming increase in cases of malnutrition among children.

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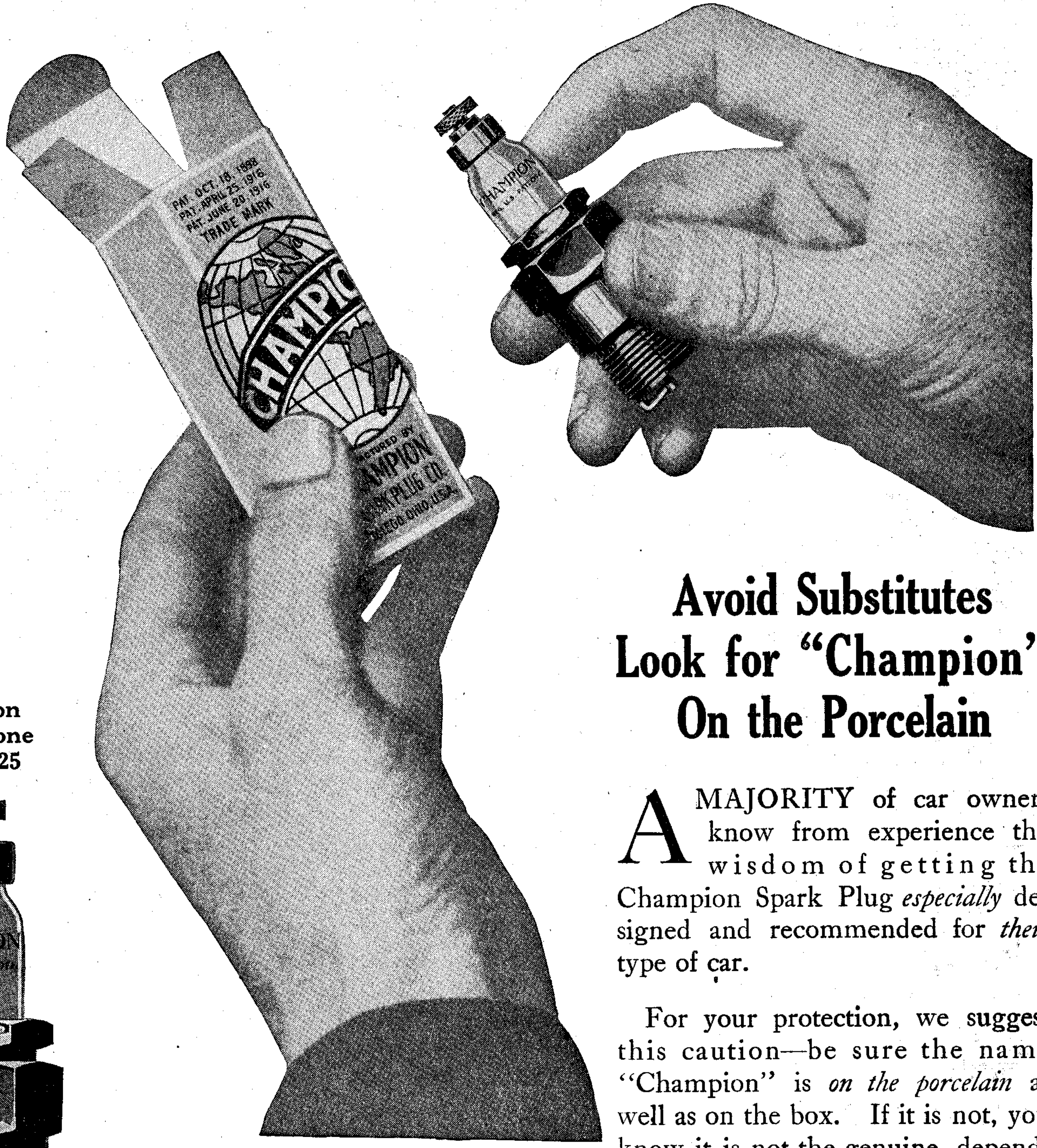
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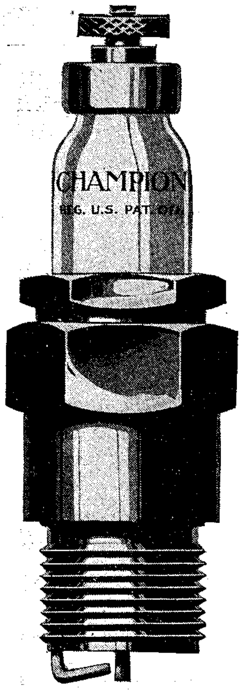
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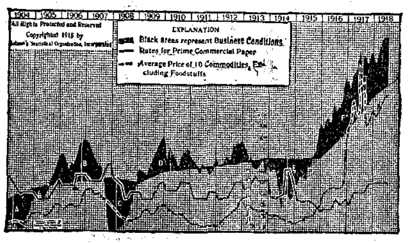

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INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

WHAT LOSS OF ALSACE-LORRAINE MEANS TO GERMANY

THREE weeks before the armistice was signed, Germans, aware that Ludendorff's offensives were ending in failure, began once more to discuss the meaning to their country of the loss of Alsace-Lorraine. One of these was Dr. Louis Pinner, financial editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, who pointed out that Alsace-Lorraine was not only one of the most highly developed manufacturing parts of Germany's territory, but, what was far more important, was one of the chief sources of raw materials and without it Germany would not have been at all well supplied. Dr. Pinner's article was made the text of a paper published in December by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce in Washington, in which was contained the following interesting information:

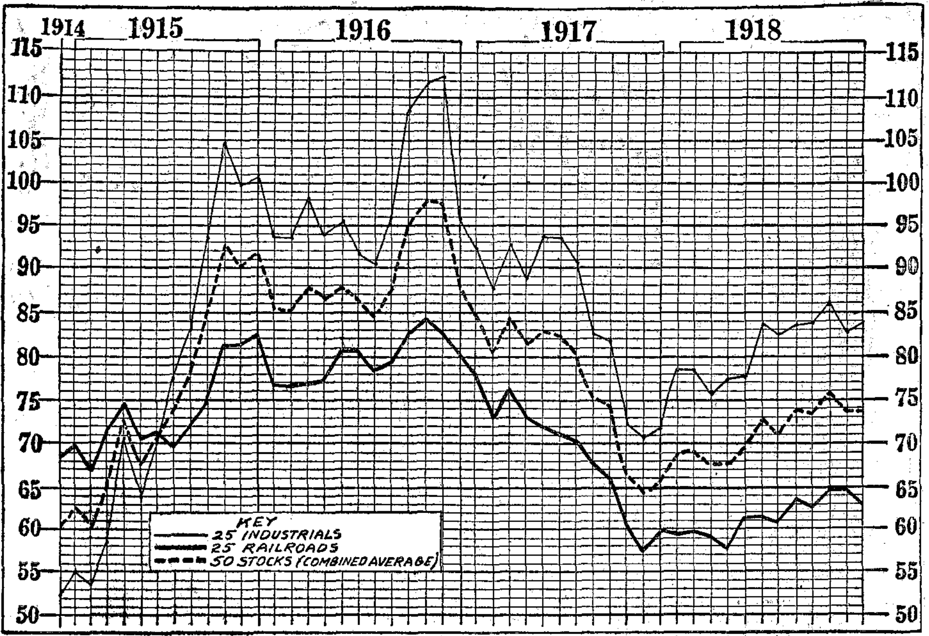
"The mere loss of a manufacturing industry, no matter how highly developed, is far less serious than the loss of a supply of raw materials. Manufacturing industries based largely on foreign raw materials may be easily transplanted; the productive forces, the capital, the enterprising spirit, the technical training, and commercial connections involved are comparatively mobile and may be restored after overcoming a certain amount of disturbance during the period of transition. The loss of raw materials, on the other hand, is final and irreplaceable. The mere mention of ore, potash, and petroleum is sufficient to indicate the significance of Alsace-Lorraine as regards to raw materials.

"As to petroleum, Alsace produced prior to the war 42 per cent. of the total amount of 120,000 tons of crude oil produced in Germany, and while the yield has increased somewhat lately, it is still of slight importance as compared with the total German consumption of petroleum. The potash deposits are of far greater importance, both from an economic and politico-economic standpoint. It is true that the potash deposits in the other parts of Germany are more than sufficient for domestic consumption and export. But the loss of the Alsatian deposits (about ten mines, belonging mostly to the German potash syndicate) will deprive Germany of the world monopoly which it has heretofore enjoyed and take away from it one of the few weapons of economic defense. While the statements in the Allied press to the effect that the Alsatian deposits will be sufficient to provide potash for all countries outside of Germany may be exaggerated, the fact remains that the loss of these deposits is of extreme importance.

"The potash monopoly, the writer asserts, enabled Germany not only to fix the prices for foreign markets above those for domestic consumption, but also to offer an important product in exchange for raw materials produced by countries depending on German potash. The loss of the Alsatian deposits will therefore put an end to the independent export policy of Germany as regards potash and will force it either to cut prices or enter into an agreement with the new owners of the Alsatian deposits.

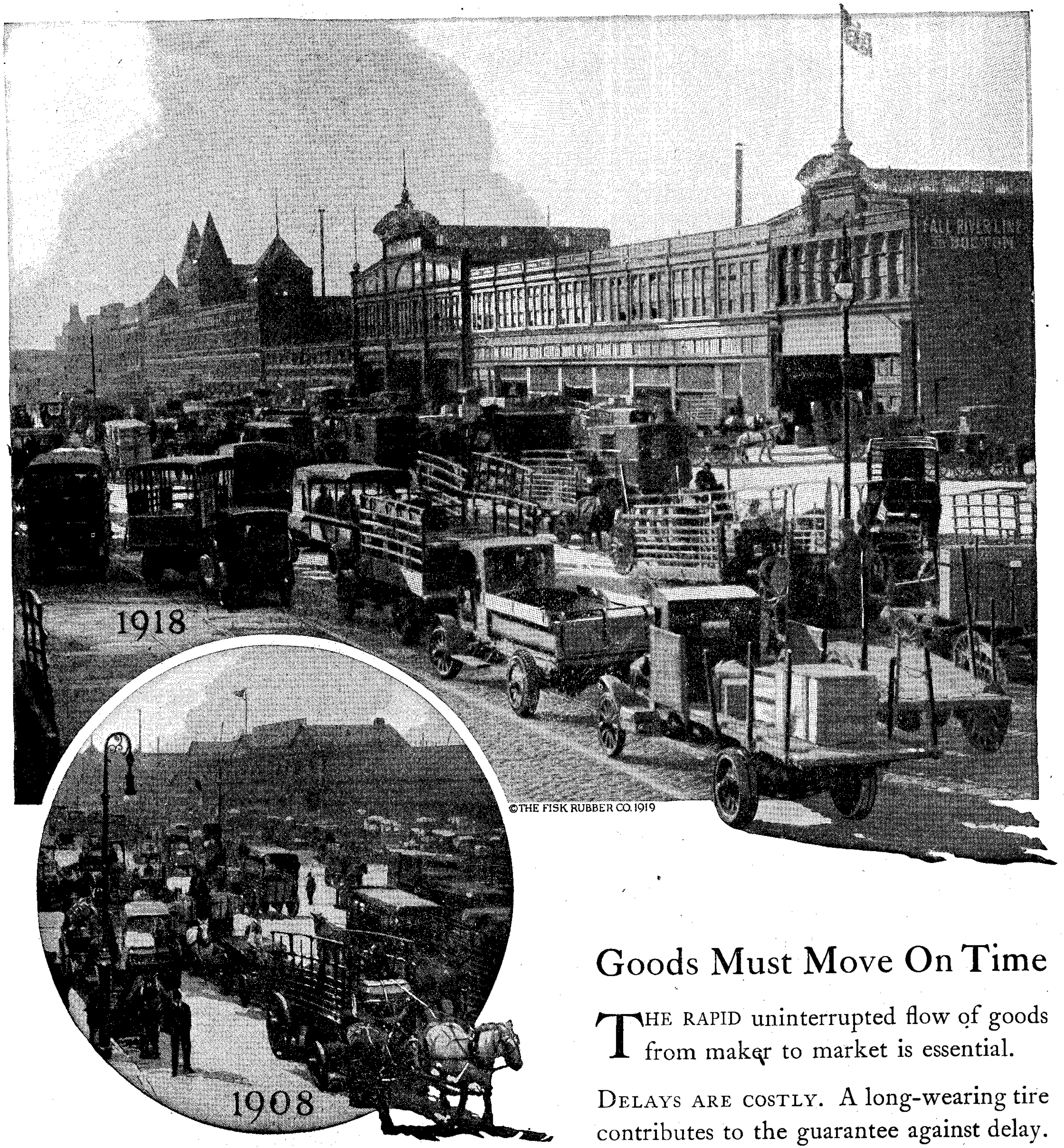
"The most severe blow will be the loss of the iron-ore deposits. It is safe to state that without the acquisition of the Lorraine iron-ore deposits in 1871 the astonishing development of the German iron and steel industry would be unthinkable. From a few million tons the German iron and steel production increased within the two decades preceding the outbreak of the war to 19,000,000 tons, far outdistancing the British production and being 10,000,000 tons behind the American production. The importance of the Lorraine deposits is not indicated by the iron and steel production of Alsace-Lorraine (2,286,364 tons in 1913), but by the fact that the entire iron and steel industry of the western part of Germany, particularly in the Rhenish Westphalia and Saar districts, depended to a large extent on Lorraine *minette*.

"The Lorraine and Luxemburg mines (the Luxemburg mining industry being closely connected with that of Lorraine and the separation of Lorraine will probably mean the loss of Luxemburg as a member of the German Customs Union) supplied in 1913 28,500,000 tons of iron ore out of a total of 35,000,000 tons for the whole of Germany, or 77 per cent. on the basis of metallic content. The



FOUR YEARS' CHANGES IN THE STOCK MARKET.

Price movements of standard railway and industrial stocks for the four years from December, 1914, to December, 1918, are shown in the above diagram, recently printed in the New York *Times*. The narrow upper line represents twenty-five industrials, the heavy line twenty-five railroads, the broken line the combined average of the fifty stocks.



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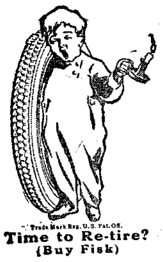
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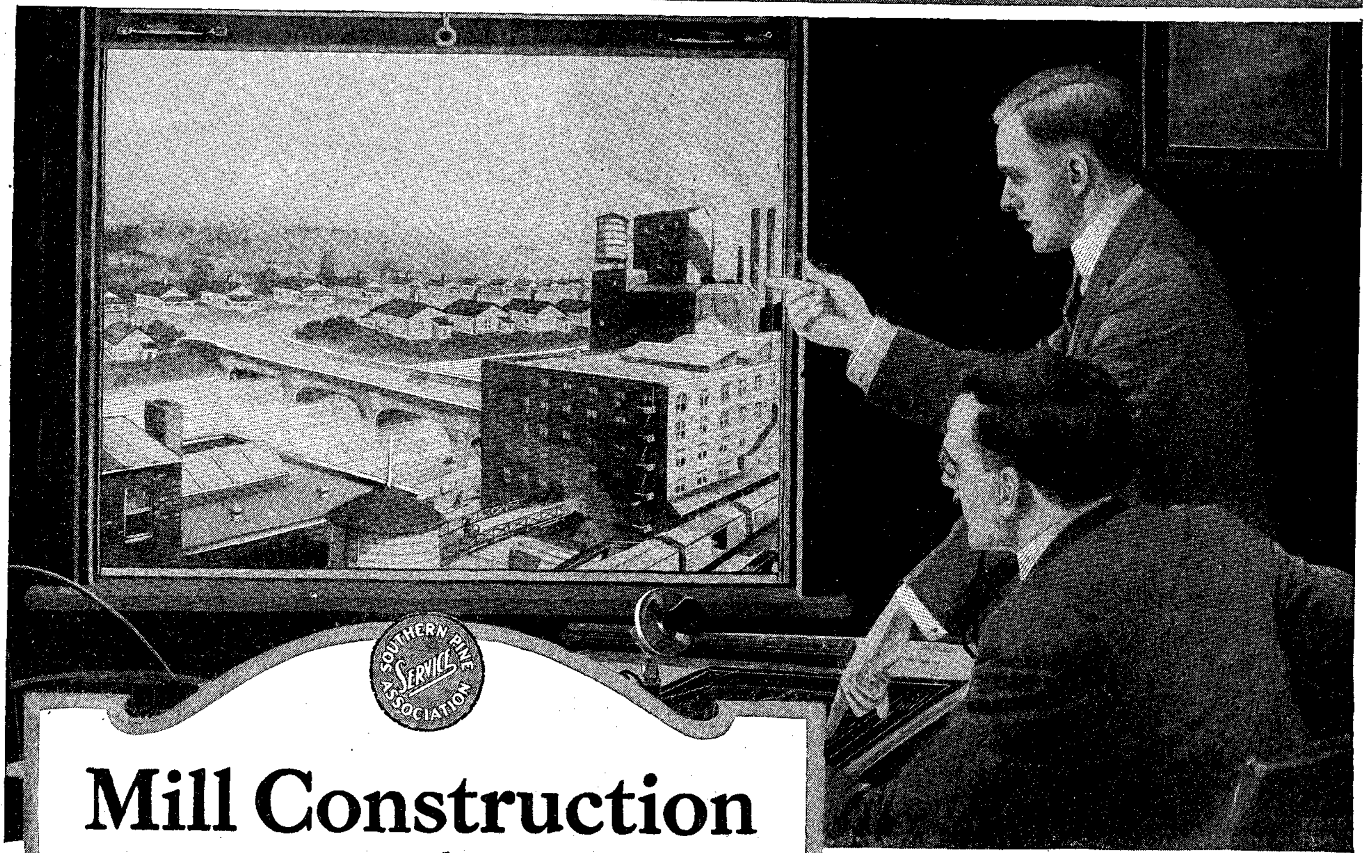
WEST STREET, NORTH RIVER FRONT, NEW YORK CITY—The 1918 picture indicates how the manufacturer within a radius of fifty miles can save time and labor over his methods of ten years ago, by delivering directly to the pier by motor truck without rehandling. In 1908 he shipped to New York by freight or express over the railroads and his goods were rehandled by horse-drawn wagons from the terminal to the ship.

FISK TRUCK TIRES



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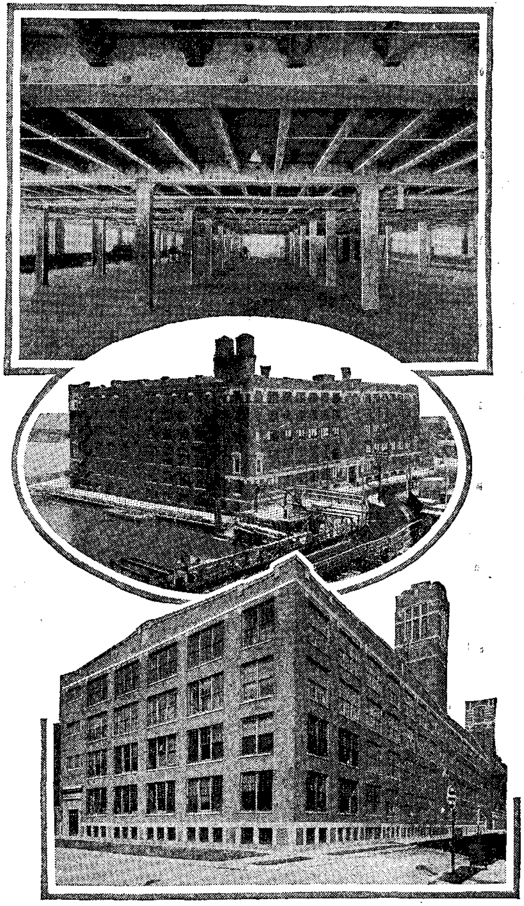

Well informed architects are specifying mill construction for new factories because of the saving of time and money, and the adaptability of this type to all kinds of factory work.

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NEW ORLEANS, LA.

loss of Lorraine would, therefore, mean that for a large part of its iron-ore needs Germany would depend on foreign countries, while in 1913 it imported foreign ore to the extent of about 14,000,000 tons, with a metallic content of 7,700,000 tons. It is true that Germany will still be able to import ore from Sweden, Spain, Russia, and, perhaps, even from France, but the raw material basis of its industry will be narrowed to such an extent as to endanger its maintenance and further development."

Dr. Pinner was again quoted by the writer of the paper as pointing out that the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France did not necessarily mean the transfer to France of Germany's position in the iron and steel industry. Dr. Pinner claimed that France had neither the organizing ability for large-scale industry nor the fuel-supply required to maintain it. He cited the backward state of development of the De Wendel holdings in Lorraine, confiscated by Germany during the war, as proof of lack of enterprise on the part of French holders of ore deposits. He also stated that in spite of the fact that the French portion of the *minette* deposits was larger than that involved in the loss of Lorraine in 1871, the iron and steel industry of French Lorraine could not stand comparison with that of German Lorraine. Only a small part of the ore mined at Briey and Longwy was used in France and the remainder was exported in a raw state. Dr. Pinner admitted that this was not due entirely to lack of enterprise on the part of the French, but partly to lack of coke. He called attention to an arrangement in effect before the war by which German coke was exchanged for French ore. Transfer of the Lorraine iron industry to France would still further increase the French demand for coke, and altho some French writers had maintained that the requisite supply might be obtained from Great Britain, Dr. Pinner pointed out that it would not be to the advantage of that country to further the development of a rival industry in Lorraine, even if it belonged to France.

BANK-CLEARINGS IN 1918 BROKE ALL RECORDS

That bank-clearings in 1918 should have broken all records, in the opinion of *Bradstreet's*, was due in the main to "the stimulus of high prices" and "extraordinary expenditures incident to the war." The total payments in December were $30,518,963,223, the second largest monthly aggregate on record. For the entire twelve months they amounted to $329,277,272,313. The December figures indicated a rise of 16.7 per cent. over December, 1917, the year's total an advance of 8.1 per cent. over 1917, which heretofore was the record year. In comparison with 1916, the 1918 figures revealed a gain of 27 per cent., while comparison with 1914 disclosed an increase of 113 per cent., "which percentage in a statistical sense quite harmonizes with the rise shown by commodity prices." *Bradstreet's* found that every section of the country exhibited increments over 1917, "altho the Middle States group of cities rounded out the year 1918 with an accretion of only 2.8 per cent., the showing reflecting repression in stock-market operations at the metropolis, at which center payments lagged until December." Market activity in December in sales of Liberty bonds as well as brisk holiday buying swelled the amount. Other items in *Bradstreet's* article are these:

"New York's total for December, $16,659,076,438, tho not a record, the sum set forth having been surpassed by the exhibits of November and December, 1916, as well as by that of October, 1918, was large enough to enable the metropolis to finish the year with an aggregate of $178,533,248,782, and to convert what had been a loss of one-half of 1 per cent. for the eleven months' period into a gain of six-tenths of 1 per cent. for the whole year, comparison, of course, being with 1917. With this slight increment the premier banking center established a new record level. Payments last year outdistanced those of 1916 to the extent of 12 per cent., while manifesting a rise of 112 per cent. over 1914.

"Outside of New York payments for December aggregated $13,859,886,785, approximately 7 per cent. under the record made in October last year, while increasing 19.5 per cent. over December, 1917. For the year 1918 the total is $150,744,023,531, the largest on record, and one exhibiting a gain of 18.7 per cent. over the previous high-water mark, that touched in 1917. Following are the aggregates of clearings monthly at all cities, compared with the like periods in four preceding years:

[*Six figures omitted*]

	1918	*1917*	*1916*	*1915*	*1914*
Jan......	$26,275	$25,434	$19,994	$13,429	$16,100
Feb......	22,035	21,471	18,159	11,865	12,770
Mar......	25,841	24,582	20,598	13,790	14,148
1st Q'r...	$74,151	$71,487	$58,751	$39,084	$43,018
April.....	$26,232	$24,821	$19,233	$14,963	$14,791
May.....	28,019	26,120	20,547	14,574	13,061
June.....	27,093	26,543	20,512	14,064	13,841
2d Q'r...	$81,344	$77,484	$60,292	$43,601	$41,693
July......	$28,312	$25,491	$19,292	$14,875	$14,385
Aug......	27,924	24,907	19,659	14,234	9,840
Sept......	26,125	23,818	22,659	15,348	9,927
3d Q'r...	$82,361	$74,216	$61,610	$44,457	$34,152
Oct......	$31,808	$27,976	$25,503	$20,101	$11,624
Nov......	29,165	26,931	26,629	19,297	10,982
Dec......	30,518	26,242	27,075	20,236	12,540
4th Q'r...	$91,491	$81,149	$79,207	$59,634	$35,146
Gd. total	$329,347	$304,336	$259,968	$186,776	$154,009

"Changes are shown by sections in the following table, comparisons being with the like periods in 1917:

	Inc., Sept., 1918	*Inc., Oct., 1918*	*Inc., Nov., 1918*	*Inc., Dec., 1918*	*Twelve Mos. 1918*
New England..............	18.4	26.7	25.7	19.5	20.1
Middle.....................	1.9	10.1	7.3	15.1	2.8
Western...................	21.4	28.2	17.9	27.5	17.1
Northwestern..............	16.4	11.4	1.9	14.3	8.6
Southwestern..............	27.0	11.3	*8.1	.9	20.3
Southern..................	52.0	37.0	24.7	35.3	41.0
Far-Western...............	30.1	22.9	11.7	28.6	21.4
Total United States.........	9.7	13.3	8.2	16.2	8.1
New York City............	*1.6	7.6	5.2	14.0	.6
Outside New York..........	25.4	21.5	12.0	19.5	18.7
Canadian..................	12.3	5.0	16.4	40.4	9.7

*Decrease.

For the year the largest gain, 41 per cent., is shown by the South. The far-Western, Southwestern, and New England groups reflect advances of 21.4 per cent., 20.3 per cent., and 20.8 per cent. The West discloses a rise of 17.1 per cent. over the year 1917, while the Northwest displays a gain of 8.6 per cent. The Middle division shows an increase of only 2.8 per cent. The following table, which shows that record clearings at most of the principal cities were established in 1918, also indicates the percentage of change from the previous high-water mark:

	Total	*Year*	*Y'r Chngs.*	*Prev. Rec'd*
New York...........	$178,533,248,781	1918	I .6	1917
Chicago.............	25,930,200,367	1918	I 3.8	1917
Philadelphia.........	19,716,992,483	1918	I 14.6	1917
Boston..............	15,637,209,010	1918	I 23.3	1917
St. Louis............	7,833,884,691	1918	I 12.4	1917
Pittsburg...........	5,761,511,498	1918	I 43.2	1917
Kansas City.........	9,940,881,945	1918	I 30.4	1917
San Francisco........	5,629,321,142	1918	I 16.3	1917
Baltimore...........	3,355,602,539	1918	I 48.2	1917
Detroit.............	3,181,233,905	1918	I 15.7	1917
Cincinnati..........	2,848,478,117	1918	I 40.3	1917
Minneapolis.........	1,949.161,000	1918	I 17.4	1917
Cleveland...........	4,339,779,431	1918	I 16.3	1917
Los Angeles.........	1,547,065,952	1918	I 2.9	1917
New Orleans.........	2,660,460,000	1918	I 35.5	1917
Omaha..............	2,819,665,975	1918	I 50.5	1917
Milwaukee..........	1,477,205,067	1918	I 13.6	1917
Atlanta.............	2,528,485,083	1918	I 57.5	1917
Louisville...........	1,159,895,314	1918	I 13.3	1917
Seattle..............	1,859,964,000	1918	I 61.5	1917

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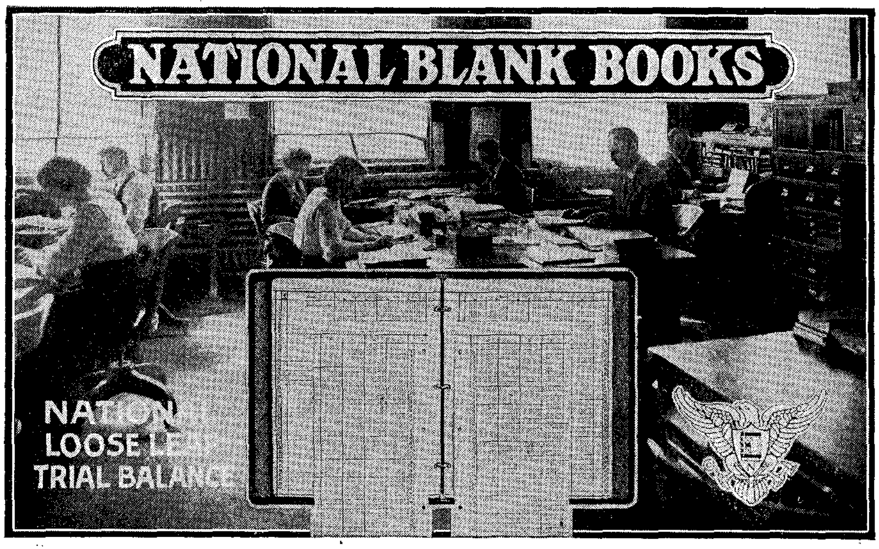

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	Total	*Year*	*Y'r Chngs.*	*Prev Rec''d*
Buffalo	$1,139,515,700	1918	I 16.0	1917
Portland, Ore	1,323,082,798	1918	I 52.4	1917
St. Paul	807,199,129	1918	I 6.4	1917
Denver	1,137,230,774	1918	I 30.7	1917
Indianapolis	776,331,000	1918	I 13.4	1917
Providence	594,172,500	1918	I 8.6	1917
Memphis	738,478,000	1918	I 18.8	1917
Richmond	2,404,367,314	1918	I 63.4	1917
Fort Worth	694,451,202	1918	I 3.9	1917
Hartford	416,258,660	1916	D .7	1916
St. Joseph	892,371,000	1918	I 17.3	1917
Wash'n, D. C.	714,890,179	1918	I 26.3	1917
Nashville	756,938,181	1918	I 42.9	1917
Salt Lake City	710,064,797	1918	D 2.0	1917
Columbus, O.	554,997,600	1918	I 5.5	1917
Savannah	415,556,110	1917	D 9.5	1917
Toledo	539,114,000	1918	I 1.7	1917
Des Moines	496,481,000	1918	I 18.1	1917

Age Brings Wisdom.—A salesman was selling a bedroom clock to a girl.

"I recommend this clock with its illuminating attachment to switch on," he said. "It's a very good thing to tell what time your husband comes home, you know."

"But I haven't got a husband," said the girl.

"Oh, you will have some day," said the salesman.

"Yes, but not that kind of a husband," said the girl.

Then it was that the middle-aged woman stept forward.

"My dear child, they're all that kind," she said. "Young man, I'll take that clock."—*Baltimore American.*

Amply Equipped.—"I see Henry Ford is going to start a newspaper."

"Does he know anything about running a newspaper?"

"Must know a heap. I notice he waited until he got $40,000,000 before arranging to run one."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"H. M. E.," New York, N. Y.—"Kindly advise me in which of Charles Dickens's works the following appears—'What is the odds so long as the fire of souls is kindled at the taper of conviviality, and the wing of friendship never moults a feather.'"

The quotation is from "The Old Curiosity Shop."

"M. E. Z.," Saginaw, Mich.—"Which is correct and why—'This coffee is 30 cents *a* pound, *the* pound, or *per* pound'? Is it a fact that *per pound* is not correct, *per* being a Latin word and *pound* being an English word?"

The use of *per* with English words is condemned as constituting "slang phrases and commercial vulgarisms." It is immaterial whether in its place *a* or *the* is used.

"D. McW.," Chicago, Ill.—"Is the use of the word *however* at the beginning of a sentence absolutely an error, or is it merely an awkward expression which should be avoided?"

However may be used at the beginning of a sentence, and such usage has the sanction of good literary authority. It occurs frequently in the works of Shakespeare and in Spenser, Addison, Goldsmith, Johnson, Burke, etc.

"J. P. B.," Sayre, Pa.—"Please tell me which pronunciation is used by the best speakers—*dem'on-strate* or *de-mon'strate*."

FUNK & WAGNALLS *Standard Dictionary* and *Webster's New International Dictionary* indicate the stress on the first syllable. In his "Desk-Book of 25,000 Words Frequently Mispronounced," Dr. Vizetelly points out that the "Century," the "Encyclopædic," the "Imperial" and Murray's, Stormonth's, and Worcester's dictionaries, all indicate it on the second, and adds: "Both pronunciations occur in Shakespeare, but the first recorded is now preferred in the United States, while the latter is standard in the United Kingdom" (p. 340).

"J. H. R.," Wichita Falls, Texas.—"Has common usage made the word *actor* proper usage in both the feminine and masculine gender?"

The word *actress* is used universally to designate a female dramatic performer, but the dictionary's definition of *actor* does not limit the word to the male sex. It is as follows: "One who acts or plays a part; specif., one who represents a character, plays a part, or enacts a rôle, as in a theater; a stage-player; one whose business is acting."

"W. E. T.," Eastman, Ga.—"'You are creating *Frankenstein*.' What is the meaning of the last word? It was used in reference to preparedness."

In Mary Godwin Shelley's *Frankenstein*, a medical student fashions a man monster from materials collected from graveyards and dissecting-rooms, who, being rendered furious by cravings unappeased, commits numerous atrocities, and finally slays its maker. Hence, the word has come to mean one whose own works cause his destruction, but it is often incorrectly employed as denoting the monster itself."

"H. A. G.," Clinton, N. C.—"In Dr. John William Draper's 'Intellectual Development of Europe,' I find a reference to the *Diaphragm of Dicæarchus* in connection with a certain mountain chain in Asia. I am unable to find any reference to this expression in any of the books. Will you kindly tell what it is?"

The "diaphragm of Dicæarchus" is the parallel on the maps of Dicæarchus, a Greek geographer of the fourth century B.C. This parallel extended due east from the Pillars of Hercules, through the Mediterranean, and along the Taurus and Imaus (Himalaya) to the Eastern ocean. It divided the then known world north and south.

"H. L. W. C.," Alexandria, Tenn.—"What is the *silver rule?* Is Confucius the author?"

Confucius said: "What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others," but see St. Matthew, vii, 12: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." This is commonly known as the *golden rule*. The saying of Confucius may have been known as the silver rule among the Chinese of his time (551 to 478 B.C.).

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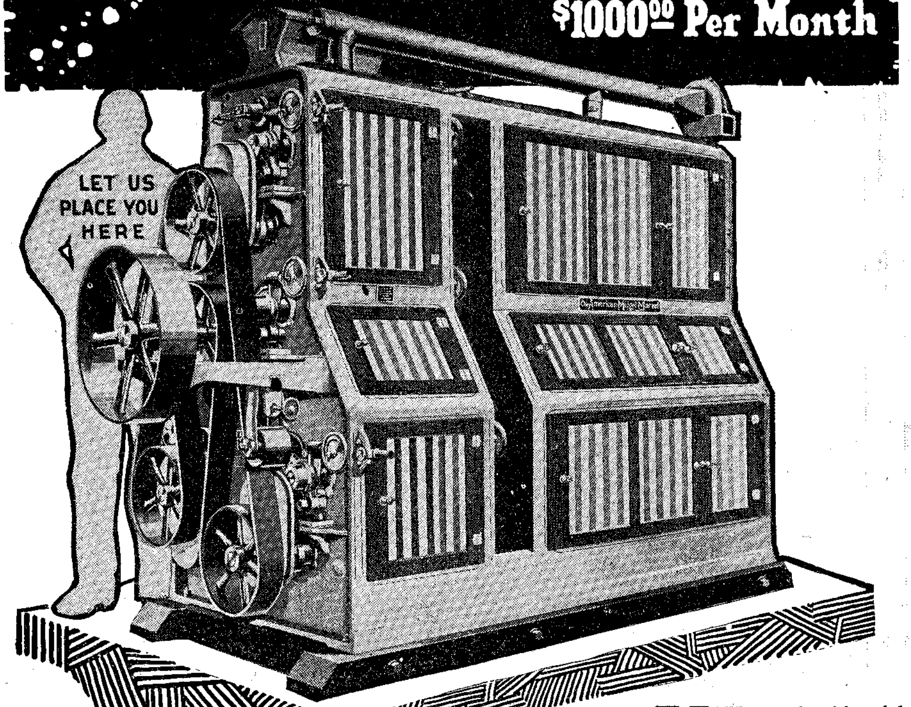

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The American "Midget" Marvel Mill is built in seven sizes—15, 25, 40, 50, 60, 75 and 100 barrels daily capacity. It is sold on a 30-day free trial, you to be the sole judge as to whether it comes up to our guarantee and your expectations. Thus you are enabled to operate it and be assured of success before buying.

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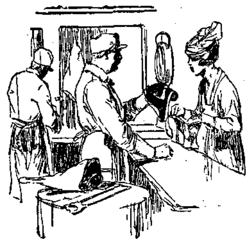
"Why is the price of meat so high?"

THE head of a Philadelphia family writes to ask us for an explanation of the present high prices of meat.

He inquires especially about the increase during the past four years.

* * *

One item to consider is the increased cost of running a retail meat shop.



Clerk hire, delivery, rent—in fact, all items entering into the operation of the retail meat shop—have advanced tremendously in cost

The retailer today must pay higher wages to his clerks and more for delivery service—in fact, everything entering into the operation of his store has advanced tremendously.

The principal reason retail prices are higher, however, is the fact that wholesale prices have increased. The retailer is obliged to charge more for meat because he has to pay the packers more for it.

* * *

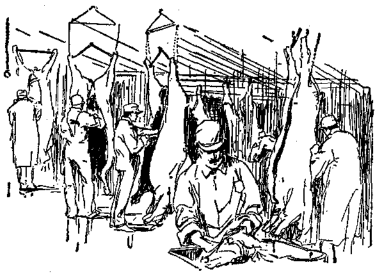
The packers, in turn, are in exactly the same position as the retailer.

It costs them more to do business. Labor, transportation, machinery, materials — all items in the packing business — have mounted rapidly. Wages of packing house laborers, for example, have increased over 100 per cent in the past three years.

But this, as with the retailer, accounts for only a relatively small part of the increase. ***The packers are compelled to charge higher wholesale prices for meat mainly because they are paying more for cattle.***

During the past four years, cattle prices to Swift & Company advanced 74 per cent.

The packer's costs also have mounted rapidly. Wages of packing house laborers, for example, have increased over 100 per cent in the past three years

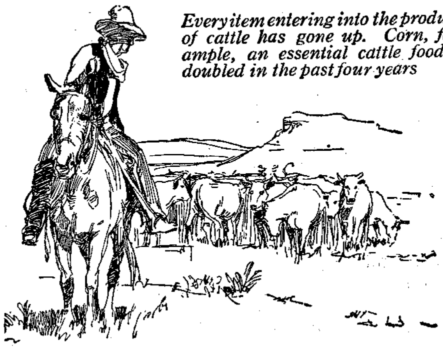


Wholesale beef prices have not gone beyond this. In fact the price received by Swift & Company has gone up only 61 per cent during the same period.

* * *

Cattle have advanced in price because it costs the producer more to raise them.

The prices he pays for grain have reached unprecedented heights. Corn, for example, has doubled in the past four years.



Every item entering into the production of cattle has gone up. Corn, for example, an essential cattle food, has doubled in the past four years

Farm labor is scarce, and he has to pay record wages to get it. Freight rates have also gone up.

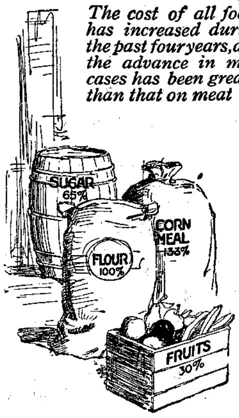
* * *

The increase in the price of meat, in short, is due to the higher cost of everything that goes into its production and distribution.

But the price of meat has gone up no more than the prices of other foodstuffs — and this in face of the enormous quantities sent overseas to supply our Army and the Allies.

Evidence of this is seen in the fact that, during the past five years, flour has increased 100 per cent, corn meal 133 per cent, sugar 65 per cent. During the past year alone, fruits have advanced 30 per cent.

If the packers were to eliminate their profits entirely, there would be practically no change in the price of meat. Swift & Company's profits average only a fraction of a cent per pound of meat.



The cost of all foods has increased during the past four years, and the advance in most cases has been greater than that on meat

Swift & Company, U.S.A.

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